

Edw. Lanson

NEW

PICTURE OF PARIS.

BY

M. MERCIER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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NEW
PICTURE OF PARIS.

CHAP. CXXIV.

M. A. C. L.

WE read these four letters, in great capitals, on the front of a number of houses, which mean, "*Maison assurée contre l'incendie.*" But a Sans-culotte took it into his head to interpret them in this way; "*Marie Antoinette cocufie Louis.*"

This licentious buffoonery did great prejudice to the king, who was rendered ridiculous by the arrangement of a few letters, and these two lines parodied from Voltaire, and which were sometimes stuck up at the corner of streets :

Les cornes ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense;
Ils furent tous cornards, tous ces beaux rois de France.

CHAP. CXXV.

THE CITY OF PARIS IN RELIEF (MONUMENT
SEEN AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.)

IF the French Revolution be the greatest, the most extraordinary event, which has taken place in the empire of the world, and the most memorable which the archives of time and the pages of history shall preserve to the latest generations, we shall love without doubt to contemplate the point where it took birth, and where was hoisted, for the first time, that national cockade which will make the tour of the world; a prediction which is realising every day.

It is not good to imitate every thing, and folly to endeavour to paint what is beyond the power of the pencil; but if, instead of so many vain and sterile paintings, we had under our eyes the real representation of the ancient cities of the world, of which nothing but the remembrance remains, we should perhaps discover in their structure, their position, their locality, much to enlighten us respecting the more or less great, the more or less happy, which has hitherto presided over the destiny of nations.

An

An artist has made a monument, such as does not exist, as far as I know, in any other city, at least in such a degree of justness and superiority; it is the plan of Paris in relief; of that great human hive, where so many contrary elements live and struggle. What should we not give to contemplate, in the same proportion, the opulent and superb Tyre; Thebes with its hundred gates; the flourishing Alexandria; Persepolis; Babylon with its hanging gardens; Palmyra, whose ruins still keep us in ecstasy; Carthage and antient Rome, now almost effaced? Art might have immortalized these cities, and conveyed them down to us; and if the missionaries of China, instead of their mystical nonsense, had sketched and sent us Pekin or Nankin, how would they have awakened our attention! Of what importance to us the city which they promise us in Africa, and which is announced to us as three times greater than London*, if they cannot tell us its greatness, and its relative proportions to the cities with which we are acquainted.

It is a happy, new, and bold idea, the conception of this figurative, or rather animated plan, which places in our view an immense capital, shews us all its various forms, neglects no

* The city of Houssa; it is situated towards the south-east of the city of Tombaeto, on a river opposite to that of Senegal, in the latitude of nearly 15 degrees.

details, so that the eye wanders through the sinu-
osities of the most obscure streets, visits the
squares, enters into the walks, and recognizes, in
a circumference of forty-five feet, the houses,
buildings, palaces, squares, and cross ways in a
proportion truly geometrical. This slender mo-
nument, though composed of wood and paste-
board, may perhaps escape the scythe of time,
and equal, like the pyramids of Egypt, the dura-
tion of ages; and this picture, in the view of po-
litics, of civil economy, of police, and morals, is
much more important for the philosopher, than
the factitious and lying battles of Alexander and
Constantine. The picture of which I speak (and
it deserves the name) offers you in a circum-
scribed space the first city, I may say of the uni-
verse, from the part which it has acted, and the
all-powerful influence which it exercises, and will
exercise still more astonishingly, over the rest of
the globe. This sketch excites meditation, pro-
duces surprise, and creates pleasure and admi-
ration; and the precision with which it is exe-
cuted, and which is so much the more admirable
the nearer you observe it, is a proof of extraor-
dinary patience and ability.

At the first *coup d'œil* it appears a miniature,
which grows larger as you contemplate it, and
you perceive that immense and incredible mass
of houses accumulated in the centre, and arrange
themselves in order, exciting in your mind the
idea

idea of an extraordinary population, at the same time that it carries you back to the time of Julius, of the Cæsars, when huts occupied the place of palaces, and Cæsar did not then imagine that the inhabitants of that muddy bourgade would one day go to take possession of the capitol, and revive the genius of the Catos and the Brutus's.

The *ci-devant* Bourgeois recognises the steeple of his parish, where there is no vicar; the millionaire his hotel, from whence he has dislodged a prince, and the English garden belonging to it; the woollen-draper, the corner of the street which forms the reputation of his shop, where he gives short measure; the mechanic his workshop, where his workmen lay down the law; the architect the two houses which he has built, to make himself a third; the attorney's old clerk, the peeping-hole of the garret which he rents; the nun the gate of the convent, which opened at length to her wishes; the young nymph, Elysium, where love and pleasure lead her; and the lover the window, from whence was thrown, tied to a stone, the letter which caused his joy or his torment. I make my compliments to the opulent house of the contractor for the republic; in calamitous times he condescended to rob the republic a little; when no person was willing to serve it, the country is saved. I will not reproach him his gains or his enjoyments.

Yonder

Yonder the wife of the ex-conventional shews her daughter the prison where her unhappy father, abandoned by the whole nation, and still a republican, waited that death which he had braved for the interest of liberty, and from his hatred to anarchy, and which he expected for thirteen months every instant of the day and night; there are the prisons which were red-dened with human blood by clubs and sabres, whilst the curtain at the opera was drawing up, while Vestris was dancing, and all the other theatres were overflowing.

On that side the astronomer discovers the observatory, that wonderful key of the firmament; he thinks he is reading in the stars; in those letters of fire he does nothing but spell, and this is the reason why he is still ignorant of the book. The man of letters, or he who assumes that name, perceives the library, where literary treasures are open to him, but where the immensity and inutilty of the volumes makes three quarters and half of the collection appear like cut stone.

The artist recognizes the gallery of the Louvre, where are arranged the pictures which excite his admiration and his despair; the soldier, the Hotel of Invalids, the term of his repose, the honourable reward of his labours; the poet, the Pantheon, where he will never be admitted, a temple tottering on its imprudent foundations; the beginner

ner in the career of letters looks for the hall of the national institute, an amalgam hitherto unknown; may it resemble the Corinthian metal, esteemed more precious than gold itself! The philosopher smiles at the dome of that Sorbonne, where were seated those uncouth theologians, whom all the world has a right to laugh at to-day, except perhaps a professor of the human understanding; why not say therefore with the philosopher Montaigne, *That we know the whole of nothing!* There is the college to which pedantry, driven out, returns again, and roots itself anew by the untameable obstinacy of pedantic folly, especially when it speaks *ex cathedra*. The courtesan, who laughs at all writers and professors, stops before the Chinese pavilion, where she graciously hails the nod of the aristocrat, who, as far as concerns her, is a good citizen. The dancer finds at the first glance the place of the opera, which he calls the *Spectacle unique*, and which is really so, as far as regards the dancing. As for the stock-jobber, who never had any other morality than that of the shark, he neither looks for nor sees any thing but the Palais Royal, where swarm, under the colours of usury, his devouring fry, and, as vices are in union, it is there also that debauchery displays its shameless scenes, and affrights the eye and the thought of modesty.

But

But the man who loves his country and liberty, contemplates for a long time in silence what was called the *Manege*, that seat of the convention where the republic was founded, that point of renovation which holds to prodigy, that formidable and sacred point, like the thunder of the skies, from whence were shot tempests, which, like physical storms, ravaged and renewed the bosom of nature. The attentive observer before this curious piece of mechanism, early recognizes the secret or hidden affections of individuals, from the objects which they consider with most attention; the old red cap itself trembles when the end of the wand points out the place where Samson coined money, where the statue of liberty became the idol of Moloch, and he steps away on one side, not to hear the reflection that follows, and which regards him. Here the towers of the Temple raise their lofty spires, and remind us of the destiny of the last king of the French, and the terrible punishment of perjury, which has re-founded to the extremities of the kingdoms of Tunquin, of Lao, and of Cochin-China.

At the *Champ de Mars*, in those long and circular amphitheatres, we recollect those four hundred thousand men seated at the *fête* of the federation, the most singular, the most magnificent, and the most joyous that has ever taken place; a *fête* above romantic description; when the revolution,

lution, still intact and pure, and conformable to the writings of the wise, had not been crowned with serpents, armed with daggers, and covered with a livid and bloody robe.

The towers of Notre Dame retrace the easy destruction of the catholic worship, the Saturnalia, the Bacchanals of the goddesses of Reason, when asses and mules were decked with robes and mitres, when they ate anchovy fallads in the sacred vases, and when an opera-singer took the place of the immaculate Virgin on the chief altar; but see the Place de Greve, where Geneviève, during a thousand years the revered patron of Paris, was burnt like Duchauffour and Desrues; there is the hotel, from whence the rebel commune marched with its Henriot of the 31st May, and its orator Chaumette, to murder the Convention, which slept under the knife. What reflections!

But the charm of the illusion is complete, if provided with a magnifying glass you direct it successively on the towers and domes which rise above the humble houses; on the dome of the Val-de-Grace, on the cupola of the corn market, the mint, the national treasury, which disgorges with so much difficulty, as the stockholder says; on the unequal towers of St. Sulpice, on the vast and heavy calotte of the Assumption, on the Luxembourg, now the directorial palace, from whence fled the Pretender, never more to re-appear;

re-appear ; your eye returns several times to the colonnade of the Louvre, the Tuilleries, the Garde Meuble, the Military School, the Bourbon Palace, which its old proprietor will never more review, except in his dreams in the forests of Russia, where he is gone to exist under the humiliating power of an arbitrary monarch ; in that new hall, in the interior of that edifice spoilt by the most ignorant architects, will be rectified that frightful mass of petty-fogging laws which compose every political sin, and which never will be reconciled with that liberty which I idolize, and where I hope the pedantry of the lawyer will find no room ; but alas ! pedantry is every where ; yet it has never done so much harm as at the tribune : Robespierre was less cruel than pedantic, and all political pedants are Robespierrists.

So great is the fidelity with which each of these edifices is represented, that, with a magnifying glass, you think you see them in their natural dimensions.

Besides, the spectator standing on a chair discovers Paris much better than he could see it from the top of the tower of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie ; he embraces it in a single look, measures its diameter by following, in their singular length, the immense streets of St. Martin and St. Jacques, and the narrow obliquity of the adjacent streets, which form a contrast with them. The poor man looks in silence at the great hospital of humanity,

manity, which was still better entitled, *La Maison de Dieu*. There is exercised the most advanced, the most perfect of all arts, surgery; surgery, which might say with pride to medicine, "You are yet far behind me."

The entrance into the city on the side of the barrier of Chaillot, offers avenues of the greatest and most pompous magnificence; they are connected in the perspective with the chateau of the Tuilleries, and, together, form the finest, the most astonishing, and the richest garden, which imagination can create, or the eye contemplate.

The eye wanders along the circular roads of the Boulevards, sometimes doubled; foreigners judge of the greatness of our capital, of the beauty of its environs, of the varied elegance of its country houses, in following the long Boulevards, where tufted trees form in its middle a crown, and surround it, instead of a rampart of stone, with their green girdles.

Look at these immense fauxbourgs, larger than ordinary cities, which have sent out armies in the great epochs of the Revolution; for the people of the suburbs are active when any commotion is to go forward.

Foreigners call by their old name, the hotels of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, now deserted, whose inhabitants had rather creep and beg in those courts, which deceive and despise them, than unite themselves to our majestic and invincible

cible cause ; foreigners hover over these extensive gardens, where dukes and marquisses will never enter more, distinguish by their breadth the streets of Bourbon and of the University, where rolled the equipages of the nobility, lose and find themselves again, but take as guides the theatres, which they frequently visit, and the twelve bridges, which establish the points of communication of the north with the south, and the south with the north.

Among so many houses the stranger searches in a distant quarter the modest habitation of the hero, whose name already effaces so many others, and who has not yet finished his great destinies ; the stranger will say, at least in returning to his home, I have seen at length his dwelling ; and he still looks in a noisy quarter for the humble dwelling of J. J. Rousseau, exiled from the Alps, who wanted wood during the winter, and who received after his death statues, and the homage of expensive *fêtes*.

In short, the eye loves to rove, and follows the different branches of the Seine, which form the islands of St. Louis, Louviers, and the city ; it is the body of a swallow with the wings of an eagle, and it is from the city that has issued the great town ; the daughter is at least thirty times larger than the mother ; it is a dwarf that has produced a giant. From this primordial point you follow the majestic course of the Seine, its
superb

superb quays, which are seen no where else, the Pont Neuf, which it would be so easy to metamorphose, and erect into a triumphal bridge in honour of our generals. The Seine so completely divides the great city, that the weight of the buildings on each side is nearly equal, and the eye hesitates in deciding which is the most loaded with houses. The forestaller, who usurps the name of trader, is fixed by the Halle; it is the mine of this fellow's wealth; like the *maitre d'hotel*, he follows the quays to distinguish each part after the different kinds of merchandize which are landed there; he fixes his attention on the trains of wood and on the barges which line them; he ruminates and prepares his plans of monopoly under the eye even of the laws and the magistrates, whose vigilance and authority he sets at nought.

From that point wood is carted every year, which is brought in from forty leagues around, to feed the chimneys of the rich, the stoves of poverty, and the little clay stoves of indigence.

The quays are encumbered with vessels of wine, and the friend of humanity never reflects without pain, that this liquor, so precious to the health when it is natural, is adulterated by the venders, and arrives at Paris to undergo a second, and even sometimes a third adulteration. O chemists! what are you doing? When an author renders himself guilty of a solecism, or fails
in

in theatrical rules, he is rudely treated the next day by the critics; and you! why do you not take a walk on the port, your silver cup in your hand, tasting, marking, and denouncing the adulterated cask.

Look where the coal-barges are unloaded; where they founder, or are overturned, the waters of the Seine resemble for more than an hour the Stygian pool.

The spectator who likes to study this central point of a great empire, the theatre of great events, the city which has astonished the whole world, and which will be talked of a thousand years hence as we talk of it to day, is agreeably surpris'd when he places himself before those points of view, which the artist has copied with so much skill; he is never wearied with admiring the astonishing perspective of the chateau of the Tuilleries, where despotism, after having signed the treaty of Pilnitz, that is to say, the dismemberment and partition of France, anxious to seize again its leaden sceptre, but trembling at the stroke, and fallen into its own snares, was finally subdued; look at the most magnificent of views from the square formerly called Royal to the Champs Elysées. The garden of plants offers consolation to him, who is as it were cast out of the city; and the alleys of St. Mandé, the antipodes of the barrier of Chaillot, delight the suburban. I view this garden with an eye of predi-

predilection; I prefer it to the proud spot where wanton the arts, those immoral master-pieces which ought to be confined to museums, and not presented to the eyes of youth; arts which have too long subsisted at the expence of agriculture, confined, neglected, and abandoned, and whose fructifying treasures have been wasted on inanimate, indecent figures, useless to the happiness of mankind.

The squares, in which the statues of the kings were placed, present nothing of their remains but the degraded and mutilated pedestals, an eternal monument of the power of the people and the weakness of kings. We smile at all the monasteries, emptied of their monks and monkesses, and transformed into dancing rooms, concert rooms, and cooks shops. The clergy were in possession of a third of the edifices and houses of the great city; where is this clergy, ancient, rich, and powerful? a day has destroyed them, and the papal mitre, the tiara, are fallen also; the great Lama, or the Dalai Lama, holds good still.

Such is the curious and instructive plan which places the whole of Paris under our eyes, such as it was in 1789, without any degradation, and with all its successive augmentations. We see that if the revolution has lopt off thousands of heads, it has not injured its physical mass; that this is the same, absolutely the same; and the reflection

reflection which tells us that the bird passes and the nest remains, fixes itself deeper, when we contemplate so many palaces and houses, inhabited no longer by their proprietors, or whose former possessors have been cut off.

But when Bossuet thundered at Versailles before Lewis the XIVth these words: "Kingdoms die, Sire, as well as kings!" the prophetic words were understood at court only as the language of the preacher. Bossuet seems to have announced the republic of France, which is proceeding with a steady pace through Europe.

There is one thing wanting to the perfection of this work, which human power cannot give it, and that is to see, as in Paris itself, the motion of its inhabitants, the crossing of carriages, the running of horses, and of those light and dangerous cabriolets, still unforbidden; the tumultuous concourse of the people, of a people passing away to their theatres, where they see nothing but hells, demons, spectres, ghosts, bloody nuns, and with which they amuse themselves, because they have no faith in them.

A postchaise will transport this astonishing city to every nation in Europe; the artist will shew it to men, to women, to children of different countries; he will procure it entrance, and exhibit it at London; under the gates of Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and Petersburg; judge of the surprise of all these jealous potentates, who will have nothing

thing to put in parallel with it; of the astonishment of the Grand Turk, and the Khan of Tartary, at the sight of Paris, which they had never seen but on a map, and no larger than a point; they have heard it spoken of as one of those poetical beauties which we celebrate in Pindaric odes; they will see it face to face, and they will be stupified at it; and if these despots are surrounded with their courtiers, none of them will ask, or will dare ask, Where is the Place of the Revolution? no person will say, Shew it to his majesty. All the women of foreign countries will sigh in seeing the plan of a city, where they would wish to have been born; and all of them will say in whispers, Oh! it is there only that pleasures exist! it is there that our sex enjoys a double liberty!

If the artist travels, as he has promised me; if he transports to distant countries his curious monument, he may say to the crowd which has not travelled, and which never will travel: "Here is that famous city which I bring you; I put it under your eyes; this city, for so many ages past the head, the arm, the light of the world! See this city, sovereign by its arts, its sciences, and its manners, in which every thing that was celebrated has lived, or was born; into which, at the approaching peace, the whole of Europe will flow, anxious to see places so long time celebrated, to visit this singular spot, this city, glorious

mother of liberty, issuing triumphantly from its bosom, as Minerva, completely armed, from the brain of Jupiter. Paris was resolved to crush a throne that oppressed her, and she crushed it in three days: as the bomb, launched into the air, never returns to the mortar, so slavery has fled this proud city, never more to re-descend: amidst the tempests of the Revolution, and of bloody anarchy, Paris stood immoveable; its own fury, Jacobins excesses even, have not been able to destroy it; and the innumerable armies of coalesced kings, who were eager to devour it, have passed away like shadows; their distant fortresses are fallen, and Paris subsists entire; a slight defence has driven back those celebrated legions, commanded by the kings of the North. Paris has sent out from its walls three hundred thousand men, and seems to have undergone no diminution; it has chastised Italy and Germany, and Germany and Italy have asked for peace. Here is the powerful brain which creates, forms, and disseminates republics; which will make them germinate on every soil oppressed by kings or oligarchs; this is the arm which shall execute the boldest projects, which shall throw a bridge from the Seine to the Thames; it has already changed the feudal face of Europe, and the greater the resistance to the rights of man, and of liberty, the greater surface will be covered by the regenerating torrent. Like a rock in the middle of the
sea,

sea, which resists the polar waves, and holds to the foundation of the world, witnessing a thousand shipwrecks; so will it subsist in all its glory, in that glory arising from strength of mind and the force of arms.

Others will fall into ecstasies before those black and hideous paintings which are brought from Italy, which present us with scarcely any thing but what had relation to the catholic church, an old regime of terror, the maddening rage of executioners revived in our days; one would suppose them ancient revolutionary committees, exercising their barbarities; a Fouquier Tinville, under the name of Herod, of Pilate, or Dioclesian. I turn away my eyes from those ancient horrors, which seem to diminish the new; I had rather look at Paris in relief; these are the kinds of pictures I like best, such as give me the living features of cities, and which save their memory from destruction; true pictures, which make the philosopher and the legislator reflect; which inspire the moralist, and furnish him with political ideas of every kind. It is without doubt in this mode that a future generation, less puerile than our own, less in love with false and barbarous images, will meditate, and make profound reflections on a human hive of such extent and vast dimension. This artist is called the Citizen Arnaud; he has made a natural representation of

Paris, as I have attempted in my picture to draw a moral sketch; and I thought that it was my duty to speak of this work, which is *unique* in its kind.

CHAP. CXXVI.

BONS MOTS OF THE TIERS ETAT.

A NOBLEMAN of the states of Dauphiny having said, in order to support the primacy of the nobility, *I think on all the blood which the nobility has shed in battles*; a man of the *tiers etat* answered him, *And the blood of the people shed at the same time; do you think it was water?*

One of our seigneurs was one day entertaining his farmers, who brought him money, and in order to give himself an air of popularity, received them at his own table. At the end of the repast, willing to regale his guests, he said to his maitre d'hotel, *Give them some of the tiers etat*, the name he gave to brandy. *You are in the right*, answered one of his peasants, *for it is the liquor which has most strength and spirit.*

CHAP. CXXVII.

SHOPKEEPERS.

SHOPKEEPERS, retailers, pedlars, every trading class in general, are more or less grumblers by character and habit; they are in continued opposition with every man who has taken any part in our political debates. A revolution is always a scourge for the generation in which it happens. To hear these persons, one would suppose that the revolution ought to have chosen any other time than that in which they live. Why have dangers come to assail them? They never examine whether this revolution is not made up of a number of revolutions, and indiscriminately censure the talents, the virtues, and the vices of a crowd of individuals, lavishing the names of wretches on patriots who have saved their country, as well as on the monsters who have dishonoured it by their crimes.

They are not ashamed of associating Condorcet and Marat. The most ridiculous accusations, the most gross invectives, issue from their mouths against every republican. They would rather see mankind the prey of eternal despotism, than undergo the storms which have deranged their trade.

trade. They call themselves friends to quiet, and with those friends the iron sceptre of tyrants would remain unshaken in their hands. Were kings revived and put in place, they might without fear deliver themselves up to every excess of vengeance, to all the madness of power.

They are continually calling to mind the tables of proscription; and when the fatal carts which dragged the victims to execution passed, they looked coolly and tranquilly on those that were going to be sacrificed, and honoured their constancy and their misfortune neither by a sigh nor a regret.

Their courage has not been put to the same proof; they have never indeed reflected whether there would be courage in braving oppression and tyranny. Arbitrary measures, according to them, are such as order the payment of patents and taxes; this is what would revive their independent spirits, if they knew how to handle any thing except an ell, and the pen which traces the multiplication table.

Devoid of every kind of political ideas, it matters little to them that this man is prowling to erect again the bloody altars of the Maratist, and that, to raise up a throne annihilated by the general will. There are no other vexations, according to them, than such as fall on the tradesman; and as the word republicanism is a new word, it was very useless to create it, as well as the calendar,

lendar, which has rashly changed the name of the months of the years, obliging the citizens to be at the expence of talent for memory, a crime unexampled, a criminal system, and a complete piece of extravagance. Such is the cant of the shopkeepers, and in this class I reckon the notaries. The pen-gentry are those who have the narrowest ideas; and notaries, above all others, have thicker heads than could have been allowed even under the new order of things.

CHAP. CXXVIII.

ARRESTATION.

LINGUET, who proscribed this word, wished us to make use of that of *arrêtement*. Linguet was in the wrong. We ought never to employ this word, but in speaking of things; we ought to say, for example, the *arrêtement* (the stopping) of the course of a rivulet; the stopping of a carriage at the door of a house. The word arrestation is applicable only to persons arrested by order of a constituted authority. Nevertheless, when proofs were discovered of the treason of Gabriel Mirabeau, whom Condé called a *great man* and a *great scoundrel*, and when the proposition

fitment was discussed at the National Convention, to exhume from the Pantheon the ashes of this deputy, who sold his genius to the highest bidder, Pierre Manuel, after having defended the memory of his friend, terminated his discourse by saying, that the Convention should limit itself to putting his memory in *arrestation*. At the time when the decree, which ordered the arrest of *suspected persons*, appeared, it was perceived with terror, that by the definition which it gave of what was to be understood by *suspected*, there was no one whom the Committee of Public Safety, whom the Revolutionary Committees, whom the viceroys in the departments, might not declare such. The execution followed closely the promulgation of this law, which impressed the marks of slavery on the front of liberty. The fear of being denounced as suspected forced some to abandon their homes, and dive into forests; while others, after having made their will, buried themselves in caverns.

CHAP. CXXIX.

BOISSY D'ANGLAS.

SURNAMED Boissy Famine. He was maitre d'hotel to the king's brother, pensionary of the court: he seemed to me, while he was speaking, to be always holding a napkin under his arm, as I have seen Pastoret hold his parliamentary robe, which fell down to his heels.

We are not yet certain whether this Boissy d'Anglas was not in accord with the assassins of Ferand, when he appeared so unshaken in saluting the bloody head which was offered him, and when the balls of the blunderbuss pierced the wainscot four feet distant from him. Faithful to the plan of the royal re-action, he battled for it till the 18th of Fructidor, when his part ended.

He had signed the protest of the seventy-three. Quite astonished at having done an act of courage, or rather from fear, he begged to have his signature effaced. This favour was granted him from contempt.

The idea of organizing a famine was not new; the court had sometimes made use of it. During the summer of the year three, Boissy d'Anglas lied like a Barrere, and favoured, as one of the
most

most active agents of the faction of the Anglo-manes, that disastrous scarcity, by means of which they had hoped to have driven a famished people to demand a king.

In recompence for the long fast they had undergone, the people of Paris named him deputy; and his name was the first on the lists which were sent into the departments. When I say the people of Paris, I mean to speak of the sections, which seemed agreed with the foreign cabinets; so much in opposition were they to the genius of that liberty, which created so many prodigies.

With this Boissy d'Anglas was connected that execrable Aubry, the most cowardly and vilest of men, and who already believed himself a second Monk; but who, without ability, without understanding, not having even the momentary audaciousness of a conspirator, obtained a terrible influence after the days of Praireal. He broke Buonaparte's commission.

This Aubry was the scourge of the French armies, dismissing with frigid insolence all the brave republican officers, whom he replaced by knights of the poignard, by body guards, and other people devoted to the cause of royalty.

Never was the republic in greater danger than at the time of the operations of this artful and cold-blooded wretch, who fettered the valour of our troops; and it was time that the 18th

Fruſtidor

Fruëtidor overthrew those Clichians, who were all, under the guidance of the infamous Carnot, about to betray and dye their country in blood.

We must also observe, that Boissy d'Anglas and Aubry were amongst the royal pamphleteers, and the most contemptible and most wretched scribblers of the faction.

CHAP. CXXX.

TREATED LIKE A DOG.

AN expression which circulated in conversation in the first years of the revolution, and the origin of which is unknown.

Under the old regime, the treasury pensions, which were called royal, amounted to more than an hundred millions. Observe, that those granted to the ancient subjects of the *royal* academy of music amounted to more than two hundred seventy-eight thousand livres; and that a pension of six thousand livres was given to the hair-dresser of Mademoiselle d'Artois, who, having died at three years of age, had no hair to dress. But note also, that the government became economical in certain circumstances. For instance, the brave Aude, who made general Ligonier prisoner
in

in the battle of Laufeld, and who contributed to gain the victory, had a pension granted him by the royal treasury of two hundred livres. From economy, however, they took care, by way of reserve, to reduce it to an hundred and eighty-eight livres three sous, which they totally forgot to pay him. A circumstance by the way, which proves, that under the old regime our brave soldiers were treated with much less humanity than his majesty's dogs. Look at the account given in 1788, by the calotin de Brienne, and there you will read, "For the maintenance of his majesty's dogs, at eight sous six deniers a day for each dog, forty thousand livres. For the furniture of the said dogs, ten thousand livres a year." Now the pay of a soldier amounted at most to six sous a day. His majesty's dogs, therefore, were better treated than the soldiers, who shed their blood to defend what he called his rights. There was not a soldier who would not have said, that he would have been very happy to be treated like a dog.

CHAP. CXXXI.

MUSCADINS.

A KIND of men, whose business it is to wear an elegant or ridiculous dress, and whom the beat of a drum metamorphoses into women. "The son of the Czar Peter I. burnt one of his fingers," says one of our writers, "in order not to do the work his father exacted from him." We have seen a Muscadin cut off his thumb to avoid carrying arms against the enemy: he ought to have kept it to handle the needle or distaff.

These personages form the contrast of the filthy Jacobins. One would have thought that a spirited set of young men would have embraced republican principles; but these young men were rich, and wished to distinguish themselves from those they called *blue-coats*. The Muscadins were laughed at, drubbed, and kicked, wherever they went with their *dog's-ears*, and *their hair turned up with a comb*, to brave the republicans. If they had the advantage, it was very seldom, and then they were four against one. They act the royalist when out of hearing, but the emigrants despise them still more than they detest the patriots.

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXXII.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Nothing is more amusing than the efforts of writers to determine precisely what is *public spirit*. Every one is desirous of fixing it in his coterie, or in his newspaper. This man fell into the party of opposition without knowing it, the other served the government by his inconsiderate speeches, and without wishing it.

It was impossible that there should have been any public spirit in those great commotions, or at least to find out precisely where it was. The sensible and tranquil portion of citizens perhaps in secret reasoned thus: "Let us take patience from a spirit of reason and calculation; the worst that could happen would be, not to be badly governed, but not to be governed at all." The word *public spirit* has therefore had at Paris and elsewhere very different acceptations. The observers, if I may so express it, placed their fingers on the thermometer when they consulted it, and took for the temperature of the air the greater or less heat of their hands. Ten who speak make much more noise than ten thousand who hold their tongues, but the noise goes off.

To

To feel the pulse of the public mind requires a very fine touch. We must examine accurately if the motion be in proportion to the noise; and subtract afterwards from the calculation every thing which is due to the being drawn on, and to the effect of example.

An office of public spirit was once formed, every thing was picked up that was said at the coffee-houses and theatres; but the next day it had another version; for what is called *spirit of opposition* is innate amongst the Parisians. One man cries out fire, in order to extinguish it; another, to plunder the house. It is not public spirit which reigns at Paris, but the spirit of criticism. Amongst the drawing-room gentry, the first affair, they daily demand, is amusement. Nothing less amusing than praise. Satire is much better fitted to pass an hour or two gaily; it dips its little arrows in every acid; gay in the circle, tenacious in coffee-houses, bawling at the Halle, laughing or crying every where, but having every where for its basis a spirit of contradiction, which necessarily excludes that common *interest*, which is the interest of the whole.

The revolution has often been a theatre, in which Paris was divided into two classes; one which acts, the other which sits in the galleries, judge, as at the Circus, of the skill and strength of the combatants.

Hence those sceptics, who never welcome the news of our victories ; hence those habitual declaimers, who are always in opposition to every thing wished for by the wise.

CHAP. CXXXIII.

NATIONCULE.

THE city of Geneva, which forms a republic and a separate state, is a point scarcely perceptible. Nevertheless this Nationcule, the most contentious in Europe, has given birth to a crowd of individuals, who have agitated whatever countries they have been received and employed in.

Public liberty owes much to M. Necker ; and it is the height of injustice not to separate him entirely from the enemies of republican principles. What we have to reproach him with, is having done what every man did at that time ; having attempted to reconcile certain principles with those of liberty, which were irreconcilable. He enjoyed afterwards too great an eclat, too proud a day, when all the people of Paris prostrated themselves as it were before him, as before

fore a protector. It is of the essence of republican government not to think that its safety depends on Themistocles, or Scipio, but on the nation itself, which bears within it the imperishable principles of liberty. We always thought that M. Necker wanted to monarchise the republic, and this inculcation has made us forget all the former services which he has rendered the country.

When we reflect that Rousseau, native of the city of Geneva, would, had he been alive, have been dragged to the guillotine; and that after his death, he has been made a political faint, we must reflect a little in order to appreciate in a just manner the praises and insults of men, and judge on what all that depends.

Claviere, another enlightened man, killed himself in order to prevent his execution, and preserve to his family a fortune, which by this means escaped confiscation.

The Swiss who descends from his mountains, to go and sell his services and his blood to the despot who pays him the dearest, is not worthy the title of republican; still less the calculating banker, who heaps up gold in his tons, and who comes to Paris only for that purpose.

CHAP. CXXXIV.

ADULTERATED WINES.

PARIS, whose superficies contains within its ramparts only three millions seventy-three thousand and ninety square fathom, and whose population is at least seven hundred thousand souls, consumes annually four hundred fifty thousand muids* of wine, not comprehending brandy, beer, and cyder.

Whether therefore the vines of Burgundy, of Champagne, of Languedoc, and Roussillon, be beaten or not by the hail, it matters little; the quantity must be the same: and, according to the principle of the wine-dealers, the secret is known how to make enough for every one.

The most villanous of all apprenticeships is that which is made at the manufacturer of wines; his cellar is a practical school of knavery and cunning of every kind; it is a laboratory at least as formidable as that of a quack.

It is there that a libertine apprentice forms himself in the art of preparing, and distilling poisons; of composing with the woods and dye-stuffs of the Indies, with beet-root, carrots, turn-

* A muid contains 300 quarts.

ips, and litharge, a mixture, which his master makes him put into sealed bottles, under the pompous names of *Tonerre, Bourgogne, Champagne, d'Alicant, Madeira, and Cypress.*

The list of those fine and foreign wines, true master-piece of his composition, figures in capital golden letters among the black bunches of the iron vine, which bends in clusters at the door of his tavern; it is the only vocabulary of the noted fots of the neighbourhood.

It has been said, with as much finesse as good sense, that *truth lies at the bottom of the bottle*, which contains happily the true juice of the god of joy. There is also truth in the adulterated bottles; it is a terrible truth; there is *death in the pot!* yes, death, which, like a knawing worm, fastens on its prey, and slowly corrodes it.

Mild and tranquil gaiety does not expand the brow of the laborious mechanic, condemned to the use of this traitorous liquor. A deep melancholy on the contrary darkens his visage, whilst he drinks it without mistrust. The poison soon penetrates into his veins like a fiery serpent, and puts him in a rage. The excesses which he commits in his delirium, are owing solely to the perfidy of the vintner.

It is not for his own wine that he thirsts, it is for your gold. He will not bate you a farthing, but holds your money, and passes and re-passes it with his thumb; a cheat and a knave from

principle, he takes only money of good alloy; and seldom sells you any thing but wines that are false or adulterated.

Look at him, one hand on the key of the till of his counter, and the other on the inexhaustible can: his head is as full of motion as that of a fox on the watch. He welcomes, with a knavish smile, the crowd that enters. "What price, gentlemen," accosting them; "twenty-five, or thirty "fous?" His attentive eye examines, and distinguishes each class of tiplers.

He is more cunning than the pickpocket, for he knows how to cheat even the thief, by scoring on his slate a greater number of bottles than he has emptied with his noisy companions.

There are three kinds of wine for the three principal parts of the day. The wine of the morning is alterant; this is the dearest*.

The adulterating vintner well knows that the morning is the hour of house-painters, carpenters, master-masons, and smiths. Their measure in their hand, they mount the tottering staircase of his drinking-room, where the only decoration which meets the eye, are the attributes of the god of Lampfacus, portrayed with charcoal.

* The price of wine is scandalous. A workman pays his day's labour for a bottle; too happy, when he is not reduced to drink that which is sold to hackney-coachmen, to the inhabitants of the alleys, those of the Greve, or the vagabond beggars of the Fauxbourg St. Marceau.

The bottles are rapidly emptied, and the last which comes is always the smallest; for the quart is reduced to some lines more than a pint in those bottles, which seem all chosen to resolve the problem of the infinite divisibility of matter.

The wine of noon is diluted with river water in sufficient quantity, because that of the morning has parched the throat. That of the evening is spirituous, sharpened by brandy or spirits of wine, and sometimes impregnated with dead cat, to give it body. It is the middle class who drink this, to comfort themselves after the day's excessive labour; and as it burns rather than warms the stomach, it is every where vaunted; and it is on this error in taste that more than one vintner builds his reputation.

How I pity the hard-working man, who bending under his burden, and his limbs bathed in sweat, stops at the door of this sacrilegious profaner, to ask for a poor half-quarter pint! When he puts to his lips this terrible red mixture, I fancy I see a man about to swallow poison*.

It is not enough to know the superficies of this immense city. The cellars belonging to taverns occupy three-fourths of its subterraneous topography. It is into those labyrinths you must pe-

* The wine merchants of new date do not yet mix their liquors, because they are not yet initiated in the secret of the old.

netrate, to surprise the fabricator in the midst of his ingredients,

It is in vain to establish duties on the entries of wine; he will set at nought the most subtle scrutiny. His wine, like the water of Arcueil, will come into Paris through invisible channels.

It is the avidity of gain, more than the insufficiency of the laws, which makes those of his profession so intrepid, and who, being in possession of the same secret, manufacture every where the same wine, brave the sentence of the liquor standard, and the experiment of the chymist*.

* The wines also in the ports are adulterated. The wine which is of pure growth, is destined only for the rich. But let a tradesman of the lower order, a taylor for instance, cheapen a barrel; the wine-merchant, who discovers him by his gait, and crooked legs, will sell him wine of Surepne for wine of Mâcon. One might suppose that he regulates the pleasure of his mouth, according to the state or condition of the individual; he judges that it is not nectar, but verjuice, that suits the plebeian cockney, such as will sting his palate,

CHAP. CXXXV.

BOSSUET.

BOSSUET composed, for the use of his pupils, his discourse on universal history; in which he judges, in the twinkling of an eye, conquerors, kings, nations, crimes and virtues; and traces with an energetic and rapid pencil, time, which swallows every thing up; the hand of God on human greatness, and kingdoms which perish like their *masters*.

This sublime expression was heard both by kings and priests; and when the instant came in which the great evangelical truths were accomplished, priests and kings would neither comprehend nor hear them. They had only taken for sounding phrases, and idle rhetoric, whatever was said in the pulpit on the supreme will of the Creator, who breaks thrones, and disperses empires.

Kingdoms which perish like their masters! Oh! crowned heads, remember all of ye the expression of Bossuet!

CHAP.

CHAP. CXXXVI.

NEW WORKSHOPS.

THE daughter of Michael Lepelletier, St. Fargeau, when married to a rich Hollander, received for a wedding present, guess what—— twelve wigs!

By means of these wigs, which are always worn without powder, ladies can change their physiognomy every day, and are no longer dependent on an hair-dresser; they can present a new visage every day to their lover, and afford him sometimes an agreeable surprise. Is he known, or supposed, to have a favourite, quick, they take her tresses.

Baldness is what is most unbecoming in a woman; she ought to avoid even the slightest appearance of it. There are at present workshops for women's wigs, *which* have almost the elegance of boudoirs; a dust of powder durst not shew itself. You find in them a complete assortment of wigs, of all shades and descriptions, of all forms, dimensions, and lengths.

The wig-maker, amidst his glorious tresses, presses dexterously with the ends of his fingers the point of a papillot; he does not suffer an unruly

ruly hair to wander from its place, he is as neat as his comrades are dirty. He may be said not to make wigs, but to paint them. Sometimes he takes a fiddle, sings his amours; and all the perriwigs which surround him assume a gently tremulous motion; and seem to applaud his taste, and the lightness of his hand.

It is from the easy and rapid change of the hair, that Paris is become a gallery of painting, renewed every instant at the will of the curious, and presenting an assemblage of whatever is most rare and original in heads of every kind.

Orphise changes her looks three times a-day. In the morning she is a transparent nymph, in a muslin robe. Her wig has the conical form of a hive. She goes to breakfast in the country; that is, at Passy.

At three she shines with a thousand attractions; her red shawl makes her look like a butterfly with purple wings; her Berenice wig fixes every one's attention.

In the evening, when the sun has disappeared, she is Diana with tuckt-up robe, and quick step. A diamond crescent shines above those foreign and jet-black hairs, which a simple ribband confines in a knot on the back of the head; her eyes at the opera wander in search of those of an ambassador, a minister, or those of a Greek or a Turk; in seeing her pass, the spectator observes aloud, that *she is hunting the wild beast.*

I hear

I hear a cabriolet at a distance, driven with the noise of thunder; already the courser, as rapid as the impetuous desire which governs it, moistens my shoulders with his breath. Some one bawls out, *gare!* I turn round, and see in the phaeton a goddess, with the head-dress of the king of Saturn.

The women who drive the cabriolet are half-men: whip in hand, they affect the air, the demeanour, and the voice; but it is always the colour of the wig that regulates the tone.

This man haunts theatres, where he can meet with the marvellous. He loves noise, tumult, horses which prance on the stage, devils more terrible than those in the temptations of St. Anthony, and who mount up in the air with a monk in their claws, a capuchin, or an attorney. He must have spectres, dark dungeons, the bloody nun, or the carnival of the seraglio. In short, nothing pleases him more than cities besieged in form, assaults, cannon, comets falling from heaven in showers of fire, the shrill sound of trumpets, or the rolling of drums.

CHAP. CXXXVII.

TO LANTERN.

THIS word signified formerly to lose one's time in doing nothing, or in doing nothings. At the beginning of the Revolution, it signified *to hang a man at the lantern iron*.

To guillotine, and *guillotine*, have gained such an ascendancy, that the words *lantern*, and *to lantern*, are altogether out of use.

CHAP. CXXXVIII.

BRILLIANT NAMES.

THE names of Aristides, of Plato, of Socrates, of Corneille, of Voltaire, of all great men, past or present, are less illustrious, less brilliant, than those of jewellers. How so? will you say—because the names of those dealers, written in letters of diamonds at the bottom of their shops, dazzle the eyes when you read them; they efface, therefore, all other names known by their splendour: it is a figure
nature

nature which the Great Mogul only should make. Poor professors, who teach morality and belles-lettres, your names, in little black letters, are stuck up at the corner of the street. The names of these jewellers shine with a thousand fires—they sparkle like the sun: it is in order to sell, but dear, much dearer than that of Poultier, representative of the people, when he puts it for money at the head of his incivic journal. The jewellers, from the splendour of their names, attract every eye; one might therefore say of them, that they have formed a brilliant name, even radiant, in their signs, either at the Palais Royal, or in the Rue St. Honoré, and that no name in the National Institute can enter into parallel with theirs.

CHAP. CXXXIX.

COATS OF ARMS.

THE most decisive decree for the democrats, and the most mortal against the aristocrats which was ever made, was that of the 19th of June 1790. “No French citizen shall wear, or cause to be worn, liveries, nor have *coats of arms*.”

In

In those days of desolation, the nobility veiled the inscriptions and escutcheons of the nobles with a kind of plaster coverings, as the calotins cover the face of their saints and madonas in the mourning of the holy week. The nobility hoped, that the Revolution would not last longer than this slight covering. They acted like the sculptor, who inserted the name of the prince in a cement of curious composition, under which was engraven the name of the artist, whom time ought to hand down to posterity. They were in hopes that time would bring back their escutcheons, and continue to ennoble their race. On the pannels of many carriages were painted a thick mist, which meant that the foggy season which obstructed the sight would pass away. One of our aristocrats, lest the people should not seize the allegory, put for a device, *Ce nuage n'est que passager*—This cloud is but momentary.

The number of ci-devant nobles was but small, who lulled themselves with those dreams; the greater part were not so foolish as to amuse themselves with such dreams, except *Capet-Conde*, into whom seems to have emigrated the soul of M. l'Abbé. *Thirty thousand men*; and who did not cease to say like him, *Give me thirty thousand men, give me a noyau of thirty thousand men*. The rest of the nobles regard their nobility as dead and buried, and the equality established by the declaration of rights

rights makes them suffer the anticipated punishment of the valley of Jehosaphat.

It is very true, that an old countess died with rage upon reading the decree, though she did not expire at the moment, as was said, but half an hour after. The decree spread the pestilence in hotels, and was worth a real pestilence to the physicians*.

It is, moreover, the finest part of the aristocratical gentry who were attacked with this pestilence, of which the patients expire in extraordinary stiflings, as from an aristocracy struck inwards; others wasted away insensibly in the languors of a consumption. This aristocratical spleen undermines, in the same manner, the dowager dutchess, the toothless marechale, and the young viscountess, who had flattered herself that when she no longer wore the colours of the convent, she should separate herself from the class of the *vilains*, with the privilege of rouge; she is desolated at not having any longer her livery, and says, as in the *Prodigal Son*—

“Votre ecusson, vos gens, votre livrée

“Tout retracoit une image adorée.”

Some, however, consoled themselves, since their lacqueys were left. Be it said, to the honour of

* It was time: the physicians began to complain of the diminution of their practice. A lady said lately to one of them. *It seems to me, M. le Docteur, that there are not many sick at present.*—“Alas! Madame, how should there be, they have put every body under a regime.”

the ladies of the court in general, no persons had less contempt for the Tiers. It is said, they had in fact united the orders, long before Syeyes had put it in thesis.

CHAP. CXL.

POINT OF VIEW.

AT a distance, Paris is figured as peopled with republicans sensible to national honour, proud of possessing the government which conquers immense provinces, changes the system of Europe, and founds republics; it may perhaps be supposed, that the celebration of the 9th Thermidor excites some enthusiasm, that the days of Arcole and Lodi are kept with joy and pride, and that the thirty-first of May is a day of universal mourning. Not at all! In general, the shopkeeper, the attorney, and all the multitude who hold the juridical pen, attach neither their glory, their love, nor their remembrance, to any epocha whatever. Twelve hundred republicans represent this immense city; brave, generous, lovers of the country, they alone, with the government and the good military force, would drive back the slavish horde of kings, and destroy the most silly and contemptible prejudices.

To

To throw out insults against the Legislative Body, to calumniate its members, to affect contempt for every thing which is done, and to do this without discrimination, without discernment to attribute the public immorality to what was only the work of the enemies of the Revolution; this is what is practised on all sides; this is what gives a nausea to the well-informed man, affects the heart, and leads the true republican, arming himself sometimes with just disdain, to exclaim, "The opinion of Paris is null in politics; we must never depend upon it, and still less embarrass ourselves with any thing they say."

Such is the anathema which a crowd of perverse spirits has drawn on this city; slavish instruments, repeating the catechism which they have learnt from their priests, and carrying confusion and chaos into morals and institutions, who speak of exclusive tranquillity, and the happiness which is due to them, in preference to all the other inhabitants of the republic. Cowards! they scarcely condescend to notice our victorious soldiers, who fight their battles for them!

CHAP. CXLI.

COMIC SCENE.

M. le Curé, of St. Sulpice, at Paris, had given notice for some days that he was going to manifest his refusal of taking the oath to the nation in an exemplary manner. This *fanfaronade*, and the well-known character of the priest, required that measures should be taken for the maintenance of order, and the dignity of the worship of this church.

Citizens in arms were posted to keep the public peace. The faithful filled the temple. The priest of the golden calf mounted the pulpit, and preached on *hell*, in order to prepare the minds of his auditory, by means of terror, for his anti-constitutional conclusions. There was a great deal of laughing at seeing the calotin agitating himself like a person in torment, and his whole person did not ill represent the prince of the demons in the tribune haranguing the fallen angels, such as Milton has described him. When the mouth of this *energumene* had vomited out blasphemies against the National Assembly, an universal cry of indignation resounded from the vaults of the temple. The hypocrite thought he saw the crown

of martyrdom descending on his head; he grew pale, and exclaimed, "Father, remove this cup from me!" The cries, however, were not threats, but only calls "*To order, to order.*" The guilty conscience of the *calotin* had led him to mistake it for something else. Suddenly the majestic organ filled the church with harmonious sounds, and made every heart re-echo the air so celebrated, that of *Ca ira! ça ira!*

Indignation was turned into patriotic joy, and the mover of the counter-revolution was invited to sing *Ca ira*. He descended from the pulpit, covered with ridicule, shame, and a cold sweat. Summoned to do his duty by taking the civic oath, he haughtily refused, and withdrew.

A municipal officer then mounted the pulpit, and said, "Citizens, the law does not oblige this man to swear allegiance to the nation; by his refusal he has only incurred his dismissal from the public employ which was confided to him; he will soon be no longer our pastor, and you will be called to name another, who shall be more worthy of your confidence." Those few words, pronounced in the name of the law, restored that respect which was due to the sacredness of the place, and the most profound tranquillity was observed.

CHAP. CXLII.

TO A NARROW MIND.

Argumentum ad hominem.

THOU art pale with envy and jealousy; thou, who aspirest to all places, even those where thou wouldst be the most unhappy of men. Art thou ignorant, that of all governments which nations have attempted, ours is that which grants most to self-love? Whatever thou be, it invites thee; it invites every age, every condition without exception, without distinction. Thou hast not to grow old before thou reachest the seat which thou covetest; it is not necessary to be born a senator to become so; no one should despair at his birth of attaining the end which he may propose to himself, whatever it be. The doors of the palace of authority are open to all amateurs. This power, which thou desirest, thou shalt exercise to-morrow: this embroidery, which shocks thee, thou shalt wear the next year; or at least, he to whom thou envieest it, unrobed and dressed like thee, shall come and seat himself near thee on the benches of the parterre, and console thee for his glory of yesterday.

If thou art a censor, and even a difficult censor, thou mayest call him to account for his year's greatness; thou mayest with impunity see him from the height of thy brilliant carriage, pass on foot, and step on one side at the noise of thy chariot's coming; thou wilt be to-morrow what he was yesterday.

The same men, who, under the old regime, had not sufficient influence or talent to become counsellors at the Chatelet, consider themselves at present above every place which is not the first. They attribute to themselves every talent fit to govern, and imagine that it was not worth while to have made the revolution, unless they are put in possession of riches, credit, and power. Such is the logic of all those little ambitious men who call their own spirit the public spirit, their opinion the public opinion; and while they stile themselves republicans, unite their voices to those of emigrants and refractory priests; and as in substance the evil is done when it is talked of, so is evil committed when you are become a disturber.

CHAP. CXLIII.

TRIC-TRAC.

THE technical words of this game are become expressions truly new, from the national sense which is annexed to them. The following little piece appeared at the end of the year 1789.

Le Roi fait une école a chaque coup,
 La Reine a toujours le dez contraire,
 Les Princes ont trop hazardé,
 La Noblesse a pris le coin bourgeois,
 Le Clergé fait la ville de misère,
 Le Tiers a pris son coin par puissance,
 Le Duc d'Orléans a decouvert son jeu,
 La Assemblée Nationale a mis tout bas,
 La Fayette bat souvent les deux coins,
 Les Laroche-Foucault sont en petite bredouille,
 L'Eveque d'Autun a fait la caze du diable,
 Necker a fait une mauvaise tenue,
 Le Compté de Mirabeau fait son plein,
 Les Parlemens ont joué trop serré,
 L'Armée et la Marine sont en grande bredouille
 Les Mibices nationales ont le pavillon.

CHAP. CXLIV.

COFFEE-HOUSE ORCHESTRAS.

FORMERLY only kings and princes of the blood enjoyed the singular privilege of dining to the sounds of music; at present all citizens without distinction are princes and kings, and dine in symphony with flutes, horns, and hautboys.

The bagpipe even plays in the smoaking guinguette of the Limosin, while he is swallowing his porridge; but it is particularly in the subterraneous vaults of the Palais Royal that the Academy of the *quinze vingts* attract the crowd.

Twelve or fifteen virtuosos of equal abilities, hoisted on a Parnassus of deal boards, torture your ears without mercy, and smile malignantly at your martyrdom, because their tympanum is trumpet-proof.

This is not all: often a hair-brained Diana with swollen neck mouths the horn, and plays a *presto* throughout without taking breath.

To complete this vocal melody, a porter strikes and whips with the full swing of his arm an enormous drum, the deafening noise of which shakes or stupifies every brain.

At every instant the leader of this horrible uproar beats with his hand and feet, to keep in time

time his indocile muses. They are acquainted with no other harmony than the jingling of glasses, or that of bottles, which they break in the agitation of their drunkenness. Brandy runs like Hippocrene at the bottom of their Parnassus.

You may distinguish there, by his impertinent air, more than one Marfyas who would defy Apollo, and who, in his proud delirium, would support even to the end the punishment of the flaying alive.

Yes, those modern Corybantes, who tune to such harsh sounds their squeaking cymbals, have the most perfect consciousness of their own talents; and whoever does not applaud the whistling of the drunken fluter who drivels in his flute, or a singer with a raven's voice, runs the risk of being insulted or ill-treated.

These are the coffee-houses which have brought about the mode of harmonical concerts, and which have made music the trade of all the world.

And do we not still see on the old Boulevards, in that coffee-room so frequented by the people, a *poetical cabinet* placed under the orchestra, where the god of wine, concealed in this sanctuary of genius, communicates his petulant vein to his implacable ministers, and inspires his Pythonesses with poetic rage.

In short, the vender of lemonade, proud of his orchestra, pushes his boldness so far as to erect
a theatre

a theatre in full coffee exchange, where they act tragedy and comic buffoonery. If both are laughed at alike, it is because the spectators, who drink a glass between the acts, know not how to cry.

CHAP. CXLV.

CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.

IF the consumption of paper astonished thinking heads under the old regime, that which is consumed under the new ought to astonish them much more.

The liberty of the press, the first thought of the creators of the revolution, has put the pen into the hand of almost every individual which composes the republic.

Dating from the epocha in which the first spark of liberty appeared to the French, a legion of idle half-witted men, of artists without employ, of lawyers without briefs, pseudo-philosophers, priests without benefices, physicians without practice, scribbled with impunity, and mingled with the just causes of complaint of the French their imprudent writings, both seditious and destructive of morality,

The

The proclamation of the rights of man, which opened a wide field to chicane about the respective rights of citizens, gave birth to the right of petition; afterwards appeared the constitution of 1791, which re-whitened the edifice of the tottering state, and diminished its foundations.

Plans came in from all parts, and it was impossible to find rooms and boxes to store all those enormous heaps of paper.

The sale of the estates of the clergy, the abolition of the nobility and of feudal rights, the emigration of the rich and the nobles, the arrival of the king at Paris—all these causes transformed the hotels of this capital into offices. Every day new conspiracies were hatched, every day true or false conspirators were arrested, and millions of reams of paper were employed for the printing acts of accusation.

Printers and booksellers having multiplied without end from the abolition of freedoms and companies, denunciations and defamatory libels became the mode, and it is from the unpunished publication of the list of the cuckolds in Paris, that the licentiousness of the press has taken its rise.

The evil which paper has produced in the different phases of the Revolution is so great, as to lead us almost to wish that it had never been invented.

In reality, has it not seconded every effort of malevolence and calumny! Paper was the first
con-

confidant of the conspiracies formed against the safety of the citizens, and the first plans of the civil war were executed by it.

Millions of blue, violet, yellow, and red bills, stuck up every hour in the day, became so many public tribunes attracting the attention of crowds of people; the walls became orators, prompters to murder and pillage, and never were preachers more greedily listened to, or more practically obeyed.

The institution of the different clubs had also its different committees, and these committees were the arsenals in which were fabricated addresses and petitions for the inhabitants of each department, by which the leaders of factions governed the representatives of the French, extorted decrees, or caused laws to be rendered at their will. What a powerful arm is paper!

Terror arose from the ferment of political furies; it engendered civil, criminal, and revolutionary tribunals, and at every step you saw sentences of death six feet in length cover the walls, and hang like menacing swords over every head.

Swarms of news-carriers through the streets, bawling out the pestilential papers of hired scribblers, and the posts to transport them through France, seemed the image of perpetual motion.

Paper gave a sort of ubiquity to the malignant to execute their conspiracies; the maximum, the certificates of citizens, orders for bread, meat, and pass-

passports, will be long and lasting monuments of the invention of the most horrible despotism under the reign of liberty.

Nevertheless, the creation of more than thirty thousand laws, printed, published, pasted up, and sent by heaps into every town of France, does not appear to have diminished the quantity of paper; nor is it exhausted by the forty milliards of paper money which has been put into circulation. Since the new constitution, how much has been wanted for printing the sheets which have issued from the offices of the directory, the two councils, the seven ministers, departmental administrations, and, in short, from those of all the constituted authorities.

An Indian newly arrived at Paris, and whose affairs led him to wait on a minister, struck with those pyramids of circular letters which encumbered the offices, did not hesitate to assert, that they used in a single day, in one secretary's office, more paper than was consumed in a year throughout the whole of his country.

And what would he have said, if he had known what no clerk is ignorant of, the unworthy use which is made of more than half the white paper, the purchase of which costs so many millions a-year to the government.

The mountebanks, who in opposition to each other distribute and post up their nostrums, furnish us with the true secret of employing paper well,

well, which is that of saying a great deal in a very little space, and filling up the page and the back without leaving any margin.

Where is the man of genius who will arise all at once to simplify the wheels of the great political machine? Who will establish a single centre of correspondence, without passing through so many intermediaries? Such a one will have discovered a fine plan of economy, for the surplus of what government pays too much for its paper would be sufficient for the maintenance of the hospitals.

Nevertheless money would do much to cure the governors and the governed of the mania of writing. Let the government pay well, and the service will go on without obstacle; half the quantity of arms and paper would be sufficient. He who employs himself in the reprinting of useless or dangerous novels is highly criminal. We have so many good books; let those suffice, and let us learn to read.

The laws serve to make sky-rockets; why are they not rather made with the sheets of the novel of Justina?

CHAP. CXLVI.

THEOPHILANTHROPISTS.

THE hereditary chief of the spiritual hierarchy, whose terrible or bloody sceptre bent the heads of credulous mortals at his nod, is hurled from his throne. The worshipped foot of the superannuated god of Rome touches the earth which is to cover it! The thunder remained powerless in his hand at the sight of the conquerors of Italy.

Immortal thanks be rendered to philosophy! reason triumphs! Superstition, credulity, and all the sacerdotal juggleries give way to true religion. Its persuasive voice begins to be heard in every heart. Soon will this powerful religion, the germ of which is born with us, be the only prevailing one, and such is that which is taught and professed by the Theo-philanthropists.

The true friends of God and the true friends of men; simple in their doctrine, like the Apostles of Christ; humble like them; like them the enemies of pomp and grandeur, the Theo-philanthropists inspire confidence, gain every suffrage in their favour, and generalize their profelytes.

Their simple worship is founded on the belief of a Supreme Being, on the dogma of the immortality of the soul, on conjugal love, respect due to old age, piety towards parents, and beneficence.

And this worship establishes itself without theological disputes, without violence, without effusion of blood; for the Theo-philanthropists force no one to believe. The text of their gospel is the vault of heaven, and God is the conclusion of that sublime book which can never be surveyed without admiration. They worship no sculptured image, leaving willingly to catholic priests the care of making God visible or invisible, agreeably to their will or avarice.

The tabernacle of the Theo-philanthropists is the universe, the picture of which displays to the perverted looks of the atheist the ineffable wonders of the creation, and fills the believer with perpetual transport.

Flowers, the first production of the harvest, the fruits which the earth pours from its bosom, cover their altar, and form its only decoration. They present them to the Eternal, as the offering of the gratitude of mankind. They present before him also the young child, adorned with the graces of his age, and its innocence. They imitate him who just enters the world with the elements of nature, and breathe into him the creating spirit. To the terror of priests, the flames of purgatory,
to

to the pantomimes of the mass, to the indecent ear of confessors, they have substituted the rudiment of reason.

They instil into the hearts of children the lessons of wisdom, exhort women to love their husbands, teach men to love one another, and to do the same good to others as they would wish to be done to themselves. They represent death as the beginning of immortality, and preach respect and gratitude to the invincible defenders of the country.

Without receiving or wishing for money, to persuade men that they cannot do a good action which does not meet with its reward, nor commit a bad action without punishment; to demonstrate this truth by the irresistible argument of the daily experience of the good and evil which happens to us, is certainly the complete triumph of philosophy. Such is true religion.

When the lower classes of the people, under the direction of the factious, profaned the temples of the priests, it was not God whom they meant to insult, but the knaves, who for so many ages abused their credulity. They intoxicated themselves in drinking in the cup of the *reason* of Robespierre, but the next day they lamented their madness.

At present, these same people do not fail attending the service of the Theo-philanthropists, where they assemble to rebaptize and regenerate themselves in sound morality. Less disdainful than
the

the corrupted rich, who seeks and finds his god only in his strong box, the poor man goes to learn how to be just and compassionate.

Flourishing peace will doubtless give more pomp and solemnity to this institution. At that period, a perfect symphony will execute in all its majesty the hymn to the Father of the Universe. The little children already repeat it in chorus, and the young girl sings it, uniting her voice to that of her virtuous mother.

Clothed in a robe of linen, the Theo-philanthropist lecturer, in the pulpit of truth, leads these songs of joy. Innocence of heart formed the success of the Christian religion. Reason is the eternal bulwark of the heart of the beneficent religion of serious republicans.

Let the Theo-philanthropists guard continually against admitting any material image into their temples; let them connect all their thoughts with the great conception of Moses, who forbade every representation of created things, much more that of the divinity; let them speak of God only with words, and every man of sense will go and worship with them.

It is right to observe that ancient nations were not idolaters, or adorers of images and statues. Lucian remarks, that the ancient Egyptians had no statues in their temples; nor had the Greeks, according to Eusebius, till the time of Cecrops, who first erected a statue to Minerva; and Plutarch

tarch assures us, that Numa forbade the Romans the representation of God under the form of a man or an animal; and during seventy years, neither statues nor paintings of the Divinity were seen in their temples.

CHAP. CXLVII.

M. PINCE-MAILLE.

IN the fabrication of our small coin, we have forgotten M. Pince-Maille, of happy memory; we despise farthings, deniers, liards, pieces of two liards. The lowest piece of money is a fous. The consequence is, that the most worthless object at present is worth a fous; a fous for a match, for a sprig of mint; and as a turnip is worth a fous, there is not perhaps coin enough to procure those kinds of commodities. What would *M. Pince-Maille* say to this? He would lament over the degradation of his dear coin, and the impolicy of the measure; and amidst our great money speculations, we have seen that mercantile avidity was not satisfied till it had ruined the copper coin.

The poorest is not dispensed from giving his alms, but he who has only eighteen sous can give nothing, since he would give more than the twentieth of what he possesses. The beggar laments, and is no longer heard. What is a sous? I am asked. Alas! every thing is composed of infinitesimals.

Where is the time, when rising at six in a winter's morning, my arm too short to embrace my Greek and Latin Dictionary, I crossed the Pont Neuf, and as a supplement to my breakfast, bought a *petit pâté*, of two liards; as a prudent scholar, I had only ate my week's allowance, composed of two sous, on Friday morning, when the scholar Pince-Maille advanced me both Friday and Saturday, for the interest of an inch and half of sugar barley, which was little more than a quarter of a little stick.

We must be more than fifty years old to feel the sublimity of the expression of St. Albin, in the *Pere de Famille*: when informed by his father that he has fifteen hundred livres revenue, he thinks himself sufficiently rich to maintain a wife and children.

The forestallers, who call themselves merchants, and who are exclaiming that trade is ruined, would not wish to see German *kruetzers* amongst us. With the little coin have disappeared all the little cakes, the delight of infancy, and sometimes even of youth; for want of little money, there

there are no longer any of those unexpected enjoyments, of those luxurious temptations at the sight of fruit stalls; children can no longer purchase a single pear in summer, or burn their pockets with chesnuts in winter.

Amidst our high money speculations, we do not think of the infinite-finals which govern the whole world; and the tradesmen of Paris, who are neither manufacturers, nor merchants, but forestallers, think that every thing would go well, if the least piece was of six sous; and if every plumb, which they send for from Tours, was sold by them at five sous a-piece.

CHAP. CXLVIII.

EVENT OF THE PLAIN OF GRENELLE.

MISFORTUNES never come single. The burning of the abbey, and the terrible event of Grenelle, near Paris, seem to justify this proverb. On the 14th of Fructidor, at a quarter after seven in the morning, the powder magazine blew up. The explosion took place at first by a great stroke, which was immediately followed by several other very smart ones, which made the houses tremble

as if shook by an earthquake. Every window instantly burst open, and men and women, filled with terror, were asking each other from whence the noise came. An immense column of smoke, which arose on the western side of the city with terrific majesty, soon gave the signal of some great and singular misfortune. At nine the mutilated corpses of the workmen, who were victims of the explosion, were brought into the city on biers. The street of Grenelle St. Germain was filled with women, making lamentable cries, and running to look after their husbands, dead or wounded. There are no colours dark enough to paint the ravage caused by this explosion. Figure to yourself the ground where the magazine and workshops were placed, buried under a mass of calcined stones, the wrecks of beams, of planks torn into a thousand pieces, and heaped confusedly on each other; in the midst of this frightful disorder, the carcases of horses struck dead at the moment of the eruption; cart-wheels torn from their axes, split in pieces; the house and laboratory still standing in a most shattered state, but preserving the semblance of a building, as if to indicate the measure of the dreadful force of the powder.

The magazine was surrounded with gardeners grounds; every thing was ploughed up, overturned, dispersed, confounded; nothing was seen but one stone on another; their houses seemed
absolutely

absolutely descended under ground; the roofs were beat in, the tiles carried away, or almost reduced to powder; the furniture, the kitchen utensils, disseminated on every side; the trees stripped of their branches and shattered; the fruits of the labours of those unfortunate men, such as melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, French beans, which were about to be gathered in, were devastated and lost without resource. Each one contemplated with tears in his eyes this horrible calamity, without speaking, without daring to ask the number of the dead and wounded *.

The misfortune was engraven in characters of fire and blood on the soil. The ramparts of the Champ de Mars were in part overturned, or removed from their foundations. The trees planted around were whitened by torrents of dust; others, split from top to bottom, were stript of their leaves. From under heaps of stones were dragged out morsels of human flesh, men's heads smashed. That vast inclosure, which in the glorious days of the revolution offered the delightful spectacle of the re-union of the French people free, presented nothing in this fatal day but the horrible image of destruction and death; the field was covered with nothing but black planks, great beams and stones, and seemed like an eruption of Vesuvius.

* They were taken off immediately, and transported to the nearest hospitals.

It was observed that few people, whose appearance denoted easy circumstances, went to see this disaster. Nevertheless assistance was as speedy as the evil had been sudden. To all such as traversed the Gros Paillon it wore the appearance of a place that had undergone a bombardment. There was not a whole glass in a single window. The windows of the dome of the invalids, and those of the church, were shattered; the military school suffered also considerable damage. The commotion was felt at Versailles, St. Denis, Gonesse, Luzarches, and many other places. Coats and caps were found on the top of Mount Martre.

Rich as well as poor gave their mattresses to transport the wounded to the hospitals of the Gros Paillon and the Invalids. The number of the dead was unhappily too considerable. The greater part of the citizens were convinced of it by their own eyes; and we were scandalized at the cowardly falsehood of certain representatives of the people, who published in the streets of Paris, that the misfortune was not such as malevolence had thought fit to describe it.

History will tell us some day, that those two disastrous events were not the work of chance. O Paris, how many different and secret strokes have the enemies of thy splendour bestowed on thee? and how is it that thou yet subsistest?

CHAP. CXLIX.

PARIS A FRONTIER TOWN.

Nothing was wanting at Paris, in order to exhibit a specimen of every kind of fight, but to be a frontier town. This has now taken place. The call to arms is beaten, cannon are dragged about; the garden of the Tuilleries was inundated with regiments of cavalry; tents were erected; the feet of the horses dug up the walks of the alleys; the bark of the young trees was torn off by their teeth; it became quite a camp. Each tree had eight horsemen lodged under it.

We are accustomed to the sound of the drum, to see blue coats, dragoons, and hussars, galloping in the streets; generals passing with double epaulettes in fashes, a red feather ornamenting a gold laced hat.

The citizens mount guard, patrol the streets, are taught the military exercise by officers of the troops of the line commissioned for that purpose. In all the public halls you see colours and standards; and the fireworks which are exhibited offer nothing but the noise of bombs and the thunder of artillery in a day of battle. A great quantity of gunpowder is consumed every day; they

they swear, they smoke, as at the army; the blue coat is the dress of every one, and some never shave but with the splinters of bombs from Lisle or Valenciennes to serve as basons.

I saw a formidable army on the day that Louis Capet and Maria-Antoinette were brought back to the chateau of the Tuilleries. Antoinette passed under the name of the Countess of Korff, Louis for her valet de chambre, and Elizabeth for her chambermaid. The warriors of Xerxes were not more numerous. One would have thought it the guard, not of a king who was a prisoner, but of the greatest monarch on earth. The procession never ended. We may assert, that from Strasburgh to Paris there were more than five hundred thousand people under arms. Three persons were tied on the box of the carriage. Never did the power of the people appear more formidable, and the people on that day behaved singularly well; they did not suffer an insulting word to take place; and the king himself, taking a part in this extraordinary spectacle, smiled on the people, and said with an ingenuousness fitted to excite the smile of pity in the wife; "Well! here I am!"

When he was surrounded by this great Parisian army, I said to myself—Yes, here he is; this being, marked with the seal of a peculiar fatality; at his birth he was the object of his grandfather's hatred, who detested all his race, because

because his son wanted to assassinate him, in order to mount the throne. Lewis the XVth, in return, had poisoned his son, and extinguished in his grandchildren, by a barbarous method, the sources of generation. Lewis the XVth, the most debauched of men, had opened, to use the expression, that career of humiliation into which his grandson fell, for ever under the dominion of the haughty house of Austria.

I saw at the side of Lewis the XVIth the modern Fredegonde, from her cradle the enemy of France, sinking under the weight of her powerless and ill-supported fury, almost dead with terror and vexation; she locked in her arms, as a sacred safeguard, the presumptive heir of royalty, who seemed to be punished by a divine hand for the sins of his forefathers. Parricide, poison, incest, had been as familiar to this family as they were to the ancient house of Atreus and Thyeste. All those humbled human grandeurs made me think on Bossuet, when he thundered, in the name of God, on the heads of kings.

It has fallen to the lot of few mortals to see what I have seen, and particularly under the point of view that I have seen it.

The reign of terror has lost me quantities of paper, in which I had noted my reflections. Some were burnt by my neighbours, for fear they should have been surprised in their possession; others have never been given me back; but
enough

enough remains to give posterity a sketch of those new and great scenes.

I have already said, that Lewis the XVIth was *devôt* ; but how durst he, if he was *devôt*, perjure himself in the face of heaven and earth, and deceive the people, who had confidence in such solemn oaths ? It was because he was *devôt* ; he believed in a power superior to his own, in the power of the pope, who could absolve him from every oath. This false and contemptible idea led him to regard the act of the oath as a vain formula, which could not bind him in any manner.

This city, since the revolution, has become a garrisoned town ; it abounds in soldiers, who go and come, pass and repass, and it is one of the great embarrassments of the ministry to discipline without too much constraining them ; for a permission to come to Paris is generally a recompence of their bravery.

The children, instead of playing *à la chapelle*, play at soldiers, patrol with sticks on their shoulders, and grenadiers caps made with paper.

Every one mounts guard ; the most rattling and most deaf, as well as the most wise and attentive. A sentinel lately bawled out, to the extent of his voice, *Who goes there ? who goes there ?* the passenger, who was hoarse, in vain answered, *It is me, citizen ; it is me.* The other was going to fire :—*Don't kill me, my friend ; don't kill me :—it is thou*

thou who art mounting guard for me. The centinel approaches, and the master discovers his cook, carrying, instead of his spit, a bayonet at the end of a musket.

CHAP. CL.

OVERTHROW OF THE CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

THE preceding year the processions of the holy Sacrament at the *Fete Dieu* were celebrated with the usual pomp, and the Host had been escorted by the mandataries of the nation. Nothing announced so sudden a destruction. The people in general seemed attached to the ceremonies of catholicism; but there are bodies struck with lightning, who seem still to preserve their life and organization, but touch them, and they crumble into dust.

The people had the appearance of believing in the mass, in transubstantiation, and in the most received dogmas of the catholic faith; but the people did not believe in them at all. All the sarcasms of Voltaire against the priests, all the pleasantries of the author of the *Pucelle*, had reached them. The conduct of the bishops, who
were

were before their eyes, the morals of the ecclesiastics, the riches of the clergy, that species of fatted calf which had been sought after for a long time to be killed, the liberty given to thinking and writing, every thing had brought to a term a worship which bore a character of idolatry, reprobated by reason, and which was supported only by its external splendour.

There was only a single step to take to lay the revolutionary axe to the root of altars loaded with gold and silver: had they been naked, they would have escaped the destroying hand.

It is not their overthrow which ought to astonish, but it is having seen them fall in one day, with all the circumstances of the most profound contempt or hatred. The progress of irreligion was extremely rapid amongst the vulgar, who armed themselves at once with hammers and levers to break the sacred images before which six months back they bent the knee. They were easily persuaded that it was a useful thing to transform the temples into magazines, golden cups and crosses into money, the iron grates into bullets, and the copper cherubim into cannon. The mob thought, that after the decree of national sovereignty, the right of doing every thing, of commanding every thing, and of not obeying, was fully devolved to them alone.

Amidst the celebration of divine service, they heard with joy the noise of the smiths hammers,
who

who were unfastening and levelling the balustrades of the chapels.

Sculptors, hired for the purpose, were laborious in effacing with the chisel, on every epitaph, the titles of noble families. They resolved that the archives of filial piety, that remembrances consecrated by the regrets of friendship, should no longer attract the attention of feeling minds; monuments and tombs were attacked; and greedy master masons presented themselves in crowds to execute the plan of the committees of demolition.

Contracts were made to unrich all the saints, to dislodge all the virgins, to efface coats of arms from every tomb; dangerous scaffoldings were suspended to go and scratch out from lofty roofs figures of popes, whom for hundreds of years past spiders had hid under the black mantle of their hereditary webs. Angels and archangels were mutilated; St. Theresa lost her nose, the child Jesus had no head, St. Paul was without arms, Christs had fallen flat on the ground, felled by sabres, the pike and lances; laughter, and the spirit of madness, presided over this unforeseen war against whatever had hitherto been held most sacred and inviolable in religion and the arts.

They did not proceed to this destruction with the fury of fanaticism, but with derision, with an irony, a saturnalian kind of gaiety, well fitted to astonish the observer,

The

The caverns, where death assembles his peaceful victims, were visited. A revolutionary commissary, with a torch in his hand, pryed curiously among the ashes, to find marks of feudality on the worn-out impresses of gold and silver plates.

Spouses, who were inseparable during their lives, and who seemed to be united after their deaths, were scattered through the vaults. Epitaphs, preservative of the remembrance of the splendid actions of our most famous warriors, and of so many illustrious personages, were carried off, because they were found in a temple, and thrown, with the wrecks of altars, into a depot, as shapeless stones from a quarry.

Joiners, smiths, goldsmiths, brokers, milliners even, came to bid for those confiscated objects, proceeding from churches or the priests wardrobes, and you might have seen in old clothes shops the sacerdotal garments hanging by the side of pantaloons; furniture brokers exposed to sale crucifixes and chamber-pots, close-stools and altar-pieces.

Some days before the preliminary of this rich inventory, the priests in secular habits celebrated mass with glass vases and tin egg-cups.

The magnificent gilt palisadoes of the metropolitan, the beautiful wainscoting of the choir of the Chartreux, were broken up and sold; the rich canopy of the master-altar of the church of the

the Invalids was thrown down, and trodden under foot in the dust.

How many shrines, heretofore sparkling with the fire of rubies, have disappeared, broken into piece-meal, and we may guess by whom; all those precious stones circulate in the hands of the foreign trader.

We have seen shining on the fingers of those presidents of revolutionary committees, the emeralds which decorated the suns used in the mass; some of them had velvet breeches cut out of the pulpit cloths; and several, who for the first time wore shirts, had them made of the surplices of the choristers.

All the plate of the eighty-three departments, and that of Brabant, was ingulphed in the melting furnaces of the mint; and we have effectively eaten the *bon Dieu* and the silver saints in coin, for with this money wheat was purchased.

These dilapidations were soon after followed by extravagant fêtes, of which the first example was given by Paris to the departments. The actors who figured in them were yet intoxicated with the fumes of the brandy which they had drunk out of the sacramental cups, after having eat mackerel on the patin, astride on asses whose hind parts were covered with priests robes; they guided them with the pastoral staffs, and held clasped with the same hand, burettes and the holy sacrament. They stopped at the doors of cabarets,

cabarets, where they held out the sacred cups, and the vintners, with the bottle in their hands, filled them three times.

The asses were followed by mules, bending under the weight of crosses, candlesticks, incense pots, and vases for holy water; they reminded us of the equipages of the priests of Cybele, whose panniers, filled with the instruments of their worship, served at once for a magazine, a sacristy, and temple.

It was with this equipage that those profaners marched to the national convention, into which they entered, grotesquely covered with sacerdotal ornaments; they harangued, and were harangued in return, whilst those scandalous processions were welcomed with the most noisy acclamations.

In the mean time they burnt in the courts all the saints and crucifixes of wood; the flames of the pile ascended to the second story of the houses, and every one opened his windows to throw into the fire the books which had been condemned by Jacobinism.

At the sight of these new orgies the misled multitude ran in crowds, proud of having shook off the yoke of religion; they raised shouts of laughter, threw out the most indecent and clamorous invectives, and carried to the pile the confessional boxes, from which they had now freed themselves. The prostitute pointed out to her

her paramour, with a wanton air, the picture of the chaste Susanna half burnt; and that of the Holy Supper formed for a long time a sign to a cobbler's shop.

Chaumette, the atheist, triumphing at the success of those profanations, imagined that he had expelled the Deity from the Universe. He pushed to every kind of extravagance the atrocious conceptions of impiety; and instituted the feasts of reason.

It was then that the priests of Paris and the departments, terrified at the roarings of the ferocious beasts of the commune, sent their letters of priesthood to the convention; and became apostates, to avoid punishment and death.

Gobet, archbishop of Paris, went to confess at the bar, that he had never been any thing but an impostor and a quack; and that he despised the worship of which he had been minister. A crowd of priests followed his example; it was who should unpriest himself.

The 20th November, 1793, witnessed the extent of their irreligious frenzy; an immense file of men, ranged on two lines, and covered with sacerdotal garments, led the march; they bore on biers the various instruments of divine worship; suns, candlesticks, and plates of gold and silver. In presenting this rich offering, gaiety took possession of the troop, and they demanded as a reward for their zeal, and a mark of their

triumph, permission to dance at the same moment the Carmagnole ; the national convention acquiesced in the petition ; and several members leaving their curule chairs, took the girls, covered with the sacerdotal garments, by the hand, and danced the Carmagnole with them.

The next day it was decided that the relics of St. Genevieve should be burnt in the Place de Greve, to expiate the crime of having been instrumental in propagating error, and boiling the pot of idle canons. A mountaineer, and one of the most terrible vociferators amongst these energumenes, named *Fayan*, moved, that the proces verbal should be sent to all the sections, and to the pope. This motion was carried ; and the Carmagnole was on the point of being danced again.

But in the midst of those masquerades, the dancers were giving solidity to the revolutionary tribunal, ordering the apotheosis of Marat, spurring on the murderous zeal of their proconsuls, and by their famous law of the *suspected*, furnished means of sending to the scaffold, or of plunging into dungeons, whoever could not obtain from his revolutionary committee a certificate of civism.

CHAP. CLI.

FETES OF REASON.

THOSE who have been witnesses of those fêtes will never forget them. They almost doubt the evidence of what they have both seen and heard.

Reason was commonly a divinity, a girl chosen among the class of the *Sans-culottes*; the tabernacle of the master-altar served as a footstep for her throne, the cannoneers with their pipes in their mouths were her acolytes. The cries of a thousand confused voices, the noise of drums, the hoarse sound of trumpets, the thunder of the organ, led the spectators to think that they were transported amongst the Bacchantes, on the mountains of Thrace.

A people suddenly released from a political and religious yoke are no longer a people; they are an infuriated populace, dancing before the sanctuary, yelling the Carmagnole, and the dancers (I exaggerate nothing) almost without breeches, their neck and breast bare, their stockings about their heels, they imitated by their rapid turnings those whirlwinds, the forerunners of tempests, which ravage and destroy wherever they take place.

The wife of the bookseller Momoro, a villainous orator at the Cordeliers, the singer Mailard, the actress Candeille, such were the goddesses of reason, borne about in triumph, almost worshipped, and who did not dislike the admiration.

The fronts of the chapels, collateral with the nave of the churches, were covered with great pieces of tapestry, and not without design. From these obscure hiding-places proceeded bursts of laughter, which attracted the notice of the curious; on lifting up a corner of the tapestry they gave the passer-by a peep of scenes, at least as picturesque as those of the temptations of St. Anthony.

The same fête in the church of St. Eustache, displayed the view of a great cabaret. The inside of the choir represented a landscape decorated with cottages and tufts of trees. Mystrious groves formed part of the perspective, the ascent to which were by paths which wound amongst great masses of rock. Precipices made of deal boards were not inaccessible; troops of girls unblushingly followed in files, running after the men; and the planks were continually cracking under their hasty steps.

Around the choir were tables loaded with bottles, sausages, hams, and other eatables. On the altars of the side chapels, sacrifices were offered up at the same time to sensuality and gluttony; and

and the hideous traces of intemperance were seen on the consecrated marbles.

The guests flowed in at every door; whoever presented himself took part in the feast. Children of seven or eight years old, boys as well as girls, put their hands into the dishes as signs of liberty: they drank even from the bottles; and their sudden intoxication afforded amusement to the degraded beings who suffered it. Oh! how deplorable is the blind impetuosity of the people, who obey so stupidly the reins of the leaders of factions!

At St. Gervais, the ceremony was performed without the banquet; the women of St. John's market entered with their baskets; the church smelt of herrings. The venders of tiffanne chinked their goblets to flake the thirst of the salted food. There was a ball in the chapel of the Virgin; a few lamps, which threw out more smoke than light, served for lustres; and, that not a single instant might be lost to modesty, they added night to the depravity, in order, amidst the confusion of those assemblies, to indulge, during the darkness, the abominable desires kindled during the day.

From the church of St. Gervais, they went down to the Place de Greve, where a multitude of spectators were warming themselves at the flame of the balustrades of the chapels, and stalls of priests and canons.

All

All Paris contemplated, without breathing a word, these processions of the Jacobin league. Drunk with wine and blood, returning from the sport of the scaffolds, the priests and priestesses of Reason followed with tottering steps the car of their impure divinity. Another car followed it, which was a moving orchestra filled with blind musicians, an image too faithful of reason at that time.

Another car accompanied them, bearing a trembling rock, on the top of which an actor of the opera, transformed into Hercules, seemed with his club of paste-board to be ready to crush every thing that was not Jacobin.

The air resounded with the roarings of those tigers: the words *guillotine, national razor, putting the head out of the little window, patriotic curtailing*, gentle terms used by the Mountaineers, struck every ear by turns; and the pale spectators, frozen with terror at the sight of their red caps, their menacing inscriptions carried impudently about by barbarians in the pay of tyrants, found neither language nor expression when posted spies forced them to prostrate themselves before the image of liberty.

Those masquerades, already so incredible, were followed by those of the hideous Marat. In every public place, temples, mausoleums, and triumphant arches, were erected to him. On the Caroussel, a kind of pyramid was erected to his memory, in the inside of which was placed his bust, his bath,

bath, and his kitchen lamp. It was guarded by centinels, one of whom died one night either with cold or horror. The number of his busts equalled the heads which he wished to have cut off.

The grave-diggers of the cemetery of the Innocents carried about in triumph this honoured bust, in wooden shoes and breeches full of holes, but which in the sound parts were well lined with assignats, throwing basilisk looks on the passengers who did not humble themselves before the idol.

Who would have thought, that after the 9th of Thermidor this new Moloch should have received the honours of the Pantheon? But it was the day rather of his last judgment than of his triumph. One ought rather to have been afraid of breathing the air through which this carion had passed.

CHAP. CLII.

FETE TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THOSE fêtes of reason had given great displeasure to Robespierre, because he was not the inventor of them; besides, a deep cry of indignation,

tion had been raised against this mixture of idolatry and atheism, of which some were desirous of forming a new religion.

Robespierre was jealous: he was a miserable seven hours attorney*; what he had read he had read badly. He imagined he could play the part of Mahomet, and restore the Supreme Being to all his rights. He had fair game after the Lupercalia, the infamous processions which wretched Charlatans had been making in Paris and its departments, to establish a simple, august, and affecting ceremony. But Robespierre had no imagination, none of those brilliant qualities which flatter and seduce; he was dry, and became ridiculous when he wanted to enact the Pontiff. His fête to the Supreme Being consisted in a discourse which he did not make, and the author of which he afterwards put to death. He set fire to two figures which represented atheism and fanaticism, and holding a great bouquet in his hand, he peeped through the flowers at every thing that was passing. He marched at the head of the national convention, which respectfully left a distance between themselves and their leader, of a space of fifteen feet.

This fête was silent, its novelty left every mind in astonishment, waiting for what was to arise from this pompous title.

* The name given at the court of justice to those babbling lawyers, who, under the title of advocates, had a sort of a prating facility void of meaning, but inexhaustible as to utterance.

A person must be very devoid of genius not to strike out something great, or at least which had the air of it, on a theatre so vast, and in circumstances so favourable. Robespierre spoke to a nation which wanted a worship, and he had nothing to say to it. Never had any prophet, at the opening of his mission, so numerous an auditory; he played the stupid metaphysician, and was of all known innovators the most miserable in means, and the most barren in resources.

Elevated on a scaffolding erected against the palace of the last king of the French, a monarch (for he was so on that day), he could not make a gesture worthy of the part and of the moment in which he was placed.

Oh! had he carried an old Bible under his arm, placed his hand thereon, and said, "This is the book of all times, and of every nation; I adopt it, I join myself to the protestant communions, let us separate ourselves from Rome, let us unite ourselves to Christ," the monarch would have become pontiff, and the interpreter of a pure, a rational, and reformed religion.

I am sure that this advice had been given him; but Robespierre, who had never travelled, was ignorance personified. He knew nothing of the law and rule of mediums, his obstinate pride threw him into extremes, the refuge of ordinary minds. His piece was cold, and was hissed, and the

the parodist of the legislator of Mecca marched from the steps of his altar-throne to those of the scaffold.

Every place bore the inscription which he had dictated, *The French people acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul.* Though I should wish to identify myself to the brain which invented those lines, I might metamorphose myself in a thousand ways, but I should never divine the sense he wanted to give them. They are at the same time so foolish and ridiculous, that one is tempted to think that he had not himself paid any attention to it.

These inscriptions remained a long time after his punishment, which appears as inconceivable as the number of docile hands which erected them.

CHAP. CLIII.

EMIGRANTS CELLARS.

WHAT a small stock of wit these emigrants had! They have disembarassed us of their persons, and have left us their estates, their furniture, and their cellars full of wine.

Who has drank all these fine wines? You know, my friends, first of all the presidents and mem-

members of the revolutionary committees; but as there were cellars which contained from fifteen to twenty thousand bottles, they could neither reasonably nor physically drink the whole.

These delicious wines have been sold as part of the domains of the republic. Who has bought them? the money jobbers, from whom the government itself bought louis and crowns to furnish the service of the armies, which were in a deplorable state.

Throats, which had hitherto swallowed nothing but water, poured down the wines of Beaune, of Nuits, of Rivefalte, of Jurançon, of Paille, of Rouffillon, of Paquaret, of Rancio, Cape and Hungary wines; heretofore they had only heard of them, now they made a most intimate and joyous acquaintance with them.

It was impossible to meet with any thing more finely arranged than those cellars. The bottles were placed in such order, that there was nothing but the corkscrew to apply to them. How they sounded in drawing! how the Champagne sparkled in the long beer glasses! for no other drinking utensils were made use of, unless it were sometimes earthen mugs; for they were not very choice about the crystal, whether it were more or less clean or transparent. Figure to yourselves commissaries of sections making an inventory of these riches in presence of Bacchus, proceeding to the tasting, sometimes deranging the tickets, but always

ways sipping for the greater exactitude and perfection of the inventory; and sometimes beginning the trial anew, lest they should make a mistake in an inventory of such importance. The examination of course was prolonged, and the closing never took place till the lots had exhausted all their dissertations.

It was therefore impossible to deceive the public, when the sale of these wines was announced. It was not the chimney-sweeper who bid, nor the pedlar, nor the porter, nor even the wine cooper; but the universal broker, the trafficker in copper coin, the agents for the sale of national domains; the Floras also of the four seasons, and the feathered goddesses of the caverns of the Palais Royal.

Heretofore the rich only had the privilege of drinking these rare wines; they were now scattered abroad, made their entry into every house, and became for some time as current money as bales of stuffs and books.

There were throats who could never have known what foreign wine was, but which, thanks to the revolution, were moistened with its flavour; while he who had taken the trouble to amass and store up those precious bottles was making grimaces in the depths of Germany, and drinking four small beer, which he was probably but too happy to meet with.

In

In all our commotions the cellars have not been forgotten ; the conquerors have a right to drink a toast to victory. I recollect that after the 10th of August, we walked for more than fifteen days over the wrecks of numberless bottles, and that the fragments were so strewed about in the Tuilleries, that any one would have supposed that they were going to make a road with pounded glass.

CHAP. CLIV.

FORCED LOAN.

WE are surprized at first how it came to pass that two words so opposite and repulsive have been associated together, but a little observation accustomed us to this inconsistency. The loan bore only on the easy class of those who paid taxes; and the greater part of the inhabitants of this capital remembered that at the beginning of the revolution they had made the generous offer of part of their plate, of their jewels, and shoe-buckles. They had hoped that these gifts, joined to other sacrifices, would concur in raising the shaken credit, and securing the foundations of the state, tottering towards its fall; but they were taught

taught by new shocks that these funds had been insufficient.

The abundance of paper money rendered this loan illusory, and the mantua-maker who had offered her silver thimble, gave more in fact than the millionaire, who got rid of demands with masses of assignats. I saw an assignat of an hundred livres on the ground, and a porter of the Temple said in my presence, *It is not worth the trouble of stooping for.*

CHAP. CLV.

VIVE LA MONTAGNE.

WHOEVER has not seen or heard those popular sections filing through the national convention, and yelling in their accustomed manner, can form no image of what those people were who bawled *Vive la Montagne!* They were not led, they were let loose to riot in every thing that licentiousness could imagine of what was most absurd and most violent. The speeches of their orators, the answers of the presidents, the patriotic hymns, the songs of liberty, the shrill cries, the clamours, the clank of arms, the brandishing of pikes, the flags with inscriptions, two thousand

thousand women in the upper galleries stretching out or twisting their arms, and joining their Megæra screams to all those other discordant sounds; such was the harmony which surrounded and accompanied Chaumette when he came to the bar. Those only who heard this Chaumette, procureur-syndic of the commune, when he entered into conversation with the convention about the poor, the unfortunate, the maimed, and the aged, and about every thing he had done for the splendour of the republic, for the crush of the throne, for the ruin of federalism, could form a just idea of the insolence of a demagogue, and of the strange and uncouth things with which this part inspired him.

These burlesque buffooneries would have provoked the inextinguishable laugh of the gods of Homer, if sanguinary ferocity had not also accompanied it with menacing words. Amar, who never opened his mouth but to require the murder of his colleagues, and who seemed to have entered into the convention only to become its executioner, complimented and congratulated Chaumette, and the whole multitude joined their vociferations and menaces with that atrocious infernal energy which announced the depopulation of France, and the murder of the French. At this cry of *Vive la Montagne*, it seemed as if all the tigers were rushing unchained from their dens to devour without hunger.

A wit-

A witness and victim of these scenes of madness and violence, I repeat, that he who has not been present at them cannot know the history of those deplorable days, and still less give an account of them to posterity. He who has not been on the spot cannot form an idea of what an extravagant and barbarous character a populace set on by villains can exhibit. Music of Tartarus! opera of hell! songs of demons! exulting cries of beings struck with thunder by the divinity, and become the enemy of man! accents of wickedness and deeply-tinged guilt! Yes! I have heard ye on earth, all those infernal cries are contained in *Vive la Montagne!* When the Verres of Nantes wrote to the convention, giving it advice of a noyade of fifty-eight priests, and added gaily, *What a revolutionary torrent is the Loire!* the assembly covered by immortal applauses the horrible report of Carrier.

CHAP. CLVI.

ARISTOCRATICAL SPITE.

AN old countess, speaking in a circle of nobles one day, said, "You very well deserve, gentlemen, the treatment you meet with; I foretold you that the nobility was lost, when I saw you leaving women like us, and paying your court to girls of the tiers etat." The same person said, "I know very well from history that a crown is sometimes taken away from a king, but this is the first time the diadem has been swindled from a monarch's head." The expression at least was smart.

One might make a pretty curious collection of all the sayings produced by aristocratical malice; many that were the effect of fury or passion are less ingenious on that account. It is not to be imagined the ridiculous things which they attributed to the minister Neckar, who, placed in a line with the amiable Calonne, the despoiler seemed a bear coming down from the Alps, not observing that none of the monied men, nor any of the creditors of the kingdom, could be deeply in love with the charming Calonne.

The union of the orders was celebrated by three days of illumination. They had the pretension at that time of measuring out to us a dose of partial liberty.

The women lost all their influence after the great explosion; vainly did they imagine that the French would return to their former frivolous tastes; the empire of public opinion, and of its increasing force, is incalculable. The Parisians were disposed for the establishment of every political theory, and every system of legislation; it was necessary, therefore, to keep up with this disposition.

At one time, when an affectionate and happy union between the wishes of the king and those of the nation was about to take place, the puerile and detestable pride of the women gained an ascendancy over the interest of the public. I have heard a long discussion to prove that the parliament ought to compel the monarch to take for his model the assembly of the states at Paris in 1614, whilst the national wish and the increased information of the age were in invincible opposition to that form.

CHAP. CLVII.

WORTHY PEOPLE.

How every thing changes, even to words! If a cowardly or idle man wished to be exempted from mounting guard, he made himself a domestic; and though he receive wages, his master calls him his *confidential man*. The spies so justly abhorred, and unhappily so necessary, are no longer spies, but *agents* of the police. The players are become *artists*; the attornies, *men of the law*; physicians, *officers of health*. The man, who talks nonsense for an hour with a loud voice, becomes an *orator*; and his wife, his daughter, his servant-girl, and his neighbours, have no doubt but that he is one of the most eloquent men in France. We have no longer any executioners, they are all *executors of criminal judgments*. In short, men noted for the infamy and corruption of their morals, or the impudence of their incivism, are *worthy people*; they are *worthy people*, observed a virtuous citizen, *what are we?*

So much abuse has been made of the term *honnêtes gens*, that the most daring royalists and violent conspirators have disguised themselves under it, have assumed it, and refused it to every other person.

CHAP. CLVIII.

ROYALIST RE-ACTION.

The three quarters and half of the Parisians have no idea of the horrible royalist re-action which took place after the overthrow of the scaffolds, and which destroyed more than had been sacrificed on those scaffolds. Patriots who were most exempt from weakness and crimes of every kind were incarcerated by thousands.

The Parisian, in his idle babble and silly reasoning, imagining that a revolution is made or stopt at pleasure, is far from believing that the south of France has been drenched with blood. He is always turning back to the assembly of the notables, and the *deficit* that might have been made up. He neither knows, nor has followed the chain of events, and has never set his foot on those unhappy regions, covered with ruins, bones, and ashes. He has not seen the land of the Vendee strewn with corpses; those vast cemeteries, those horrible catacombs, are the work of *this royal and catholic army*, the existence of which he also calls in doubt.

Caitiff! who canst only drive thy venal pen over stamped paper; or thou indefatigable babler, haunter of coffee-houses, or lounge in the shops,

shops of aristocratical pamphlet-sellers, go to the plains of Chalons, into the desolate streets of Lille, walk over the ruins of Valenciennes, of Quesnoy, Thionville, and Condé, or the burnt and ravaged countries of the south and the coasts of Brest; the echoes, resounding their lamentable murmurs, will thunder in thy ears. "It is in the name of the catholic religion and the king that these fields, lately decked with corn and flowers, are covered with the skulls of men, and those bloody vestiges; look at these countless tombs, where lie in heaps thousands of thy brethren; hear, hear their sepulchral voice mingled with the croaking of the ravens; their voice cries to thee, that the royalists wish to sacrifice the last of the republicans! But the ignorant wretch has not even thrown his eyes over the map in which those fatal spots are imprinted; he is affected by no calamities but such as touch him nearly, and which have not even reached him. Habitually mutinous, a rebel in his language, hiding himself in his office or shop, at the least tap of the drum he is ready for any servitude without enquiring its name. He bellows with tenderness for a drivelling king, and rejects a republican constitution, not because he does not love it, but because he has not capacity enough to comprehend it. Oh! let him go to Algiers, and learn obedience, since he does not wish to be free at home!

Rovere,

Rovere one day asked the workmen employed in digging the garden at the Tuilleries, what they were making there. "An ice-house*," answered one of them. This workman was better informed than all the tribe of Paris.

CHAP. CLIX.

LOUIS D'OR.

THE louis d'or has been worth 18,000 livres in assignats. We came at length to talk only of millions and milliards: It is impossible to calculate what influence those fatal denominations had on the dearness of provisions, which augmented progressively with the increase of the assignat. It was the departments who first refused to accept this unfortunate paper as currency, admitting only coin in their commercial transactions.

Every one recollects the deplorable effects which resulted from money-jobbing. The paper fell with the velocity of a burst balloon; and to do honour to its memory, an engraving was made, representing the various kinds of paper which

* Alluding to the ice-house of Avignon, where Rovere headed the ruffians who committed the massacres.

had been made use of during the revolution. The one had no reproach to make to the other.

This allegory on the paper-money reminded us of that made in 1720 by the celebrated Picard, on Lewis's bank.

This engraver had represented Folly, in whale-bone petticoats, driving a carriage loaded with shares to the hospitals of the madmen, the beggars, and the sick. A swollen-cheeked Fame, founding a trumpet, flew before to announce its arrival. Fortune standing on the carriage, under the figure of a woman, was distributing by hand fulls shares in the South-sea and the Mississippi. The Mississippi with a wooden leg, and the South-sea with a large plaister, drew the carriage; and the subscribers to this new system were pushing at the wheel, and driving it over the real merchants, known by their ledgers under their arms. A devil in a cloud was blowing soap-bubbles of various sizes, emblems of the bank bills. Serpents with fools-caps were flying about, amidst the figures of Despair, Care, and Remorse. A head with two faces, one laughing and the other crying, gave the key of this singular picture.

We want a new Picard to immortalize the assignat. But there is nothing to laugh at, for every one lost. No one expected so sudden and total a fall.

Since that epocha, how many obscure and unknown chambers have become pawnbroker's shops,

shops, secret depots of every kind, which want, indigence, and narrow circumstances have heaped together! Hence it happens, that you find in almost every one's house such singular assortments of furniture; mahogany writing-desks, and velvet chairs, with hospital carpets; a clumsy bread coffer by the side of an elegant harpsichord; and gilded fire-irons, in an old plaster chimney without a back.

If a taylor or shoemaker invite you to take a glass, it is marasquin, or liqueur of the isles. One would imagine that some fantastic spirit had amused himself during the night in mingling the furniture of the rich and poor together; and had taken the best wines out of the cellars, and stowed them in the garret. The mixture for four years past has been so extraordinary, that it mocks the pencil; and the observations I now make are only to engage the attention of such as wish to examine it after me.

An owner of a fallad-stall at this moment lives in one of those English gardens, planted with weeping-willows; its ivy walks and melancholy yews seem to throw a mournful crape over the flowers, and place, as it were, nature under a funeral canopy. My fallad-vender, however, has erected in the middle of the garden a great copper bust of Lewis the XIVth, which he bought by the pound, and is looking for its fellow.

All

All the figures copied from the antique are to be found in the corners of houses; and a washer-woman came to offer me a Niobe and a Charlemagne, whose names were absolutely unknown to her.

Such are the sports of fortune, varied and humorous, forming the after-piece; the farce after the dreadful tragedy, of which we have all been witnesses.

CHAP. CLX.

COUNTRY FARMERS.

At the time of the league, when Paris was besieged, the inhabitants trucked over the walls a girl for a sirloin of beef. In the month of Frimaire 1795, for a quartern loaf, or a fowl, more than one commissary of a section obtained from gratitude the favours of more than one pretty woman, who did not like to die of hunger. Every man sold his choicest pieces of furniture, in order to buy flour, lentils, beans, and butter. Beds and wardrobes were turned into oat-cakes; farmers barns were transformed into upholsterers

sterers warehouses. These farmers were hard and inexorable, and while they laughed at the misery of the Parisians, plundered them with all the cruel exaction of the most griping avarice. The revolution, which has given them so great a dose of liberty, and encumbered them with riches, is neither understood nor felt by them; and the enjoyment of its benefits is received without gratitude. Their wives have purchased costly clothes, eat on silver plate, complain of the vapours, and tell their husbands, "I cannot get up to day, say I am indisposed." Damask and mahogany furniture has taken up its abode with ploughs, horses, dung, and instruments of husbandry. Wooden shoes no longer clatter down the staircase; it is now covered with carpets.

With the flour-peck in his hand, the farmer takes every thing that is offered him, sweeping away rings, gold crosses, silver thimbles, and all the jewel ornaments of the inhabitants of the fauxbourgs. He went and placed himself in the side box at the theatres; and there, with a broad grin, he was calculating how he could store into his barn the contents of the playhouse.

While he was eating his fill, the lower class of people, so numerous in this city, were crowding together at six in the morning at the doors of bakers and butchers, pressing and squeezing; fear of returning with empty hands faddened the

the countenance of many a mother of an interesting family, who seemed, from the spot where she was almost crushed, to hear the moans of her children. Paleness, mistrust of the future, and sorrow, were painted on every visage; you met in the morning with nothing but persons of both sexes sorrowfully walking homewards with their allowance of bread in their hands, which they were eating beforehand. Hunger had hollowed the cheeks of many a young female, whose features ought to have ripened with love, and for love.

A pound of ham was worth two hundred livres. The tin fountains of coffee for the lower class of people, and of which the fish-women, and men and women carriers of the Halle, took every morning a cup, had disappeared; sugar and coffee had no connection; it was all stored away in cellars, lofts, and in houses to let.

Want of the most common necessaries of life was supported by this great people with admirable patience; they never rioted; the magazines, in which the committee of public safety had stored up every necessary commodity, even cloth, were never broken open.

The shops were shut at the close of day, and not opened till late the next morning; it was who should not sell; people were afraid of each other in every bargain they made. He who calculated

calculated beforehand on the discredit of the assignats, found the secret of enriching himself. The dearth of wine had rendered the Parisian character phlegmatic and cold; he lost his flightiness by degrees.

The Fauxbourg Marceau, which from time immemorial has been the haunt of workmen of every class, the ragman, the well-cleaner, the river-porters, the dog-shearers, the salop-vender, the itinerant musician, the beggar, was one silent waste; nevertheless, the people remained quiet. A few baskets of potatoes, distributed from door to door, with an allowance of bread, kept them from starving.

It is difficult to explain at present what restrained the vengeance of the people, and even silenced their murmurs. History will therefore meet with facts, of which it will not be able to assign the cause; since cotemporaries and witnesses of these singular events are not able to render a faithful account of them,

CHAP. CLXI.

POINT OF VIEW.

I AM inexhaustible, you will say, when I talk of my dear cockneys : but a thousand pens, a thousand volumes, would not be sufficient to paint them ; they are so curious, changeable, and inconceivable.

Their character is a labyrinth, in which the observer is lost.

The most rapid pencil can but imperfectly follow the moveable and fugitive shades of their physiognomy.

Is it a reality, or a chimera ? Let us take a point of view.

" I love the Parisian," says the emperor Julian ; " because he is grave and serious like myself."

The Parisian is changed since that epocha. It is true, that the same emperor boasts also of the goodness of the wine growing in the territory of *Lutetia* ; and we must own, that if we judge of the eulogy of one by the other, we should be tempted to take the whole for irony.

But

But every thing changes here below ; and the same soil which formerly produced heroes, now produces castrati. The Romans of the eighteenth century no more resemble the cotemporaries of Scipio, than the modern Parisians resemble those described by the emperor Julian. The portrait which he makes of the inhabitants of Antioch would suit them much better.

Those men, heretofore so serious, are nothing more nor less than light puppets in the hands of a few mountebanks.

Lately, they were patient under the yoke, and lightened their chains by songs ; they had every quality to make *good* and *docile* subjects. Now they are mutinous, and always ready for a change of government.

Though you have been talking to them of liberty for six years past, they are nearly as well informed in the point, as those Indians are learned in astronomy, who believe that the night is produced by a mountain, which places itself between the sun and the earth. If you speak to them of the sovereignty of the people, they think themselves masters of the world.

There is not a barber, nor an attorney's clerk, who having had the honour of being president of his section, does not think himself the rival of George the III^d ; and of Turenne also, if he has commanded a post at the barriers. Their views do not extend further than the circuit of their walls.

walls. They think that the universe goes no farther than the brinks of the Seine; or at least, that those who dwell on its happy banks are a privileged cast, from whom France ought to receive its laws.

Robinson Crusoe thought himself a great monarch in his island; but Robinson found where-withal to maintain himself: his labour furnished him abundantly.

If these madmen were only ridiculous, one might laugh at them; but the consequences of their extravagance are dreadful, and we must put a stop to them.

Their sectionary theatres resemble that of Shakespear, in which burlesque and tragic scenes are huddled together.

That vanity should turn the heads of a few individuals, is a very common accident, which it is impossible to remedy; but that three or four score ambitious scoundrels should take it into their heads to play the madman, and draw the whole body of the people into this vortex of their delirium, is a misfortune which we should take the trouble to prevent.

We ought to enlighten the people with respect to the projects of their movers; and to be continually repeating to them, that the sovereignty belongs to the nation, and not to the sections of Paris.

The

The London coal-porter, the Swiss peasant, the American hunter, are better acquainted with their rights, and know better how to reason about them, than certain academicians who are now making speeches in the sections.

It is nevertheless asserted, that the sovereigns of Paris are a good sort of people, and that they would willingly abdicate their sovereignty in favour of a Bourbon or a Brunswick, in exchange for some modest titles, such as secretaries of the king, king's advocates, sheriffs of Paris, lieutenants of the police, ports, pensions, &c. I believe it.

Unhappy people ! open then your eyes on the projects of these tribes of jugglers, *anarchists*, *Babouvists*, who are lengthening out war and famine at the expence of your credulity. Listen to the voice of your legislators, who are anxious to restore peace and plenty, and a free government with liberty, which you may cherish ; but of which you have made so bad a use.

CHAP. CLXII.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE.

IN order that Robespierre might give a free course to his crimes, it was not enough for him to be powerful, and supported even by a daring municipality; he stood in need of some atrocious and obsequious characters, one of those men who pique themselves on being a valet of tyranny, and to whom crimes cost nothing. The pale-visaged dictator met with Fouquier Tinville, an old procureur at the Chatelet, and attached himself to him; never was there formed a more congenial association between heroes of wickedness.

Had a wise foresight buried in eternal oblivion the history of the revolutions of empires, the hypocrite Robespierre would not perhaps, like Cæsar, have aspired to the dictatorship; and the horrible Fouquier Tinville, taking the confidant of Nero for his model, would not have carried the science of accusation to so high a pitch of perfection.

Never did there exist a man of a mind more deeply cunning, more dexterous in framing crimes, and falsifying facts. Each of his words was a snare, which the person accused could neither see

nor avoid ; his tongue and his thoughts were en-
chained. In vain did the wife in tears conjure
him, on her knees, to hear to the end the justifi-
cation of her husband ; the tiger, deaf to the
voice of grief, pronounced with sternness the
condemnation of the innocent.

Justice, though slow in punishing, seized at
length on this iniquitous accuser, who displayed,
throughout his examinations, an unshaken pre-
sence of mind. Seated on the foremost bench at
the tribunal, where he had condemned so many
innocent people, two great cartons served him
for a writing-desk. He wrote without ceasing,
and his pen seemed to run as fast as his thoughts ;
and while he wrote, not a single word, either of
the president or of a fellow-prisoner, of a wit-
ness, a judge, or the public accuser, escaped him.
His attention in the course of this long affair
did not seem to relax a minute ; he was like the
Argus of the fable, all eyes and ears. It is true
that he affected to slumber during the summing-
up of the public accuser ; but this inattention
was only dissembled, in order to deceive the spec-
tators. He affected a tranquillity of countenance,
though hell was already in his heart.

His fixed look made the audience turn away
their eyes in spite of themselves ; when he spoke,
he knit his eye-brows ; his voice was loud, rude,
and menacing, changing continually from sharp
to grave, and from grave to faltering. It was
impossible

impossible to put more assurance than he did in his denials, more address in perverting and insulating facts, and especially in pleading *alibis*. When a judge handed to him a sentence signed in blank with his own hand, he denied his signature with a firm voice, and did not tremble before an accusing witness. When the proof was peremptory, he made the court resound with his horrible invectives. Imposture, impudence, obstinacy, anger, were the only arms which he could oppose to the power of truth; every criminal passion seemed starting from his conscience, and laid him open as it were to the eyes of the spectators.

This monster in human shape had a round head, black and strait hair, a narrow and pale forehead, hazel eyes round and small, a full face marked with the small-pox, a look sometimes fixed, sometimes oblique, a middle size, and a strong leg.

Under the sanguinary reign of this second dictator, we could no longer call our country our mother; it was only the tomb of her children. Not a being, except he who had trodden under foot every sentiment that could indulge a smile. While families passed days and nights in weeping, sighing, trembling, expecting the satellites which this tyrant sent for prey into every opulent house.

Those who happily escaped his tyrannical power, saw him in the cart which drew him to punishment. The vast steps of the courts of justice were covered with an immense crowd of spectators, who, on the first appearance of this great criminal, poured forth an unanimous cry of indignation. Their accusing voices were as so many darts, which struck at once on his bare heart. His front, impenetrable as marble, bid defiance to every look; he was even observed to smile, and throw out menacing words. But at the foot of the scaffold, when he felt the pangs of death, he appeared at that terrible moment to feel the weight and enormity of his guilt. This inexorable terrorist trembled in his turn under the pitiless axe; and his life was extinguished in the blood of the basket, where lay already the heads of Benoit de Foucault, of Duponnier, and Dix Août, the ministers of his barbarities.

CHAP. CLXIII.

SALTPETRE.

THE coalesced powers were anxious for the ruin, the division, or dismemberment of France. We had arms, iron, and courage; but powder for the service of the armies was wanting; and we had not even the first materials. But how many resources a populous city offers, the soil of which has contained for so many ages the wrecks of all the terrestrial and putrefying elements. In a moment each man descends into his cellar, and digs up the earth; in every kitchen the pavement is taken up, and the ashes carried off from the hearths. Every heap of rubbish is examined, in order to extract the earths impregnated with saltpetre; every wall was, as it were, licked, and whatever bore the taste of salt was carried off for revolutionary fabrication: it was quick; it was universal; the operation was performed in every house; it was done with zeal; every spot of impregnated soil was turned up, and thousands of shovels brought and exposed the humid soil to the rays of the sun.

This operation, which could not have been thought of, or at least executed, but in revolutionary

tionary times, hindered France from falling into the power of the coalition.

Who could have imagined that the cellars of Paris contained in their bosom the means of repelling the league of kings?

Every citizen laboured with indefatigable zeal, because he felt the necessity of the measure: no person complained of being harassed, because when safety can be purchased only by a bold operation, it is always felt and adopted. Inscriptions were written over the doors of several houses, which lasted for more than a year, which were conceived in these terms: "To hasten the death of tyrants, the citizens living in this house have furnished their contingent of saltpetre."

CHAP. CLXIV.

THE PEOPLE MORE DAINTY THAN HERETO-
FORE.

THE moment a common workman was able to gain, in the time of paper money, two hundred crowns a day, he accustomed himself to dine at the restaurateurs, putting aside his cabbage and bacon for fowl and cresses; throwing by his tin can,

can, though of tolerable size, for the sealed bottle at forty sous. The dish of coffee and the glass of liqueur were necessary appendages to his good cheer, which made him insolent, lazy, libertine, greedy, and guttling.

The more elevated classes of society have consequently far surpassed the lower orders in gluttony, the votaries of which vice have been multiplied by the sale of the emigrant wines. In the time of the assignat, the lowest clerk favoured Hermitage wine; and the barber's boy is not the only one amongst his equals, who can boast of having tasted delicious Madeira.

The cooks of princes, of counsellors to the parliament, of cardinals, of canons, and of farmers general, did not remain a long time out of employ after the emigration of the imitators of Apicius. They became restaurateurs, and advertised that they were going to prefer and practice, for whoever would pay, for the *science of the gullet*, as Montaigne says.

Money-jobbing, which blew up, though a little too late, the secret of the fabrication of paper-currency, in order to force the re-appearance of the coin, that it might be bought up with paper of no value, gave birth to that swarm of glow-worms, or newly rich, whose gluttony exceeds even that of the Chanoines.

Those men of *straw and hay*, of *oats and meal*, are the persons who have brought the *petits soupés* again

again into vogue; and the cooks have also redoubled their refinement, to give to their profession all its importance and all its dignity.

It was a title of nobility amidst the famine to have a table covered with the most exquisite food; with the first of each season, and displaying bread white as snow, while the populace were pressing at midnight to get, at the peril of their lives, an ounce of oaten bread.

At present, even when the republic is seated on the basis of equality, it is still by means of splendid dinners that intrigue rises to the highest posts.

CHAP. CLXV.

CONTRACTORS FOR THE SERVICE OF THE ARMIES.

You find among them old hackney attornies, jews, lackeys, and other people of this complexion, who, having seen at a distance the discredit of the paper money, received it from all hands in the vigour of its youth; with this paper money they monopolized every commodity; afterwards jobbed paper for louis, and louis for paper;

paper; and having by these tricks made considerable capitals, they presented themselves to the ministers, and made propositions for the service of the different armies of the republic. They had no difficulty in getting contracts*; after giving an interest in them to certain deputies, certain heads of offices with gilded tongues; through such intermediaries they obtained large advances to enable them to pay those with whom they dealt; but they had the address to keep the funds, which were then almost always made in coin, and bought up bills in the market at a low price, making immense profits with the money of the public treasury, while they paid their manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen with mandates. This money, before it entered again into circulation, served them also to buy up the mandates, and sell them again when the price was high; they then boasted that they had fur-

* When they had made their extravagant contracts, they exacted large sums in advance, which they obtained, and found a part of the magazines, of which there had not been time to finish the inventories, stored with objects of consumption when they entered upon their functions. These they distributed, without untying their purse-strings, to the various services that wanted them, and from whom they received *bons*, which they paid in as money; and by this subtle manœuvre made immense gain, to the loss of the public. At present, these purse-proud contractors complain of meeting with delays in their payments; and threaten the government with discontinuing their contracts, and committing the safety of the armies.

nished

nished the service without receiving a sous from government, as if they could prevent it from being understood, that they had dexterously made the supplies with the last louis torn from the economy of the indigent, by the science of money jobbing.

All the money of the public treasure is ingulphed in the coffers of these greedy contractors, who are continually besieging its gates, continually complaining, and demanding, and who sometimes make off with the deniers of the state, without being ever more heard of.

The tradesmen and manufacturers, who have furnished the contractor with their respective articles, being badly paid, or not paid at all, have always sent in damaged goods, or of inferior quality. The soldier has been many a day without eating bread, or tasting food; presenting the afflicting spectacle of the most hideous nudity. Shoes have been delivered to him, the soles of which were made of parchment and pasteboard. The sick died in the hospitals for want of medicines; or if by force of constitution a few surmounted the violence of the disease, scarcely have they found, on rejoining their corps, a morsel of bread, which they could devour in almost choking themselves without appeasing their hunger. The horses had bundles of reeds instead of hay; and they were even obliged, in the constant want of forage, to sweep away the snow which covered the

the grass of the meadows, to let them pick a few spires, incapable of prolonging their existence; and the horses, perishing by thousands, strewed the way with their carcases*.

And the authors of so many evils are those, who in public promenades, and on days of national festivals, are mounted so proudly on drest horses, fed to the prejudice of horses for the field. These men are the devourers of the subsistence of the people, dining with as much splendor and sensuality as princes at drest balls, and who would, if they durst, have pages to precede their brilliant carriages. These are the shameless rascals, who in the lists of expences which they produce to the government, insert with impudence the same article twice, which fraud escapes the eye of the comptroller only because they are continually on his shoulders, with their watch in their hand, fixing the time of his labour, in order not to miss the hour of the payment of their bills.

This is but a small corner of the curtain lifted up, which conceals the ravages of a terrible war. Great God! open the eyes of blind mortals; soften their hardened heart with the last tears of so many mothers deprived of their children, dead in the field! Put a stop to that

* Dragoons have been seen sharing their bread with their horses, for want of forage.

phrenzy, which makes them deviate so wide from the path of reason. It is time for humanity and wisdom to resume their empire; it is time for every one to be impressed with this truth; how noble, how useful is it to sacrifice glory to the safety of the country! The mathematical science of killing men is not worth the simple science of sowing an handful of wheat, of planting a tree, and creating our likenesses. It is time for men to begin to love one another; then it will be no longer necessary to constrain them to swear to be faithful to the laws of their country; then universal peace shall spread its glorious canopy over all the earth, and gentle concord reign amongst *all its happy inhabitants.*

CHAP. CLXVI.

PROMENADES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

ALL the women are Graces, Junos, Venusses, Calypsos, Eucharises; all the men will soon be Apollos and Narcissuses, Endymions and Antinouses.

On the road of the Bois de Boulogne, I perceive Daphne in a cabriolet, which an English courser

courser is bearing off to Bagatelle. You would suppose it the Olympic racing ground, from the cars with two horses flying amidst clouds of dust to this abode of folly.

Thousands of lamps, suspended from shrubs, have transformed it into a palace of rubies, emeralds, topazes, and diamonds. What a *coup d'œil*! Armida inhabits these shades; it is her magic wand which has created those sparkling objects. The flutes breathe in concert, while the loves are sporting in the mysterious grottoes.

The most exquisite fruits decorate the side-tables of the ice restaurateur; Pomona herself lays down her baskets; ices of every colour, composed of perfumed essences, citrons, oranges, and pine-apples, solicit every taste; it is Olympus here; it is Garchi who distils the ambrosia. How many Mars are led hither, and treated by their Venuſſes.

But what resplendent light is that which gleams through the air? Is it the emperor of China travelling in a lantern? or the bird of Jupiter pouncing on a hare? No, it is a luminous bomb, which lightens the ascent of an unknown goddess. Every one applauds with transport. *How beautiful she is!* is the general exclamation; the crowd tremble for her life; vows are offered up for her safety; the greatest anxiety is expressed for her return. At length, to the great satisfaction of the spectators, she descends
with

with majestic slowness in her car drawn by doves; she touches the earth; they run, they press; every eye is fixed on this charming object: and what do they see—a large doll!

The assembly, though a little confused, laugh at the mistake, and separate amidst a shower of gold. Thus pass the days of summer at Paris.

Bagatelle was the rendezvous of the most brilliant part of the aristocracy. It was there that all the armies of the republic were conquered—by the tongue: that Buonaparte was baptised by the name of Cæsar Dictator; and that we were threatened with a military government.

Capet of Provence, and his wife, more fortunate than Capet the elder, passed the frontier; it was they who formed the principal subject of conversation. The late proprietor of Bagatelle was so amiable! he loved the girls, and even women of fashion, so much, that it is almost impossible that such goodnature should not some day or other help him to the throne. They are persuaded that such is the design of Condé, supported by Pichegru, M. Courant de Neufchatel, and the bookseller Fauche Borel.

I should inform my readers, that I was well acquainted with those two personages. The first is a kind of forester, very fit for a bold stroke, as almost all the Swiss are; risking his life without scruple for a *coup de main*. The second is a discreet
kind

kind of a distaff, from which you may spin and knot a good deal of thread. The town of Neufchatel is otherwise the first city in the world where there are most men of address to be bought or sold, no matter by or to whom.

CHAP. CLXVII.

THE MOUTH IS ALWAYS AT WORK.

HAVE you ever heard of *Adephagie*? It is a Greek word, which signifies the *Goddeſs of Gluttony*. In the midst of revolutionary horrors, *Adephagie* lost no part of her empire. Her numerous altars were not less erected by the side of the guillotine, and the wide cemeteries encumbered with victims. The Parisian, in short, did not lose a stroke of his tooth.

It is the wide-extended mouth of the people, which, in this immense city, the real reservoir of power, has made the rusty crowns leap out from every coffer, from every hiding-place; however slow the circulation, however great the scarcity of coin, the crowns buried for a century past, by their magic power puts windmills, tuns
of

of wine, butchers, and cooks of every degree, in motion.

In vain do crowns slumber invisible in the bottoms of strong boxes or dark cellars; they must always make their appearance brightened, shining whenever fêtes and festivals are on the carpet.

The sumptuous tables are spread by the side of committees, where the life or death of men were subjects but of slight discussion. After the office of executioner came that of the scullions.

Without the aid of the mouth, money, in this age of stern egotism, would accumulate in masses; gluttony has dug a perpetual outlet for it, and the decemvirs themselves, who rejected every other petition, however earnest and just, had their ears wide open to every invitation to a splendid table.

The mouth is the most amiable of pleaders, the most persuasive of counsellors; it can speak as imperiously as money in the ear of the truculent clerk, and render him gentle.

The victims in the prisons sacrificed to their stomach, and food of the most exquisite kind passed the narrow wicket for men who were near their last meal, but were ignorant of it.

From the bottoms of dungeons contracts were passed with the restaurateurs, and the articles were signed on both sides, with particular conditions with respect to the delicacies.

No

No one scarcely ever visited a prisoner without bringing him for consolation a bottle of claret, liqueurs of the isles, or delicate pastry.

The pastry-cook on his side, who well knows that the mouth is always going, sent his lists also into the prisons, promising to exercise his utmost skill. Nothing, says the advertisement, equals the delicacy of his art; cheesecakes and custards, in attesting the progress of his science and industry, will bear witness also to those of Parisian luxury, whether imprisoned or free.

His glass-shop is become as elegant, as decorated, and as neat in the inside, as that of the jeweller. Tarts and spice cakes are arranged under glasses with as much symmetry as curiosities of natural history.

He has made a scientific study of all tastes and constitutions.

At the tempting sight of those ortolan patés and kidney tarts, the stranger, the contractor, the new millionaire, and the prisoner, by hearsay, felt their purses. Who will believe that when blood was flowing in torrents, the pastry-cook, more audacious in his conceptions than Aretin, moulded his pastry into Priapus, and gave his cakes the form of the virginal sex. All excesses touch each other; never was there seen a greater propensity to gluttony, than in those days of calamity and horror. I call to witness for the fact the six prisons into which I have been plunged.

I do not conceal it, that when I saw myself separated from the world and from society, I did not wish to die, and leave my assassins that triumph and satisfaction; I wished to live, on the contrary, to see the end of these singular events. I declared to all the companions of my misfortunes, that I constituted myself a man-plant, and that I was resolved to be nothing else; I made a capital affair of my four meals a-day, or rather of one single meal, which lasted from morning to evening, eating like the children only when I was hungry. It is with this regime that I tamed listlessness, bad air, and solitude, and prepared myself to wait the great day of national justice, and see those odious tyrants perish, whose figures and characters it has been reserved for me to describe.

He who wishes to act the angel, says Pascal, acts the beast. I did well not to enact the angel. In preserving my health, I kept my mind in tune, and though the walls of prisons were walls of darkness; I recal ideas which I should not have found elsewhere, and which guide me in my observations.

CHAP. CLXVIII.

CAPITALIST.

THIS word, under the old regimen, was scarcely known any where but at Paris, and meant a monster of fortune; a man with a heart of brass, and who had only metallic affections. He has no country; he is domiciliated without being a citizen; and this insulated being has no fear that taxation should touch his property, which is immense.

He laughs when he hears you talking of the territorial tax; he has not an inch of land.

CHAP. CLXIX.

PUBLIC KITCHENS.

THE extreme scarcity of bread, and the continually progressive increase of the price of provisions, reduced to very great distress almost every family not in easy circumstances, and espe-

cially the necessitous. They nevertheless found on the Pont au Change wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger. In the middle of the Quay de la Feraille, about seven in the evening, the strong odour of herrings seized the most impenetrable nostrils.

On each side of the foot pavement cooks had erected their kitchens, not certainly of the rank and standing of those known at the time under the name of blue ribbands, and where you dined with unbuttoned waistcoats.

On the edge of a table of the last century were arranged the plates, which contained each three broiled herrings, sprinkled with shreds of onions and a little vinegar, the whole for a billet of fifteen sous. By the side appear a few dishes of stewed prunes and lentils swimming in their sauce. Earthen bowls of green leaves filled up the middle under the name of sallads, to tempt the passengers.

We have seen them ranged by hundreds around these frugal tables, eating without bread portions much too moderate for the capacity of their stomach and the vehemence of their appetite. One man drinks his lentils without chewing them, another swallows a herring at a mouthful, without troubling himself about the bones.

The Place de Greve presented the same distressing spectacle, which no compassionate man could behold

behold without feeling the tears run down his cheeks.

He sighed in secret over the horrible evils occasioned by war, and cursed the factions, who, gorged with gold and delicacies, affected poverty, lamented over the fate of the indigent, and excited them to revolt; he was under continual apprehensions lest cruel famine, under the form of a *living death*, should suddenly make its appearance amidst heaps of victims. Nevertheless he decreed in his heart a deserved eulogium to those cheap and modest restaurateurs who prevented the unhappy from perishing entirely with hunger; very different from those banking *traiteurs*, who make a fortune of every dinner of their numerous guests.

Look at those roofless shops along the buildings of the Louvre on the side of the Seine. There laborious Hercules's, many hard-working men, go and appease their hunger at a reasonable price. Strings of herrings hung up to dry in the sun await the gridiron; it is the affair of a twinkling; meat, puddings, eggs, salt fish, are all mingled in the same dish, which boils before the shop between two stones, and is soon emptied. Appetite is the sauce to this truly Spartan food. Those taverns are the real refectories of sobriety. The man who takes his repast there has gained it lawfully by the sweat of his brow, and the

the tradesman who receives the reckoning is a just man.

I do not look with the same eye on the ego-tist, who, alone at a table, dines at the Palais-Royal for fifty livres; nor the opulent restaurateur, who sends him his bill with his glass of liqueur.

It is not impossible, in reflecting in an inn, to divine a good plan of economy, finance, and morality.

The labouring man spends in proportion to his gains, and saves the rest to maintain his wife and children; he pays as he receives, and owes nothing. But every thing is relative. Every one should live according to his circumstances, and then every thing would go well, even the government.

CHAP. CLXX.

BREVIARY.

How did Louis Capet, the last king of the French, employ himself during his imprisonment in the tower of the Temple? He drank, slept, and studied his Breviary. One might have taken him for the most stoical of philosophers, if it had not

not been known that he became a *devôt*; it is certain that he had fed himself with a number of theological ideas, and perhaps he was the only one at his court who thought about them. The priests had exercised their mystical power over his brain, which already was not a very strong one;

I met Clery, his *valet-de-chambre*, at the Force, who made me acquainted with several circumstances concerning him. He saw, with great calmness, all his decorations, even his knife, taken from him; but he was very much affected when they carried off his fire-shovel, and did not conceal his anger.

During his return from the hall of the convention to the Temple, at the time of his second examination, he asked Chaumette what country he came from—" *From the department of the Nievre.*"—" *It is a beautiful country.*"—" *Have you never been there?*"—" *No, but I propose making the tour of France in two years time, and seeing all its beauties.*" Observing that the secretary of the commune had his hat on his head in the carriage, he said to him with a smile, " *The first time you came to take me from the Temple, you had forgotten your hat: you have been more careful this time.*"

Deceived by the nobility, by his two brothers, by La Fayette, knowing that the project was to declare his children bastards, after taking from him the crown, it is really astonishing that he

should have acceded to a plan of escape unjustifiable in every point of view. It has been said that he was yet ignorant of all those conspiracies; but when he was duly enlightened, why did he not become sincerely and truly constitutional?

It was the Breviary then which consoled him for the loss of all his greatness.

It is not astonishing, that after his death the priests wished to make him a martyr. Relics containing his hair, true or false, were distributed for a long time; knaves sold them to fools; and in confessionals, the having been present at his execution was a reserved case. At the moment I write, and I can scarcely believe my eyes, I see unloaded at the door of a church at Paris twelve or fifteen confessionals quite new. I started back with surprize at the sight of this papal artillery; each of those hypocritical boxes is a piece of cannon ready charged against the republican government. Sacerdotal preaching is already an open war; we can foresee or prevent its effects; but confession —, who can calculate its secret and dangerous consequences.

Several booksellers have assured me that Breviaries were bought up wherever they could be found. Delivered from Capucins, from Picpus, from Minims, Chartreux, monks unshod with or without beards, priors, canons, and abbes, we said, "A few hours are sufficient for labour, if

"every one would put their hand to the oar, to make France a real Utopia;" and now they are reading the Breviary of Paris as in past times, and more than in past times; for those who read do not read carelessly or not at all as formerly.

Breviaries and Missals are sent into the departments and to Germany, while our abominable romances are passing into Spain, where they had never heard talk of them. Thus twenty years are sometimes sufficient to change entirely the face of an empire. If the Spaniards read our books, good as well as bad, they will be our imitators and rivals.

How many events have happened from 1789 to 1797, unknown, unobserved, unparalleled in spite of so many writings; what a spectacle concealed from history; how many new ideas on the extravagance and perversity of men!

CHAP. CLXXI.

SUPERFINE COOK.

IN the manner we eat at Paris, the best cheer in any other place is not worth a dinner at Meot's, hot, ready, well-dressed; you chuse your meat in a list of a hundred dishes, a list printed with the most studied care; a fine gilded saloon, sculptured and theatrical; pyramids of fine fruit; a succulent odour which spreads itself around, and which would give you an appetite if you had none. At the principal bar, two ladies of elegant appearance superintend the police, and still more the receipt.

It is there that you dine like a happy man; but the dinner is very dear, and you would suppose that the tariff of eatables is a rule for every other restaurateur, so accurately do they model themselves on the highest price. It is in these saloons that you find on the right and left the Frenchman sociable and pliant. From thence you go to the opera, to hear *Œdipe à Colonne*, and see the ballet of *Psyché*; that ballet, an astonishing assemblage of all the efforts of art, and you leave it stupified with admiration and pleasure, a thing inconceivable! Never in the happiest

piest times did the French, or any other people, attend the theatre with so much rage. The opera begins at six! at three the people besiege the doors, another thing as inconceivable! This people, without restraint, impetuous, and violent, range themselves with patient tranquillity on little narrow inconvenient benches, where they find themselves squeezed, and half in darkness; they are all still and silent, or talk low.

They applaud with transport scenes of delicious tenderness, which excite or inspire goodness. Every heart swells with pleasure, every eye overflows with tears, and the whole audience feel the same sentiments.

Are these really the same Parisians who by thousands have acted like ferocious tigers, while others have suffered themselves to be incarcerated like sheep in a butchery? Is it really on the same pavement which leads to those brilliant spectacles, that the carts have rolled along with sixty or seventy victims, in which the husband was mingled with the wife, the mother with her son, and the friend with the friend.

Foreigners thought, that after the dreadful struggle, of which we had been the deplorable instruments, that after so much bloodshed, we were plunged into misery, into anarchical tumult, and exciting only feelings of pity; not only incapable of supporting theatres, which indicate flourishing circumstances, but asking if we had not forgotten
how

how to laugh. And it was at this epocha, that the theatre of the Vaudeville was revived: the stock of its little pieces is but a trifling affair, but they are so pretty, so pregnant, so well acted, that even in this subaltern and secondary kind of amusement, we see a nation which continues to leave the rest behind it in the dramatic career, not perhaps in works of genius, but by the wit and gaiety with which it seasons its productions.

And on the foil of so many pleasures they are endeavouring to re-unite the infernal elements of the famous mother-society of Paris; they are sowing the germ of revolutionary tempests, which have desolated France, and are anxious to revive their system of bloody anarchy.

The more we consider this city, the more we behold it a collection of ill-assorted things, an unparalleled mixture of characters, and we may assert that it is not laws but men which reign, for the laws assume the complexion and physiognomy of those who execute; we are then literally governed by individuals. What is most important then is the choice of the men; we have seen some sporting with the barbarous horrors of injustice, opposition, murder, and destruction; we have beheld others displaying at these terrible epochas every thing which beneficence and compassion could inspire of what was most magnanimous, and indulging only the virtuous passions.

CHAP. CLXXII.

TIVOLI.

I WENT yesterday to *Tivoli*; not the *Tivoli* where Horace strung his lyre, where Propertius composed his sweet verses, and thought by the side of his beautiful Cynthia; not the *Tivoli*, where, amidst the most smiling verdure, an impetuous torrent rushes, dividing itself into five rivers, which by five different channels either burst out, or run, or throw themselves headlong:

Me neque tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albunæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et unda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis!

Once more, it is not the *Tivoli* at the charming *Cascatelles*, which we may still see, after passing under verdant trees, across mulberries, fig-trees, pomegranates, and plantain trees; it is the *Tivoli*, not of Italy, but of the Rue Lazare, known formerly under the name of *Folie Boutin*. What a difference! There you tread on green turf and odoriferous flowers; here you walk on a dry pavement, and breathe sometimes very disgusting odours. There you hear in the neighbouring woods the concerts of a thousand birds; you see

on

on the tops of the mountains flocks feeding or at play ; here you behold white chimneys and uncrowned steeples, and hear the cries of misery and the oaths of hackney-coachmen.

Have you seen the temple of Vesta, or that of the Sybil? No.—Have you seen those fine columns which lean over the abyfs? No.—The grand cascade, and the grotto of Neptune, those hanging rocks those wild grots, those shrubs so green, that turf so flowery? No, no ! but I have seen alleys garnished with two rows of chairs, lighted by yellow lamps, occupied by women in *spencers*, who were amusing themselves by gaping, and by young men throttled with sacks, and who were laughing filily and listlessly.

I have seen a temple eight feet large, and twelve feet high, illuminated with coloured fires ; I have seen fireworks well executed, but too speedily terminated ; I have seen a dance composed of four persons under a tent, which might contain an hundred.

I have heard the noise of a dozen instruments, which changed their place without any change in their monotonous sympathy.

I have heard the rights of war and peace discussed amidst a swarm of cockchaffers, which drove direct against the heads of the grave debaters.

I have heard praises bestowed on the delights of Bagatelle, and censures lavished on the pleasures of Tivoli.

I have

I have heard regrets of a horrible regime, of which the principal spectacle were the executions on the Place of the Revolution.—What the devil! have you neither heard nor seen any thing agreeable! you must have been very ill amused.—Pardon me, I was amused; I have seen many very agreeable things, and heard others which were not less so. It is this name of Tivoli which spoils every thing; this name has recalled to my mind so many remembrances, that it has forced me to make comparisons, which were not to the advantage of the French Tivoli. I began my walk, therefore, with a good deal of prepossession; and who can flatter himself with being exempt from it? But all those whose judgment is regulated by prejudice are not disposed to own it so frankly.

By degrees the cloud is dispersed; I forgot Italy, Propertius, and the Cascatelles; and I saw what I ought to see, that is, a superb English garden, where—

Sans contrainte et sans art, de ses douces premices,
 La nature épuisa les plus pures delices:
 Des plaines, des coteaux le mélange charmant,
 Les ondes à leur choix, errantes mollement,
 Des sentiers sinueux les routes indecises,
 Le desordre enchanteur, les piquantes surprises;
 Des aspects en les yeux hesitoient à choisir,
 Varioient, suspendoient, prolongeoient leur plaisir.
 Sur l'email volonté de la fraiche verdure,
 Mille arbres, de ces lieux ondoyante parure,
 Charme de l'odorat, du gout et des regards,
 Elegamment groupes, negligemment epais,

Se fuyoient, s'approchoient, quelquefois à ma vue
 Oüiroient dans le loüain une scène imprevue ;
 Ou tombant jusqu' à terre et recourbant leurs bras,
 Venoient d'un doux obstacle embarrasser nos pas.

To this description, of which it might be permitted to bate something without doing any wrong to the real beauty of the place, you may add that of a gay troop of Loves and Graces, running, flying, playing at all the sports known at Cytherea ; that of a double row of pretty women, gazed at and gazing, decently violated, without hiding any thing from the look, censuring without mercy the dress of the modest citizens who passed before them without turban or spencer.

Look at those light butterflies, whose ridiculous dress cannot disguise elegance, more than it can disarm criticism, animating the picture by their noisy gaiety ; speaking, with equal inattention, of their horses and their mistresses, of Buonaparte and Bagatelle, of the pleasures of their last suppers and the cares of the directory, of the ballet of Pſyché and the horrors of war ! Happy age !

One of them said to his companion, *There is no person here.* — *You are mad,* replied the other ; *I have counted more than eight hundred pretty women.* — *Oh,* answered the first, *but I have not found her here I am looking for.*

CHAP. CLXXIII.

POWDERED HEADS.

As much wheat is consumed in France in useless powder as would nourish the largest of our departments. Any one may easily verify this calculation. One would suppose that hair was a nudity amongst us, since there are men who would sooner endure hunger than exhibit themselves in public without powder.

It would have been worth while, whilst they were proscribing so many usages, to proscribe also so uncouth a custom; the Jacobins had fair ground in representing that the most necessary subsistence of men ought not to be so profaned; that the beau, or the aristocrat, expended as much meal for his hair as for his stomach; it was an ridiculous luxury, and it was necessary to stop this epidemic general in Europe, and which had already crossed the ocean.

The Jacobins unpowdered themselves, but they affected also so excessive a dirtiness, that the sacrifice became invisible.

But they had so many adversaries, that people affected to powder themselves to form a contrast with them. The chief himself, Robespierre,

was always dressed and powdered, and this is the reason why there was no crime of high Robespierian treason in following the old fashion.

Those who detested him, took the opportunity of repudiating powder, and without being Jacobins, adopted the dress, to economize time and preserve health.

There is nothing more wholesome than washing the head every day; short and unpowdered hair, therefore, ought to rule the mode.

It has not been made a signal of discord and division; every one follows his taste in this respect; you present yourself powdered and unpowdered; there is full toleration.

A Frenchman, who knows how to observe and to describe, after having established the difference between ancient and modern Europe, has concluded in a very convincing manner, that without a revolution of the globe it would be henceforth impossible for the human race to relapse into barbarism; it depended only on the Jacobins to guillotine those who wore powder, as they had guillotined the farmers-general for having put water in their snuff; but since they have not done it, it is a mark which confirms the observation which has just been made, and that we cannot all be destroyed by committees of public safety and general surety; this is what was to be demonstrated.

CHAP. CLXXIV.

COPPER COIN.

THE great sous made of bell metal are stored in old sacks, the depositaries of domestic economy and foresight, or load the pockets of milk and butter-women, and retailers of cabbages and carrots. Since the traffic of gros sous has been established, happy the cook-maids and servant-girls who, living in the vicinity of the Perron of the Palais-Royal, go to the Halle or to the market; they change their crown of six livres in their way, and gain perhaps four or five sous, which however does not hinder them from cribbing as usual.

The skin-flints give nothing but gros sous to their servant-maids, who are angry at this mark of economy, and complain that their pockets wear out with the weight. Thus the brass or copper which, when hung in the air, deafened our ears, now weighs down our sacks, and figures in every payment, making ten times the weight of the silver. Look at that man yonder, quite bent to the ground; he is like Corregio, who died from having carried sacks of copper money which

avaricious monks had given him, for pictures became so precious that they are not to be purchased at present even for their weight in gold.

CHAP. CLXXV.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL ESTIMATES.

THE great city may be compared to a great country, and its different sections to as many provinces, the inhabitants of which have their peculiar physiognomy, their particular character, their kinds of beauty or ugliness, their diseases, their prejudices, their inclinations, their habits, and their customs.

It is especially under the absolute empire of the catholic religion, that those shades were most easy to seize ; for the priests, by the ascendancy of their morality, or the diversity of their opinions, softened the heads of individuals almost as soon as they were born, and moulded them like wax.

For instance, would you behold pretty sanctified Jansenists, penitent Magdalens, misers with fallow faces, usurers retired from business, walking with cautious steps for fear of wearing out their shoes, the church of St. Stephen of the Mount,

Mount offered a great number of such originals.

If you transported yourself to the abbey St. Germain, you would not find there those four faces, who made grimaces at a ribband or a medallion portrait; you were in the abode of the Benedictines, fresh, fat, and not over studious. It was the true court of love, the assiduous rendezvous of sprightly youth; the odours of their nosegays of roses mingled with that of the incense. The organ, by its various and harmonious sounds, called up the smile on every lip: it gave the song of the girls a sort of exultation, which rendered them more beautiful and poignant. In short, it seemed as if their eyes reflected the jovial air of the monks with triple chins; and if so many pretty Cupid children resembled each other, by looking at these holy fathers you might easily guess the cause*.

What a contrast in the neighbouring parish. The austere Sulpitian impressed on his proselytes his own rough and savage air. Not a face of young boy or girl whom the fear of the confessional did not render sad, uneasy, lean, morose, and mournful. Not a grown-up person, who dared remain alone in the dark, who did not tremble at meeting the devil, or seeing hell open under his feet. The nobility, who were so nu-

* This temple of Venus is now a saltpetre warehouse.

merous in this parish, swelled the amount of false devotees, to keep their slaves in surer subjection; it was precisely around them that swarmed hypocrites, cheats, liars, and knaves. The sycophant curé, who had refused to bury Voltaire, wanted to make a traffic of the burial of every writer.

At St. Medard, fanaticism, armed with its fiery torches men grossly ignorant, and still more credulous and superstitious. It is from this dreadful fauxbourg therefore that those madmen have burst out, who drank human blood with delight.

Other churches also were the climates, as it were, of the luxury of the capital. In that of Quinze-vingts, met the farmers general, the change brokers, secretaries of finance, proud as peacocks, shining with gold, rubies, and diamonds, and wanting nothing but diadems. The poor man even, in this place of magnificence, made use only of the choicest expressions in asking alms.

At present even, you may find at St. Gervais some traces of the antient splendor of the goldsmiths and sheriffs of the Hotel de Ville. It is there that the women come, as the milliners of the Charnier des Innocents heretofore, to shew themselves loaded with ribbands and lace. But the almost general easy circumstances of the Parisians renders their piety tranquil; their singing
is

is soft and measured; and it is there also you meet with truly angelic beauties.

We may conclude from those different observations, that the education of colleges, convents, catechisms, and parish schools, have had a very fatal influence on the character of the Parisians.

In colleges, youth were taught lessons of vanity, pride, contempt, and egotism; in convents, those of refined debauchery; in catechisms, those of jesuitical duplicity, perfidy, knavery, and intolerance; in charity-schools, those of ingratitude, of laziness, lying, and brutality.

This is the reason why nobles, who gave the cowardly example of emigration, were almost all denounced by their lackeys or their porters.

Such also is the reason why, in assemblies of the sections, the most extravagant motions, the most atrocious projects, the most vexatious measures, were proposed and executed with so much cruel obstinacy; the greater part by shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, smiths, barbers, and even surgeons. The insolence of the noble and the rich, who did not pay them, had raised their hatred.

But you found no massacres nor revolutionists among the honest coal-porters, the butchers, the market and corn porters, the shoe-cleaners, and chimney-sweepers, because from being dependent on the inhabitants on account of their domestic wants, they did not feel like others the want of money; and that besides, from their pa-

cific

cific character, they were less accessible to corruption.

All those shades have been effaced by the overthrow of the catholic worship; it had left a peculiar stamp on every quarter, so that in the city you saluted a priest because he had a noble air, the air of a canon of Notre Dame, while in other places a priest was but a servitor.

All those canons, great vicars, curates, fat presbyters, made children in every quarter; aides de camps and gendarmes have taken their place:

CHAP. CLXXVI.

CARICATURE ENGRAVINGS.

If the perversities of the human mind continue to go on increasing, we must reckon at least on a thousand *Calots* to expose them to the censure of wise heads.

Who can doubt but that it is the ingenious graving pen of criticism, which has engaged the women, even those who were most headstrong in following singular fashions, to renounce the edifice of that head-dress, called *monte-au-ciel*, and which it seemed a hair-dresser could not have built up without the aid of a ladder.

The

The *square coats*, *English breeches*, *duck-bill brodequins*, *Athenian dresses*, hats *à lucarne*, *à cul de panier*, furnished Vernet with his idea of the *incroyables* and the *merveilleuses*. All Paris have welcomed this ingenious production; people of sense have justified the satire by adopting a contrary mode of dress; that is to say, such as nature points out, and of which she authorizes the use.

Admire the caprices of fortune in that *merveilleuse*, who gives her arm to her gallant; round as a cucurbit, she has not yet recovered her astonishment at her own dress; the woman who meets her, small and strait as a spire of asparagus, discovers an old acquaintance under her new habiliment, and seems to say, "It is Jenny, who sold green peas at our corner."

The same Vernet has also exposed the rage for horse-races, lately revived.

You have seen the *Anglomane*, hollow-bellied, hump-backed, strait as a reed, riding with his backside in the air on a long English blood horse; you have seen also the *modern Amazon*, her thighs girt to her saddle, and her velvet jockey cap carried away by the wind.

At present Vernet is exhibiting the preparations for a race, and the jockies mounted; the horses are caparisoned, the runners, in under-waistcoats and turned-up hats, are walking them gently to keep them in breath: you would judge
from

from their supple hams and their hollow bellies, that they had been purged and weighed the day before, and that the men had undergone the same operation. A fly that perches on them would be too much. Your eyes follow in the distance the other racers, who sweep the plain. The motions of the jockey, the different attitudes of the horses, their impatient air, the confident look of their leaders, transport you already to the scene of action. You wait only for the signal of the course.

And the *inside of the revolutionary committees* exhibits an exact description of what was plotted in those dens of Polyphemus, where so many innocent people felt beforehand the cold sweats of death? Who does not tremble with horror at the aspect of that ruffian president? You hear the loud snorings of that secretary in the red cap, who, with his elbows on the table, is sleeping away the fumes of the wine he drank in the morning.

The examination of those bottles, the label of which establishes with the crime of suspicion that of correspondence in foreign countries; the terror of the unfortunate prisoner, who is saying in a whisper, *Wine of Hungary*; the impudence of the accuser; the tables loaded with jewels and other effects, belonging to the *suspect*; how many things in so narrow a compass!

You

You are now in presence of the *exclusive*, in the attitude of a gladiator; his eye sparkles with fury, his frightful mouth foams with rage; on the back of his cocked hat is written *liberty*; with one hand he holds a pistol on which is inscribed *death*, with the other he holds a poignard on the blade of which is engraved *fraternity*; a little red cap is hung to his button-hole, and his pockets are full of denunciations; he is almost without breeches; his arms, naked up to the shoulders, are about to be plunged into the blood of his victims. This is a modern Aristides.

The *club of Clichy*, with bells reversed, is more piquant than the print of the frogs demanding a king. The ends of the log exhibit the profiles of Lewis the XVth and Antoinette. At a little distance birds of prey with long beaks, by which are meant the Jacobins under the reign of terror, snapping up the frogs one after the other, while others are dragging them to the guillotine, or giving the signal for a *fusillade*; but you stop with respect before that unfortunate, who, plunged in a dungeon and loaded with chains, writes to Robespierre, and finishes his letter in tracing those words, *Vive la liberte!*

Such are the faithful pictures which represent a great part of the events which have taken place; the facetious occurrences are not more forgotten than the serious.

The

The *Pas de Jour*, or the *Folly of the Day*, is the picturesque expression of a kind of dance most in vogue at balls. The fidler who lolls his tongue as a mark of his approbation, the bottles which he has already emptied during his active ministration, are truly comic.

In short, you see as parallels, the *dance of the hare and dog* dressed like Incroyables. Here is the *millionaire hair-dresser* taking his chocolate; the *usurer lending on pawns*; the *note of hand and the mortgage*; the *active croyable* filching a handkerchief from the pocket of a citizen; the *departure of the deputy* whose time is expired, fat and thick; the *arrival of his successor*, thin and meagre; the *mirror of the past, or the inside of the commune*, where are an hundred headless persons, and the *furies of the guillotine* in desolation; the *pope's staff* in full rout; the *kitchen of the monks in the good old time*; the *beef à la mode*; the *rentiers on the road to the Bicetre*; and that other, with a nose a foot long, at the national treasury, pointing to it with his finger, and exclaiming, *Why am I not Camus**?

* A play on the word: Camus signifies short and flat nosed, but is put here for Camus, who made the first motion which led to the ruin of the stockholders, and who fills the lucrative place of national archivist.

CHAP. CLXXVII.

ORANGE-PEEL—OYSTER-SHELLS.

LISBON is still in possession of the orange-tree, from whence have sprung all those which embellish and perfume the gardens of Europe, for we owe to the Portuguese the first grains of this tree; indigenous to China, they have made the islands of Hyeres a new garden of the Hesperides. I tread under foot the orange-peel and oyster-shell, which reminds me of the immensity of the seas; and I have at the same time a double enjoyment on a point where the waves of the ocean do not beat, and distant from the rays which ripen this fine yellow fruit.

This is what a populous city can effect, and what ready money can command. Every winter a delicious fruit indemnifies Paris for the absence of roses, while on the other hand the savoury oyster cures the slight colds arising from the fogs.

This fine yellow fruit is arranged in an amphitheatre in the middle of the Pont-neuf; the passengers stop to look at those immense pyramids, the delicious odour of which gives every
mouth

mouth the movement of a smile, and the expression of sensuality.

In vain does the wind of the north wound with its pointed arrows the rosy fingers of the smiling lass; she peels the orange which she has bought as quick as her eyes devoured it. The hand which would preserve a part for friendship is wetted by the juice, and the present is eaten on the spot, and does not reach its destination. It is the mouth, and not the heart, that is guilty; no reproaches to the liquorish beauty; I have seen the lover do the same.

It is with regret that I tread under my feet the rind of this delectable fruit, whilst I love to crack the oyster-shell, because its resistance invites me. But why is this odorous bark so despised? it must be from its great abundance; formerly this balsamic rind was employed to form the basis of simple bergamots.

But the ass, laden with oranges, takes his advantage of our disdain; he does not insult with contemptuous foot the rind of such as are eaten around him; on the contrary, he often bends his head to inhale the savoury odour; soothing consolation for his fatigue, and the neglect of his covetous mistress, who, without giving him any thing to eat, keeps him motionless under his heavy loading the whole length of a cold and bitter day.

The

The afs which carries oranges excites a very different kind of interest from the afs who carries relics. We do not kneel down before the former, but he sometimes receives a few careffes from the flattering hand of a young girl, who, while her lover is picking out the finest fruit, looks at the poor afs, and fays something to him, as much from a fentiment of pity as to leave the purchafer time to chufe the fineft.

Who would now stoop for an orange or lemon peel, from which the phyfician draws fuch precious aid? Who would stoop for an oyfter-shell? but if it was *unique*, what would be its price?

Virgil found pearls in the dunghill of Ennius; the poor artift does not fear dirtying his fingers in raking the mud of Paris; it is a mine where he finds iron, which he has the fecret of changing into filver. He does not defpife a nail, the invention of which holds the favage in ecftacy; he picks up with refpect a pin, which requires the labour of twenty arms to go out finished from the manufactory.

The ragman knows how to unearth the hidden bone, with which button-moulds and cane-heads are made. I am forry to fee that we have thrown by the bergamot, and taken up with effence of afparagus. I own that I prefer the bergamot *aux cœurs enflammés*, to the bon bons, fo vulgarly *bons, à la Madame Angot*.

CHAP. CLXXVIII.

BONBONS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

IN spite of the new calendar, the Parisians, invariably under the influence of interest, sensuality, and falsehood, persist in celebrating the day of the year fixed to the first of January by the horrible Charles the Ninth.

The confectioners also, who seem to have made a reflective study of the heart of this butterfly people, in order to flatter them regulate the ancient almanack by the sign of pistachoes and ice chesnuts. On that famous day, crystal lustres taken from the lofty ceilings of palaces are pompously suspended by garlands of flowers to the ceiling of their shops, which are light and resplendent as *catafalques*.

By the radiancy of an hundred wax lights, without reckoning the dazzling reflectors and the coloured lamps, the crowd of buyers circulate the length of the glass cases which inclose, under the most varied and singular forms, every new invention of the sweet meat-distiller. There, amidst a thousand phials of liqueurs of the isles fabricated at Paris, you feast your eyes as well

as

as your mouth with the essences of lemon, of pastilles, vermeilles de guimave, of priapes à la rose, of cœurs enflammés à la fleur d'orange. Further on, it is natural history in bergamot.

You see cuckoos in linnets nests (an ingenious allusion to the present state of manners) and, heaped one on another, crumpled cabbages, turnips, tobacco-roots, potatoes, American sausages, Mentz hams, fried whiting, patés, and puff-cakes, all containing juices as delicate as they are savoury; and it is a very just consequence that the gift of imposition should be an imposture.

Amidst this kind of carnival, bearded capuchins make their appearance mingled with all sorts of things of daily and vulgar use. There is also the counter of infinitesimals for citizens wives who are afflicted with vapours, and young ladies à *Roman sentimental*. There are spirituous essences contained in imperceptible bottles. The glorious sultan, and the marriage basket, crowned with roses and other ornaments, do not shrink from the sight; and they do not fail to range near phials of blue water, or the deceiver, which has the wonderful advantage of renewing virginity, as well as those of the water of Venus, which prevents the wrinkles of old age, and whitens yellow teeth.

Thus the confectioner's shop is a trap into which individuals of both sexes enter, and are

caught like flies in a honey-pot. Yes, men to entrap each other spread snares with *bon bons*; and to those who interest them most, they offer the most delicious, imitating in that the fishers, who to catch the best fish bait the hook with the flesh of which they are the most greedy.

Alas! we boast of being free, and we look with sang froid on *sugar mushrooms*, *sugar castles*, *pots of sugar flowers*, *sugar boudoirs*, and we forget that the sugar used with so astonishing a profusion has caused the invention of the negro trade, and that what we taste with so much pleasure costs the negro slave many a lash of the whip, many tears, and much blood.

CHAP. CLXXIX.

GYMNASIUM OF BENEFICENCE.

SINCE the days of Adam there never has been seen such a knavish quack, or a quackish knave, as the director of this establishment, who is called Gaston Rofnay; his impudence was such, that when you think on it you cannot help passing from indignation to laughter, and from laughter to indignation. He promised you gauze chimney-pieces, paper-stoves, swimming-houses, floating

floating fortresses, proof against tempests, superior to the efforts of the winds, to the power of cannon, and that of thunder; he invited to his workshops every person from the geometrician down to the puny rhymester, to be witnesses of his miracles; he was to introduce universal, founded on private, opulence, and talked of nothing but enriching those who should apply to him.

Who would have thought that such a man could have found such a number of dupes! He told them in other terms, Form yourselves into a company of seven lenders, and on my credit, in continually lending to me, I will pay every day punctually the two first.

This gross knave, to the shame of common sense, was listened to for some months, and emptied pockets, chiefly those of the lower classes, of considerable sums. When the title of robber was imprinted on his forehead, writhing under the lash of infamy, he had still the impudence to tell the Parisians that they were fools not to bring him their money, for that he would pay the old lenders with the money of the new. The police, though a little late, has punished this public swindler, surpassing in impudence the whole of the knavish tribe.

Amidst the crimes of our revolution, the vice of an individual has taken a truly inexplicable character, when we reflect that public advertisements announced a cavern, where Cartouche

would have blushed to have played his gibbet tricks. The sight of a perfect demoralization was necessary to embolden this Gaston Rosnay to plunder indigence under pretences so stupidly perfidious. I will venture to say, that impudence was never pushed so far, and that under a certain point of view it is more disgusting than even vice itself. If the tabouret of the Place de Greve does not execute justice on this impostor, every one will have the right to inflict on him the punishment which he has deserved for so many scandalous instances of theft and robbery.

This gymnasium of beneficence, in unveiling the secret of human weakness, and how much it may be sported with by means of the prism of hope, has ruined among the indigent classes a crowd of men who have confided to me their distresses, and entrusted me with the care of avenging them.

The correctional police has already begun his punishment, which is undoubtedly too light; but it will become more heavy from the cry of public wrong and public indignation.

CHAP. CLXXX.

NOSEGAY WOMEN.

SOME time since, under pretence of going to present nosegays, several individuals of both sexes took the liberty of going into houses, and took advantage of the fear they occasioned to steal light pieces of furniture, or swindle people out of their money. Some of those nosegay traders entered the house of an inhabitant of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. The master of the house politely invited them to step into his apartment, where, taking up his pistols, he said to them, "Gentlemen, you present me with your nosegays, give me leave to present you in return with mine; take care, however, that their smell, which is pretty strong, does not mount into your head." The gentlemen quickly took to their heels. The nosegay women, in the time of *Chaumette*, were his choicest spies; there are some of them so frightful, that they give a tint of hideousness to the flowers which they offer you. They besiege you at the doors of the theatres, climb into carriages, force the doors of persons who are named to any public place; they enter in spite of all opposition, and in order to
get

get rid of their fetid embraces you must pay them.

The police was obliged to interpose to put a restraint on the assaults of those ugly creatures, who had transformed into a tax a practice which had been too lightly tolerated, that of introducing themselves into houses under pretence of compliment and felicitation.

I have seen these impudent beings at the virtuous Roland's, spying his table, and counting the guests; he knew it, but durst not turn them out of doors.

There was a nosegay girl of the Palais-Royal, who was notorious for having through jealousy made an Abelard of her lover. At the time of the massacre in the prisons, she did not obtain pardon, and was killed for having committed this crime.

CHAP. CLXXXI.

PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

OLD toothless women, whose chins almost touched their aquiline noses, reading with their spectacles, word by word, in their Pfalters, the litanies of the Holy Virgin, often excited a wicked laugh. These same old women, now that the world is turned upside down, may laugh in their turn at our beardless boys making love in spectacles.

Clerks in the public offices, true letter-grinders, have made this fashion general. Some of their noses, on which spectacles remain in permanence, give them an air of judicial gravity. A head-clerk doubles his eyes to enable him to read his pile of papers, wishing, by the aid of this distinctive sign, to appear as indefatigable as the laborious Hercules, while he is little more in general than a sort of diplomatic parrot.

I do not mean to censure the clerks of public offices, but only to point out the origin of a custom, the exaggeration of a fashion, and the vanity of its followers. Of twenty persons who pass along the streets, ten have spectacles.

The

The use of spectacles leads to chicanery; look at that old payer of annuities, with a contract grown yellow with age in his hand; his spectacles magnify the letters almost as much as Herschell's telescope magnifies the planets; notwithstanding which he pauses over every word and every phrase; counts the points and commas; the clearest term appears to him obscure; he handles the paper with a sort of inquietude; he weighs it, if I may use the expression, as if he was afraid that he felt the weight of a cypher too much; in a word, he visits it, touches it, interrogates it with the mental application of a blind man, who feels, studies, and verifies between his fingers a piece of smooth money.

How much I suspect the judgment of that profound connoisseur, who with his spectacles on his nose examines a picture of Rubens or Vandyke! He sees every thing quite near, while he sees nothing; notwithstanding which he is decisive. All the illusion, all the magic of those sublime paintings, is in the distance, which the pencil of the artist has fixed for the intelligent spectator to examine it.

But the wearers of spectacles find an inestimable advantage in using them; across that enchanting prism they view every pretty woman, more pretty than miniatures! What a delightful illusion! spectacles soften features which are too large; they give an air of youth to superannuated

coquettes, who grow old in spite of their endeavours to prevent it; in a word, they bestow on the features of youth that sweetness, that virginal grace, which give us the idea of the celestial beauty of angels; nevertheless, whatever delightful enjoyment these blessed spectacles afford to amateurs, I agree with honest La Fontaine, "*that there is nothing so good to see with as the eye of a lover.*"

CHAP. CLXXXII.

DAY AND NIGHT PAVEMENT.

IN general, the pavement of Paris is disagreeable, but during certain months it is detestable. No one is dirty at present, though he be up to his knees in mud. Boots and half-boots are in fashion, and the pavement is trod by night as well as by day.

When the commune of Paris was a popular power, and for that reason not to be called in question, nothing was done for the advantage of the people, but every thing for that of pickpockets and thieves, because they were made use of

as

as subaltern agents. Coffee-houses, cabarets, and newspapers, enjoyed full licence.

The mud was not taken away, nor the lamps lighted. We had fallen into such a state of immorality, that we were plunged into a slavery an hundred times worse than that from which we had been delivered. It was not without difficulty that the police could resume its authority, and it was found necessary to arrest as malefactors two thousand and forty-seven persons in the space of seven months, without comprising the domiciliary visits, which furnished the prisons with more than eighteen hundred idle and disorderly persons. "O too feeble legislation!" exclaimed a magistrate, "you would have soon brought on the ruin of the best of governments! and ye legislators, who have created this new mode, ye thought without doubt that ye had a nation of angels to govern, and ye have omitted the surest principle of a good legislation: *The law is humane in proportion as it is terrible, because it strikes the mind of the criminal with a salutary terror; and instead of having to punish crime, has the happy art of preventing it, and of stifling it in its birth.*"

What a den, what a gulph, is that Palais-Royal! There you meet the countenances of assassins, filthy and brutal figures, ferocious and insolent looks and demeanours. Sometimes you are suddenly alarmed by a clash of sabres, and you immediately think that a revolt has begun. You
are

are four steps from the place; you ask the bystanders, and learn nothing either of the cause or the deed; every man translates according to his fancy, and relates what he has seen from opinions he had formed the preceding evening. Paris is so extensive, that a battle might take place at one end of it without a word about it transpiring at the other. This is what happened on the 14th of July and the 10th of August. When the alarm bell rings, it does not awake more than a tenth part of the population.

When Drouet and Babœuf wanted to murder the directory, the legislative body, and twenty thousand inhabitants of this city, on the night of the 22d of Floreal, in order to deliver the people from the tyranny of the rich, no one knew it in the city, and the people learnt it only the next day by the channel of the newspapers.

In this great magazine of robbers, beggars, pickpockets, swindlers of every kind, and who flock in from every corner of the republic as to a theatre on which they may exercise their talents, we cannot dissemble that the police of Paris is intimately connected with the general police of the country, and that we do wrong to consider the expences of this police as expences absolutely local.

We must come sooner or later to the re-establishment of a horse and foot patrol for the special

cial watch of Paris. The gendarmerie composes the horse patrol, but they are not sufficient.

On a strict calculation, the forty-eight sections of Paris furnish one hundred and fifty thousand men who mount guard, and whose turn comes at least twelve times a year. Three quarters and a half find substitutes, because there is a wide difference between mounting guard and doing the duty of a soldier. A man who would go again and take the Bastille would find it disagreeable to make one of a patrol. Men are so formed, the Parisians especially, who detest this service, and particularly since the disorganization of the national guard; they would fly to take part in an engagement, but refuse to arrest a robber. It is wisely conjectured, that those who wished to exempt themselves had rather pay than serve; that by means of this contribution a number of abuses would be avoided; and that we might easily maintain a watch fitted to secure both persons and property from the incursions of ruffians of every kind. Money is the sinew of war, and we are not ignorant that the police is openly at war with knaves, a few excepted. The citizens might then be suffered to sleep peaceably in bed with their wives; there would be fewer colds and more children, and the night police would be better served.

CHAP. CLXXXIII.

THE STOCKHOLDER.

THE complaints of the stockholder are endless. The government, says he, is indebted to the stockholders an enormous arrear; it is indebted to a numerous class of poor individuals an immense sum, forming the estimative value of domains, goods, plate, jewels, diamonds, confiscated or taken revolutionarily. They proposed taking this sum in deduction of the loan. This fair proposition was refused. "The government," added he, smiling sardonically, "resembles the personage in the comedy, who says, I owe you ten thousand livres; I cannot pay you, but lend me five more, and that will make fifteen thousand."

The measure of discontent continually increases; the government says not a word, but gains time from day to day. It is, who shall call himself *rentier*, to excite sensibility; and he who has a bond for an annuity of ten crowns could wish you to believe that he possessed one for three thousand.

The unfortunate *rentier* is caricatured in a thousand forms; he is never proud but when he
com-

complains; you would suppose that he is reciting a tragedy, and he receives comfort when you have mingled your lamentations with his own. The rentiers join in chorus against the contractors of the republic; they say, that they are the cause of all the evil, and that they shall be made to regorge at some future day. With this idea they console themselves; the next day they sigh again, but as they have contracted the habitude, grief wears away, and every one takes patience.

CHAP. CLXXXIV.

STEPHANIE BOURBON.

STEPHANIE-LOUISA-DE-BOURBON (Conti), who numbers among her masters J. J. Rousseau, whose principles she appears to have followed, informs the public, that until the lot of the Bourbons is fixed, she gives persons of her own sex, as a means of existence, elementary lessons in writing, orthography, grammar, music, mathematics, drawing, and moral philosophy. She gives her pupils also a general idea of all the sciences, such as logic, geography, mythology, &c. &c. There are none of my readers who do not immediately

ately call to mind Dionysius of Syracuse, school-master at Corinth.

Stephanie-Bourbon is the best informed of her whole family; her lot will be always preferable to that of the ex-prince of Condé, who has enlisted himself in the service of a Russian despot, and who puts four flowers-de-luce at the four corners of his colours, waiting until he shall be able to return to France, his country, as he comically expresses himself. "*Vas t'en voir s'ils viennent, Jean!*"—"Look if they are coming, John!"

CHAP. CLXXXV.

NUDITY.

WHAT is then this city, the severity of whose police subjects every citizen to the inspection of an office for the regulation of morals, whilst the public gardens are peopled with immodest statues in a state of complete nudity?

Morals and statues are two things incompatible. And can we consider as men of illustrious genius, or rather as lawgivers of modesty, those artists whose indecent chisel has reproduced beyond their natural dimension the sexual parts of the statues which time had mutilated?

No!

No! it is not a weakness to be scandalized at such nudities. We have no right to put before the eyes of the mother of a family what we would not dare to say in her ears; her young daughter, walking by her side, will not raise her eyes above the lilies, emblem of her innocence, to contemplate the round and naked rump of a young Bacchus in the spring of life, and whose amorous look plainly indicates that he feels the germ of pleasure rising within him.

When a people, carried away by the torrent of a revolution, seem themselves astonished at having shaken off the yoke of an austere religion, which opposed with equal force the conflict of every passion; when it remains yet undecided what kind of worship is to be substituted in place of that which is overthrown; when, above all, the prejudice of education leaves still in their mind a living root, it is not without considerable danger for the morals of their children that we expose to their eyes statues without covering, as if we wished to teach them in the age of modesty to calculate, like new Niphuses*, all the secret and invisible beauties of the human body, and to judge of them by comparison, as if we were desirous that our young girls should imitate the Lacedæmonian women, who

* Niphus, surnamed the Emperor of the Learned, was physician to Jane of Arragon, and gave a scrupulously exact description of all the united beauties of this princess.

kept in their chambers the statues of Narcissus, of Hyacinthus, or of Castor and Pollux, in order to have fine children.

Shall the decorators of our gardens be the regulators of public morals? and will they think themselves justified for the scandal of indecent images, because it was the custom to paint women naked in the public places of Greece and Rome? But we ought not to allow ourselves the tranquil prejudice of Greeks or Romans, who, full of respect for their immodest statues, were desirous that they should invite alike the regards of youth and advanced age, and who forbade the removal from the temple of Lanuvium, on account of its exquisite beauty, of the picture of Helen, painted absolutely naked, and breathing all the fires of sensuality.

Admitting that all the nudities of the Greeks and Romans were not libidinous figures, we shall not hesitate to affirm on the other hand, that they were the seeds of corruption. It is because their eyes were familiarized with the obscene statues of the minions of Jupiter, and the Phrynes of the fable, that they made no scruple of engraving on their festival cups the adultery of Mars and Venus.

Were the artists at that time right in citing, in order to justify these infamies, the lascivious productions of Parrhasius? No, undoubtedly. In rendering justice to the zeal and enlightened taste

of the amateurs of the arts, who place before our eyes in the Tuilleries copies of the master-pieces of the most celebrated statuary of antiquity, there will be no inconvenience in observing to them, that several of these admirable productions would figure more becomingly in museums, which are their proper sanctuary, where the father may enter without his son, and the mother without her daughter.

If this observation appear too serious, what will they have to object to the tacit reproach of mothers, who turn aside from the admirable group of Castor and Pollux, in order that their view might not awaken the attention of their young daughters. The republic ought not to adopt the morals of Sybaris, and the French women should not be ambitious, like the Spartan women, of the title of naked haunches, or appear in public with open and transparent robes, in imitation of the dancers of Herculaneum.

Besides, every thing becomes the type of a new mode for a nation as frivolous as ours. The robe of the statue of Flora, which is so decent, but which leaves so many secret charms to be divined, serves as a model to such of our belles of the present day as display the *em bon point* of their forms in too visible a manner to leave us the pleasure of guessing at them.

Ah! let us never forget that modesty is the grace of love: it is in its favour that the spring
decks

decks the trees with verdure ; it is under their mysterious shade that the birds themselves dress the nuptial bed ! Take away the veil which covers Christ in Raphael's sublime picture of the Transfiguration, and you take from him half of his dignity.

Who does not recollect with delight the ingenuous dances which the children of both sexes heretofore formed, in presence of their parents, on the great platform of the Luxemburg ? It was the re-union of families. Every thing was lively, animated, smiling, and chaste. There was no statue there but nature, whose roses covered the bosom. Innocent as flowers, the young girls contemplated their marriage union without suspecting its tender mystery. Then the youthful bridegroom saw for the first time in his young bride the exquisite Venus, and the bride beheld in her husband the unrivalled Apollo. How happy were they ! no indecent engraving, no uncovered statue, gave them the foretaste of the supreme felicity ; every thing was new for them ; every thing was enjoyment, and the eyes also had their virginity.

CHAP. CLXXXVI.

POPULAR CANTINES.

Who has not seen, a few years back, on the Place de Greve, that famous retailer of tisanue, who for a liard, in the dog days, flaked the thirst of the Limousin, the coal porter, the day labourer, the mechanic, and young children. His fountain, placed at a fixed post, was inexhaustible. A water-carrier filled it every hour. The majestic tisanue merchant attracted every look on account of his brilliant apparel. Large stripes of gold lace down every seam heightened the splendour of his scarlet waistcoat, and when with nimble fist he turned three cocks at the same stroke, in order to serve seven or eight drinkers at a time, the jingling of the bells that hung at his sleeves, and which he triumphantly shook in wiping his goblets, were heard as far as the Pont-au-Change. In short, young girls, who also came to quench their thirst at his fountain, smilingly admired themselves in the glass of his helmet, the diamonds of which multiplied the sun. Alas! this illustrious monarch of the fountain, this mirror of the sun, has disappeared! We no longer drink of his limonade-tisanue, his beneficent
tisanue,

tifanue, whose proud froth we used to puff off from the lips of his shining goblets.

Cantines have taken his place, shops where they do not sell tifanue at a liard the glass, but wine at an enormous price. Those taverns, set up along the Greve, stretch across the wheat port, and end at the port St. Paul. Four upright sticks form their structure; old pieces of tapestry, filled with holes, defend the drinkers but wretchedly against the piercing rays of the sun. In the back ground you see the casks in draught. These sheds are filled with spies, sharpers, swindlers, and soldiers. The vulgar indemnify themselves for the wine which they have not tasted for a year past, and drown their reason in the mugs.

That port, where formerly the citizen saw the gifts of Ceres unloading, and all the commodities necessary for the existence of a great people, is now changed into a vast cabaret, in which men, whose constant labour helped to support the burden of life, now consume their time in drinking, in playing at cards, familiarizing themselves with leisure and idleness, and filled with wine stretch themselves along, and sleep in the laps of their filthy mistresses. The frantic system of the agrarian law seems to have taken possession of the heads of those credulous mechanics. They imagined that all men ought to be rich and do nothing, and they serve the dangerous appren-

apprenticeship of idleness. To drink, laugh, and sing among vile prostitutes, is their supreme felicity. They have also one virtue less, that of sobriety: every instant the passenger steps aside in order to avoid being elbowed by a drunken man or woman.

How urgent it is become to revive confidence, to cement the general peace, to bring back with it plenty, labour, good morals, and social virtues!

If these vows be not heard, if every day is to be a day of rest for the unoccupied workman, days of drunkenness and debauchery, these cabarets will become so many haunts of prostitution, so many caverns for robbers, asylums for sedition, in which daring leaders, fearless of patrols, will harangue their docile satellites, will impel their motions at their pleasure, by pouring out libations of wine without measure, the source of civil disorders and of factions, the forerunners of the destruction of empires.

CHAP. CLXXXVII.

IT IS THE DEVIL, &c.

SPECTRES, demons, ghosts, every thing which belongs to the black art, bloody nuns, such are the amusements which have taken place of the Orphean flutes of the opera, its enchanting dances, the songs of Alceste and Antigone ; this is what has dissolved its harmonious circle, and palsied the sport of those decorations which sometimes displayed to us magnificent cities, sometimes the dark and deep horror of forests, and sometimes the palace of the sun forcing us to shade our eyes.

The temptation of St. Anthony, which in its principle was only an allegory, an Egyptian hieroglyphick, like the paps of Isis and the labours of Hercules, has become in the hands of legendaries, poets, and painters, the source of a multitude of strange fables, which ignorance has converted into true histories, and with which philosophy has not failed to reproach religion.

This celebrated temptation, engraven by Calot, and sung by Piron, was acted as a pantomime on the theatre of the city. The directors of this spectacle neglected nothing to give it all the splendour

splendour and pomp of which it was susceptible. Devils, hell, illusions, stage effect, dancing, fire, military evolutions, gardens, temples, all was employed with richness in the decoration, and profusion in the detail.

People of taste were offended, but the people did not listen to the reasonings of people of taste; they go where they can be elevated and surprised; they go wherever they find any thing that interests them.

These ghosts and spectres, which are raised on the theatres, and which afford so much pleasure in the beholding, are the reflection of the revolutionary periods: the people are pleased at the *phantasm agony* in seeing the shade of Robespierre; it advances; a cry of horror is heard; suddenly the head is detached from the body, a terrible stroke of thunder crushes the monster, and acclamations of joy accompany the thundering fulmination.

People of taste would wish to suppress the little theatres; they lament the attempts of the scenic undertakers, and talk to us of the fine antique; but if they cannot strike us with a grand and interesting spectacle, why are they so anxious to amuse the people, not after their taste, but after their own, which is often timid, cold, and confined? Let them leave the multitude the choice of their seats. The crowd which throng

to a theatre never go without reason, but it is the philosopher alone who discovers the motive.

This species of dark and melancholy romance was fabricated at London; our booksellers have translated them, and they have sold in great abundance. It was for us to invent and write such novels by the glimmering of the lamps of the dungeons where we were buried alive. We have composed nothing of this sort; but decorators and pantomimes seized on those mournful images, and those theatres who had taken less money, though they had their spectres, their hells, and devils also, do not think that fair, and pretend that it does not belong to shew-booths to represent those infernal scenes.

One observation strikes the philosopher on this subject, which is, that the people become familiarized with those fantastic images, amuse themselves more in proportion as they believe less, and, in short, laugh at them. What better effect could the wisest books have produced? The most elegant women are passionately fond of these little theatres; they love the walks of the Boulevards, where reign a greater air of liberty and licence. There is an alley opposite to the Ambiju-comique, which becomes the rendezvous of all the little nocturnal suppers. You are lost in the crowd; you escape all observation; you have the air of being of the people. Images of witchcraft, the libidinous monk carried off by the devil,

devil, the dances and figures of demons, every thing renders a woman prettier after this spectacle than after the opera. Those who pay for the supper are always good and amiable devils; the youngest are the imps, and they transform in the best manner they can the hell which they have just seen into a paradise.

CHAP. CLXXXVIII.

REFRACTORY PRIESTS.

THIS epithet has a double sense; it announces a resistance and a revolt; it signifies an untractable disciple and a rebellious citizen; it is borrowed from the arts. We name *refractory* the sand, or the clay, or the mineral, which not only does not unite itself with other materials, but which hinders them from uniting together, and which dissolves the whole composition.

It is pretended that the priests called *constitutional* have done more harm to the revolution than the *refractory*. "Those," says one of our writers, "had only libertine ideas, but they had, at least the boldness of crime. They could not deceive any one, and the impudence of their pretensions

" was

“ was sufficient to cover them with shame, and
 “ draw down the hatred of the public on their
 “ heads. When it was observed on one side, that
 “ Abbé Maury was a *Franc coquin*, it was retorted
 “ on the other that at least *c’etoit un coquin Franc.*”

What was called *communicat*, was receiving into your mouth from the hand of a priest, just issuing from a place of ill-fame, and still intoxicated, a little bit of flower paste, flat, and of the size and roundness of what we call a little sous.

“ Tremblez, humains, faites des vœux ;

“ Voilà le maitre du tonnere !”

This is at least what our priests wished us to believe, without believing it themselves. A Parisian, who was sick, was confessed by a constitutional priest, and had received what was then called the *viaticum*. His relations laid hold of his conscience, and persuaded him that this *communion* availed nothing. The sick man receives the sacrament of a refractory priest, and says in expiring, “ It would be very unfortunate if neither
 “ of these communions should be good?”

After the affair of Pontarson, a volunteer having been made prisoner by the Chouans, was carried before their general, who, after having shaved him himself, sent him to a priest, who asked him which he preferred, the constitutional or refractory priests? The volunteer answered, “ *that he made use neither of the one nor the other.*” On this answer

fewer he was condemned to be shot, and he was shot.

They call *hostie* a little leaf of paste of the form of a fous, of which a priest, were he the most consummate villain, by means of four Latin words, made a god. A ci-devant marchioness was on her death bed; a non-juring priest having brought her the *viaticum* clandestinely in his breeches, she made some difficulty to swallow it, pretending that it *smelt of his pocket*. It is since said that the non-juring priests make use of no *hosties* but such as are *à la fleur d'orange*.

CHAP. CLXXXIX.

AMELIORATION.

WE cannot hear, without the most lively emotions of pleasure, that there are at present at the Hotel Dieu two hundred and fifty empty beds, and that each sick person has one to himself. The usual mortality in this hospital under the old regime was thirteen persons a day. It is at present only two in six days.

The national lottery, which I have re-created, gives milk to foundlings, soup to the sick, and dressings to the wounded. The hospitals are in
general

general better kept, and charity has no longer that filthy and disgusting front which disfigured its divine character.

CHAP. CXC.

PRIVIES AT THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

HE was not an injudicious man, who, seeing at the Palais-Royal the restaurateurs establish themselves in so great a profusion, and as near each other as holes in a wasp's nest, caused privies to be constructed for those who dine at 18 livres a head. He imagined that so many stuffed turkeys, so many salmon, so many Westphalia hams, so many wild boars' heads, so many Bologna sausages, so many patés, so many liqueurs, sherbets, ices, and lemonades, would find there, en dernier analyse, their common reservoirs; and that in making it spacious enough, and, above all, commodious enough for so many people who make a matter of pleasure of every thing, the *caput mortuum* of the kitchens around would become a mine of silver to him.

In reality, what proves the good sense of the speculator is, that his reservoir brings him an annual revenue of at least eleven to twelve thousand livres.

This

This man carried on nearly the same trade as the emperor Vespasian, who farmed out the privies of Rome; his son, under the guise of railery, reproached him for his avarice; the emperor took out a piece of money, and put it under the nose of his son; *There*, said he, *do you think it smells amiss?*

It is at the Palais Royal, that in every mode the gold which arises from what is most corrupt and abominable leaves no bad smell behind it. O poor mortals! behold then how ye are fashioned!

CHAP. CXCI.

UNLIMITED LIBERTY OF THE PRESS:

I HAVE seen a generation of men of letters, the most celebrated of this age, and of these men there is not one, I affirm, who would not have rejected this unlimited liberty; they have no need of it for the production of those courageous writings, which have thrown so much light amongst us. In their widest wanderings they always preserved a sort of decency; they never brutalized either their language, their opinions, or their persons; they knew that truth has
a pre-

a progressive march; they often repeated this maxim, *Would you put one power more on your side, put justice.*

You must always write in the name of the people, it is said; and there is not an hundredth part of the people who know how to read, and not a thousandth who can distinguish truth from falsehood. That portion of the people who are sincere are agreed on this head; and in their ignorance on every question, they consult rather a man's honesty than his talents.

For this reason, the calumniator endeavours above all to decry the moral character of the republican. The venomous serpent leaves always a poisonous slime on the humid trace of his passage; so the wicked man applauds himself internally for the dangerous seeds which he has thrown into every mind.

Morande, infamous at London as well as Paris, has had many imitators amongst us; we have seen those men appear in bands, who made unblushingly a trade of calumny. We may say that its tooth is so worn out that its gums have overgrown it; it has dared to sully me with the name of royalist; I who have constantly attacked royalism concealed under the mask of Jacobinism; I whose pen is so independent; yes, I have always seen an error, a danger, a snare, in the association of these words, *Unlimited liberty of the press.*

It

It was at first claimed by the ferocious Mountaineers, when they sought to abuse it. They afterwards changed their battery, when they saw that this same liberty unmasked themselves; and when it was said of them, that they carried in their hands the *little key*, spotted with the blood of *Bluebeard*; the more you wipe and rub it, the redder the spot appears.

The despotism of the mob is the worst of all despotisms; it was that which invented and propagated the doctrine of the unlimited liberty of the press. Babeuf became leader of the mob after Marat; they have had plenty of rivals, and successors: it was who should imitate them in mobbism.

All the art of these vile wretches was to affect mobbish forms and expressions, which seduced and deluded the multitude. Every mob-writer might push his lies and impudence as far as he thought proper; he was sure to meet with encouragement.

It was under the poignards, the clubs, and the sabres of the murderers, that the famous nomination for Paris was made in 1792; and which sent to the convention so many men of sanguinary principles. I declared at the time, solemnly and publicly, every thing which was to be expected from them.

What was the origin of all the succeeding crimes? The unlimited liberty of the press; the
cruel

cruel levity with which we glided over crimes which ought to have roused every mind with indignation. These horrors were justified in pamphlets; the atrocious letters of Albitte, of Fouché, of Laporte, and of Collot d'Herbois, were reprinted with affectation; and while on whatever side they turned themselves, the French found nothing but robbers who plundered, and wolves who devoured them, infamous news-writers, with the same sort of barbarism, applauded every thing most active and most horrible, which terror, *salutary terror*, to make use of their own expression, could inspire.

I heard a young man called Vincent, about twenty or twenty-two years old, of an atrocious character, and whose passions were set afloat by the revolution, which had made him a real cannibal, say, that these publications were more republican than all the writings of Mably.

Malliard and Ronfin held the same language to me; one was commander of the revolutionary army, the other had been one of the presidents of the butcheries of September. Couthon shrugged up his shoulders when we spoke of the books of Rousseau respecting government, and said that he understood nothing about it.

CHAP. CXCH.

PUNS.

At the time of the installation of the executive directory, the royalists, losing all hope, exercised their puny vengeance by scribbling insulting or malignant libels on the watch-boxes even of the centinels, who were not Argusses. Not far from the directorial palace we read these words, which were eagerly caught at by the ignorant multitude; *Manufacture de fires à frotter*. They repeated also this phrase, in allusion to the penury of our armies at that time; *Nous ne pouvons continuer la guerre avec cinq cartouches*. Another saying was, *Les Anglais ne se de-Pitt-eront, que quand les Français seront de-Barras-sés*.

This skirmish of the angry punsters was as short as it was feeble. The directory took its footing, despised the epigrammatists, and went on with firmness. After all the shocks, the discouragements, the discredit, the fears of good citizens, after the daring attempts of the emigrants, the avowed enemies of the revolution, and the tricks of non-juring and refractory priests, they re-established order and peace. They were great, firm,

firm, and moderate. Every sensible man attached himself to them, as to a majestic regulator. Their eulogium is in the astonishment and terror of the cabinets of foreign princes.

CHAP. CXCI.

CONDORCET.

As the death of Condorcet caused an universal sensation, every one is naturally anxious to know the circumstances which attended it. Here is what has been transmitted to me by an eyewitness. Arrested at Clamars, in a cabaret which hunger had pressed him to enter, he was taken to the committee of the place (for the smallest villages had their committees of *fansculottes*) interrogated, and searched; he declared that his name was *Simon, an old domestic*. They found neither paper, certificate, or passport on him, but an *Horace*, in the blank pages of which were some lines written with a pencil, and in Latin, which made a member of the committee, who interrogated him, very wisely observe, *Thou tellest us that thou art a servant, but I should be much sooner inclined to believe that thou art one of*

those di-devants, who formerly kept servants. The result of the examination was the sending the quidam to the district of Bourg d'Egalité, to be done with as should be further ordered. Transferred on foot by an armed escort, the unhappy man could not go farther than Chatillon, where he dropt down with hunger and fatigue. They were obliged to borrow a horse of a vine-dresser of this last commune, and he was led to the district, which ordered him to be imprisoned.

Thrown into a damp dungeon, without bed or food, they forgot him for forty-eight hours. The keeper went to visit him the third day only after his entrance; he was stretched out lifeless on the floor. It is unnecessary after that to waste oneself in conjectures on the cause of his death; the truth is, that he had not time to finish his repast in the cabaret at Clamars, and that he died of hunger in his dungeon, which he had entered entirely exhausted: and this perhaps also is the reason why this event, which ought naturally to have made some noise, has remained secret to this moment, and suggested the idea of his having taken poison.

In the last interview which I had with Condorcet, I gave him an itinerary for Neufchatel, in Switzerland, by means of which he might avoid Besançon, Pontarlier, and pass the Doubs.

Condorcet had foreseen the reign of those men of blood, who have brought the most glorious of revolutions

revolutions into detestation, and imprinted it with their characters of folly and ferocity. The same men were soon to assassinate twenty-two representatives of the people; to punish them for their information, their virtue, their courage, and, above all, for the knowledge which they had of the vile and criminal intrigues which the agents of the foreign powers carried on with so much audacity. It is not astonishing that these assassins calumniated their memory; but every thing which has been said of them and Condorcet will soon give way to the overpowering and terrible splendor of truth: and we shall see that there was neither *high treason* in the twenty-two, nor *weakness* in the philosopher; we shall see that the inconceivable oppression which weighed on the people, and on the national convention, its own confession, has given birth to actions which could have belonged only to a Socrates, a Plato, and a Penn; for they themselves would have been murdered, or would have been condemned to silence, amidst that dreadful tempest of thunder, armed for the destruction of genius, philosophy, and even common sense. What then could human reason do? Nothing.

We may however reproach Condorcet for having given an opinion in the trial of Lewis the XVth, so indecisive, so tortuous, and so embarrassed, that every one exclaimed at the time, that the philosopher had spoken really like a child.

Condorcet

Condorcet and Lavoisier were not able to find a hiding-place; the last of the Brutus exclaimed, "Virtue, thou art but an empty name!" These two celebrated men might have addressed the same memorable apostrophe to friendship.

CHAP. CXCIV.

BLACK COLLARS.

OUR black collars had formed a plan (so the report goes) of hiring all the vacant lodgings that surround the Luxemburgh. It is even said that they want to hire the seminary of St. Sulpice, in order to form it into a kind of barrack, which would give them the means of seizing the favourable moment to fall, with arms in their hands, on the directory, who smiled at the menaces of its feeble enemies.

What is a black collar? I divide them into three classes; the emigrants, the cowards who have deserted from the armies, or withdrawn themselves from the requisition by means of money or intrigue, and that vile herd of effeminate *petit-maitres*, whose existence is scarcely perceptible except in theatres and ladies dressing-rooms,
and

and whose whole merit consists in ridiculously aping the follies of the day, and in their daily change of manners, language, and dress. These last are only caterpillars, who crawl about, and gnaw the bark of the tree of liberty.

I read in the abridged dictionary of natural history, that there is a kind of caterpillar, furnished *the livery*. After having given a description of this animal, the writer terminates his article by these words; "It is necessary to destroy this species of caterpillars as soon as you perceive them."

CHAP. CXC.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS.

STOCKHOLDERS, unfortunate class! and entitled to the sympathy of every feeling heart, what would become of you if a royalist re-action should take place in Paris, and meet with success? You have no other titles than such as are new, and which the despot would not acknowledge. He would tell you, "The titles which my predecessors gave you had at their head, "*Lewis, by the grace of God, king of France*—" What

"What signify to me your inscriptions? I know nothing about that."

And ye, brave and old warriors, who have shed your blood, and sacrificed a part of yourselves even in the fields of glory for the defence of your country, you would be ignominiously driven from that asylum, where food and every comfort is secure to you until the end of your glorious career. The despot would say, "Get out, wretches, who have borne arms for the republic, instead of defending *your king, his clergy, and his nobility.*"

CHAP. CXCVI.

CHANGE IN THE NAMES OF STREETS.

I HAVE read a geographical project, of which Paris was the map, and the hackney-coachmen the professors. Certainly I should rather wish Paris to be a geographical chart than a volume of the Roman calendar; and the names of saints, with which the streets are baptized, cannot be compared, either for usefulness or harmony, with the names of the cities and towns for which it was proposed to exchange them. On this plan, the Fauxbourg St. Denis would have been called the

the Fauxbourg of *Valenciennes*; the Fauxbourg of St. Marceau, the Fauxbourg of *Marseilles*; the Place de Greve, the Place de *Tours*, or *Bourgues*, &c.

But seriously, if the names of the streets were to undergo a change, this is a more reasonable and better digested plan than that suggested and put into execution under the revolutionary regime of suppressing the word *saint*.

The authors of this last change thought they had given a mortal blow to the catholic religion, in robbing it of the ancient honour of consecrating our narrow and filthy streets; but it was the precaution of a child, who shuts his eyes in scrambling through thorn bushes.

These names of *saints*, so long unknown themselves, and so long applied to the streets of Paris, reminded the inhabitants no more of the apostles or martyrs of the catholic religion, than Pelican-street reminds those who cross it of the manners of the heavy fishing bird by whose name the street is called.

Who is there amongst us, who is the devout even, that in passing the streets of St. Honoré or St. Antoine, thinks either of the name or deeds of these inhabitants of the skies? We walk along these streets as the English walk through St. Paul's at London, the Turks the street of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the Romans the Flaminian street at Rome, without any of them ever thinking on
Fla-

Flaminus, or St. Sophia, or St. Paul. There was one way indeed to make us think of them as Frenchmen, and that was, to forbid our doing so; and this is the wise resolution which our modern iconoclastes have adopted. Independent of the barbarous hiatus introduced into the language by the suppression of the word *saint* in the streets *Honoré, Roch, Antoine, &c.* they have gone directly contrary to their design, by placing us between the ease of habit and the fear of passing for aristocrats, and forcing us from this very circumstance to be continually recalling both our prejudices and their motives. Thus there is not a reasonable republican who attaches at present the least importance to this subject; and if it were necessary to make a change in the streets of Paris, there is not a man of common sense who would not prefer that of the geography of which we were speaking, which carries with it at least a means of instruction, and a character of originality.

CHAP. CXCVII.

LIBELLERS.

WE scarcely know which to be most astonished at, the presumption of certain news-writers, or the credulity of the public, who blindly refer themselves to their decisions, and who subsidize them in order to be deceived. What confidence, in fact, can we have in writers so rash as to speak of every thing without examination, of morality without morals, of religion without believing in God, of literature without well knowing how to read, of political economy without elements ! What interest, even of curiosity, could such declamatory libellers inspire, who can only bark, bite, and calumniate ; without views, without means, without shame, and without country ?

Whatever be the disposition, which we all have, to read every thing with pleasure which bears the character of mischievousness, still this mischievousness must be seasoned, and this disposition be kept up by wit, which can alone in the long run pardon the use or justify the excess of it.

To what esteem can these men pretend, who do not blush to contradict themselves openly one day after another respecting the same person, the same event, the same works? who, on the recommendation of a silly fellow or a bookseller, cry up to the skies an obscure writer whose opinions favour their party, or whose dinners *prismatize* their opinions; who, to deck up an old idol, or satisfy their personal animosity, let loose their fury against such honest writers as do not humble themselves before their contemptible pride.

The punishment of ridicule is, we must confess, a chastisement too mild for those scribblers, writers of yesterday, and most indefatigable calumniators. We cannot conceive how they should pretend to avoid it, or have the impudence to complain.

What is this new mode of reasoning? There have been great villains in the convention, therefore the convention is composed of villains. The republic has been, from its first foundation, the theatre of factions and disorders, therefore no laws or peace can take place in a republic.

The follies of a court begat the deficit, which begat the American war, which begat the hatred of England, which begat the faction of Orleans, which begat the factions of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, which begat the Jacobins, which begat immorality, atheism, and stockjobbing,
which

which begat the pseudo-royalists, which I begat the journalists, the libellers, the pamphleteers, of whom we have spoken, and who, already forgotten, are covered with the most ineffable contempt.

CHAP. CXCVIII.

SHADE OF ROUSSEAU.

I WENT, according to custom, to visit the pillars of the dome of the Pantheon, and to examine attentively what we had a right to fear or hope with respect to the fate of this great edifice, which holds every mind in suspense.

Magnificent works, labours of more than half a century, must you perish in a single instant! I looked, my head thrown backward, at those majestic columns, the delicate and light foliage of the capitals, those lofty and triple vaults, and exclaimed, "Superb pillars! if you must give way, let it not be at least without giving us a last and charitable warning."

O vain efforts of art! O too costly monument! O fruitless expences! O barren pomp! I made all these reflections as I walked along, when suddenly

denly I heard a gentle sigh, which proceeded from a cavern. I stopt, I listened, and recollected the tender and plaintive voice of J. J. Rousseau.

“What am I? What do I do here? I, in a temple! Why have they placed me here? I reposed so well in the Isle of Poplars; it was the last habitation which I had obtained from friendship; the birds came to warble above my cinerary urn; the young girls of the neighbouring hamlet often covered my tomb with marjoram, singing the airs of my *Devin du Village*. Men have torn me from the Elysium, where I enjoyed perfect tranquillity, and have plunged me into a cold stone quarry. Instead of the shade of Fenelon which I sought, I saw a horrible bloody spectre, which took the road of hell: he only passed through, it is true, but he has left in this atmosphere a smell of crimes which cannot be extinguished.

“Ah! whoever you be that hear me, do not reject my prayer; let me be carried back to my island; let me again breathe the balmy air of the country; let me feel myself warmed again by the rays of that sun which led me to the adoration of the author.

“I am stifled in this sepulchre; the earth shakes under my coffin; I hear the falling of the tottering stones; those who enter fly away affrighted. Immortality is not in safety at the Pantheon.—Oh! I shall be more tranquil under
“the

"the vault of heaven, under that cupola which
"does not fall!"

Struck with these complainings, I thought it
my duty to transmit them to the friends of J. J.
Rousseau; and I joined my prayers that this
man of nature might, agreeably to his ardent so-
licitations, be carried back to Ermenonville.

CHAP. CXCIX.

SECTION LEPELLETIER.

THE existence of the capital is a real miracle;
it has escaped the coalition of kings, and its own
intestine divisions; it has escaped famine; and
when we reflect what could have saved it from
this last scourge, we can attribute it only to the
wealth of most plentiful autumns. The crea-
tion of that multitude of particular districts has
wonderfully contributed to favour an equal distri-
bution, and has given each quarter a central
point, which it would have been very difficult to
have established on a general plan.

How does this city subsist, betrayed by its
magistrates, who were to have opened the gates
to the conspirators? When the news of the tak-
ing

ing of the Bastile, at first considered at Versailles as an imposture, soon excited at the court the terror with which it had inspired us, when every countenance grew pale at hearing of our daring and majestic position, this great danger was not the last we had to undergo. A year did not pass in which our walls were not threatened with fire, and the rage of the factions, which broke loose in this immense city, seemed to have no walls strong enough to restrain it.

While mercenary writers, salaried by the foreign powers, never ceased boasting, with equal extravagance and perfidy, of the perfect tranquillity of this city, and the majesty of its primary and permanent assemblies, whilst warned by too fatal an experience, we did not cease ourselves to inspire a just mistrust of that deceitful calm, and call the attention of the patriots of 1789 to the seditious invasions, the multiplied revolts, and the ultimate attempts of those primary assemblies, which a band of factious men were plunging into the horrors of civil war, emissaries were secretly working up the people before whom they were prostrating themselves in public. The royalists were digging a deep abyss under our feet, while they were crowning our heads with their intoxicating flowers. Wretches! they were perfuming the altar on which they wished to sacrifice every Parisian, as the author or accomplice of the death of the last king.

We

We shall here give some developements necessary to establish the facts, slight in appearance, but the consequences of which might have had the most murderous influence on the fate of the French republic.

It was on Thursday evening, the 2d of Vendemiaire, that they attempted at the Palais Royal the game of the manœuvres concerted in the cabals of the section Lepelletier. It was remembered that a dozen coxcombs insulted in the garden the invalids who had cried out, *Vive la republic!* Three of these insolent young men were arrested, and the rest ran away like a flock of deer at the report of a fowling-piece.

The 3d Vendemiaire, the sections of the French theatre, of Unity, and Lepelletier, took most violent arrêtes against the convention, made a proclamation of disobedience to the decrees accepted by the whole of France, and named, according to custom, commissaries to publish their proclamation and their resolutions. The evening of the same day people, adroitly scattered through different quarters of the city, exclaimed that all the young men were arrested and sent to prison.

The young men, affrighted, assembled in the garden of the Palais Royal; groups were formed, the most daring projects were proposed; and whilst some were employed in stirring up their passions, others were singing the *Reveil du Peuple*.

Some one took it into his head to ask, "What are these cries and movements about?"—"A terrorist," they called out on every side: "It is a terrorist," and the pretended terrorist was knocked down. The women fled, the shops were shut up, and a torrent of young people rushed on successively to the theatres of the republic, of the Rue Feydeau, and the Vandeville, where they forced the doors, interrupted the plays, and made the actors sing the *Reveil du Peuple*. All these preliminaries covered the design of increasing the rioters, of forming themselves into battalions, and of going to attack the convention.

Meanwhile the military force was organized, patrols circulated divided the groups, and broke every hostile measure, which for want of a common point did not stand the slightest opposition.

At half past nine the passions were raised to the highest pitch; the groups were strong, numerous, and riotous; a patrol of grenadiers passing by were fired at, and one of three shots struck a soldier in the head. This was the signal of war, the critical moment; and if the grenadiers had been as forward to repulse that outrage as their enemies had been to commit it, there is no doubt but Paris would have become a royal Vendee; that was what was wanted; but unshaken in their duty, these brave soldiers, having had no orders

orders to fire, stopt motionless after presenting their bayonets. It was on this occasion that the cowardice of these miscreants manifested itself; not having succeeded in causing the massacre of the whole of this intrepid patrol, they ran through the city, crying out that the convention had fired on the people, and calling *To arms!* the streets re-echoed nothing but those words, *To arms! to arms! Down with the convention! the sections for ever!*

Silly leaguers! you had not counted on so much firmness on the part of the inhabitants of this city; you had thought, in the towering presumption of your ambitious projects, that all Paris would be shaken by your cries, would march at your orders, and would sacrifice to your pleasure, liberty, property, repose, hope, every thing, even life. Vain was your outcry that the convention had fired on the people; the people, so often deceived by your royal manœuvres, were resolved to see and understand before they acted.

This fatal temporisation ruined you; all this scaffolding of crimes and folly was crushed under the weight of truth.

At eleven, every thing had disappeared. The convention, while these pigmies were hovering around it, assembled at eight, but without debating, and at half after ten the committees of government entered the hall. On this sitting,

one of the most memorable of the convention, seemed to hang the destiny of France: every one viewed with horror this scandalous war between the national convention and a puny fraction of the nation, called for vigorous and persevering measures; every heart animated with the same sentiment, that of dying rather than yielding, rallied to the same standard, that of the republic.

CHAP. CC.

HIRED BALLAD-SINGERS.

WE cannot take four steps in the streets of Paris without seeing ballad-singers mounted on stools; who, when they have drawn the multitude around them by the sound of some instrument, begin a dialogue of their own composition. These means were not neglected during the revolution. All the licentious maxims of demagogy passed through the organs of these vile vagabonds.

Broken by the tortures of the revolutionary regime, we heard these murderous ballad-singers in the evenings at the Palais-Royal, howling out, *To the guillotine, Capet, to the guillotine*, attended by furious looking wretches with sabres

in

in their hands. These same ballad-fingers carried on biers men who were wounded in the affair of the 10th of August, and paraded through the hall of the convention, calling for vengeance in their brutal songs. All the names which entered into the composition of the famous instrument of punishment were worked up into gay couplets for the amusement of the mob. Droll expressions were consecrated to represent the action of the fatal plank, and the fall of the guillotined heads. The death of the condemned was accompanied by taunting irony, and jests were annexed to every function and the least movements of the executioner.

Marat, Chabot, Robespierre, and d'Orleans, were sung by these prostituted mouths. On the 10th of August these men had hid themselves, waiting the event of the combat. The ballad-fingers metamorphosed them at once into heroes armed and fighting, for these cowards were anxious to be reputed brave.

We have heard their violins strumming out eternal ditties on the murder of Lepelletier St. Fargeau; and when the murderer blew out his brains (as they said, but which I do not believe) on the bed of an inn where people had entered to seize his person, the same ballad-fingers evoked all the furies of hell to torture him; and a clerk of the criminal tribunal, who was called *Paris*, dared no longer bear that name, but took that of *Fabricius*.

CHAP. CCI.

MAIMED SOLDIERS.

Alas! who is the man, that without being affected, can meet in the streets these men covered with honourable wounds, which bring to our recollection those terrible battles in which they have been received? We still find in the countenances of these young mutilated heroes the stamp of that courage which animated them in combat; and if our eye could penetrate under their garments, how many other glorious scars should we yet discover!

How many men without legs, without arms, without nose, chin, or mouth! Every where we discover hideous traces of the cruelties of war. O detestable kings! ye who are leagued against our infant republic, thinking to annihilate it! ye who wished to enslave us, and who entered on our soil with your powerless thunders, ye are the authors of those sad mutilations; humanity bears witness against you; but what account do you make of humanity, provided insatiable pride cements the crown on your heads!

Look at these soldiers, who have escaped the chance of war! They have left on the fields of victory

victory the half of themselves. Let us stop from gratitude; let us stand up, and let that wooden leg pass by; let us stretch out our hands to that blind man, and pick up the snuff-box or handkerchief of him who has lost his arm.

It was proposed that every centinel should present arms whenever a maimed soldier passed. I am sorry that this motion was not carried into full execution. What republican does not feel his patriotism receive a new degree of force and courage in seeing those deplorable victims of the blind vengeance of the powers coalesced against a generous people. They were willing to destroy a shameful government which weighed upon them, and cowardly tyrants have dared to call them to account; they have given this account at Turin, at Venice, at Rome, at Berne, at Mentz, at Amsterdam, at the gates of Vienna. These mutilated young men place before my eyes those rapid and immortal conquests, and it is in paying my respects to their stumps that I perceive the arm of their comrades planting on the foreign soils the three-coloured flag. O presentiments of the most just and most memorable of victories, do not deceive me! I never fail to shew a mark of sensibility or respect whenever I meet these mutilated men, those warriors whom my eyes follow in their slow and painful motions, till I feel them moistened with tears.

A me-

A mechanic has made wooden legs of so simple and happy a construction, that when they are covered with a stocking or a shoe, the eye cannot distinguish whether or no it is homogenous with the body to which it is fastened.

In general, a certain hilarity reigns in the countenances of these mutilated soldiers; and from the decency of their appearance, we see that the republic is attentive to their food and maintenance.

When we enter the house of the invalids, we find the air, which was formerly infected, now pure; the kitchens are clean, and since the republican regime, are common. The revolution has operated various happy changes in the interior government of this interesting dépôt. The choice pieces of meat no longer turn on triple rows of spits for the officers only, the food is the same for all, and this is good and beneficent equality.

Each table is composed of twelve soldiers, and is furnished with soup, boiled beef, a plate of vegetables, and half a pint of unadulterated wine to each man.

Men, robust as Hercules, bearing with steady step and muscular arm hand-barrows loaded with dishes, bring to remembrance those who, in the triumphs of Alexander, carry the instruments of the sacrifices.

When we visit this immense house, placed with a northern aspect in the midst of a plain, and
which

which seems, from this happy position, to breathe the pure air of the adjacent country, we no longer find the beautiful marble statues of the chapels within; they had been taken down from their base, ranged symmetrically in the court of the portico, and these images of bishops presented to the eye of the spectator the semblance of a council. The external part of this edifice offers at present only the shadow of its former glory.

The dome still preserves, in spite of the destroying hammers of the Vandals of 1793, the noble remains of its elegant and majestic attitude.

The church is naked and thoroughly ransacked; the altar, on which was erected six gilt columns of dazzling splendour, is buried under the dust of demolitions; caps of liberty have replaced the fleurs de lys, and it cost immense sums to efface them at the highest corners, which operation was called *sans-culottising the royal dome*.

We shall never more see venerable soldiers, whitened under arms, worshipping God with fervour, and mingling in their pious songs the name of the founder of this asylum.

CHAP. CCII.

PRINTING OFFICES.

THERE were formerly only thirty-six printers in Paris, and these were privileged. The revolution has overthrown these absurd privileges. A printing-press is my writing-desk, and that of every good or bad author. They have multiplied so astonishingly, that the press, after having done so much good, threatens a fatal catastrophe. It is the rottenness of the egg, *corruptio optimi pessima*.

But how, will it be said, make a repressive law? There is scarcely an house in Paris where there is not a press, either in the cellar or the garret, and in the outhouses two or three newspaper writers.

You may well imagine that all royalists and aristocrats encourage these writers in undermining a government which is odious to them; and why should not this regiment of scribblers fancy themselves a power, when they see themselves introduced even into the hall of the legislative body, and that there is but a bench which separates them from the legislators? Is not the power, which they have assumed, of slandering, criticising,
and

and proclaiming their satires morning and evening, an authority undisputed? and how, then, suppose it unlawful? The journalist will tell you that it is infallible, and for that reason become irreproachable.

It is with this sort of logic that the journalist calls himself a legislator, legislator of the streets, whose decrees are published at every corner, and parade along the kennels. What more authentic! what is the broken voice that speaks at the tribune compared with that of the Stentor who can awaken a whole district, and which hears the proclamation in all its force and plenitude?

Journalists will be the everlasting despair of governments; they have nothing to fear but themselves, that is to say, the contempt into which they are falling by their own extravagancies; they have taken large steps towards it.

There are countries where a woman may make a declaration that she wishes to be a courtesan or public girl; she receives a certificate, and enjoys the unlimited liberty of prostituting herself. There are two classes of journalists, the one are in search of truth, and wish to speak it, but with reserve, and with a sort of respect for the public and themselves. In order that this truth might become universal, they give it a decent physiognomy, and they know that a certain air of wisdom will cause it to be adopted. The others drive

drive their pen headlong, and bolt out their assertions, affect a stile of satire, though nature has not endowed them with the talent; mingling censure, sarcasm, and raillery, and confounding all distinctions. Every phrase is good for them, provided it be caustic; truth to them is the groan of the offended. To envenom the actions of a public man is the way to make him walk upright. Every administration, every authority, is tyrannical, when it is not in perfect obedience to their ideas; every government is corrupted and assassable, whenever it thwarts their antisocial productions.

These writers should therefore class themselves into rational and seditious journalists; and the public, instructed by the sign, would learn that there is as much distance between two men who write periodically, as between a surgeon who makes an anatomical operation, and the butcher who cuts up an ox.

The licentiousness of the press lasted till the 18th of Fructidor; the scandal, without having entirely ceased, has been diminished since that epocha, because the directory has the right of putting the seals on the anti-republican presses; but the incorrigible journalist begins again on the morrow with another writing-desk. Quick! give these scribes their certificates of infamy!

CHAP. CCIII.

WAREHOUSEMEN.

HE who first said that the tradesmen had formed the project of *degrading the coin*, thought he only said a bon mot, while he asserted a truth. It is very true, that whether it be for want of arms, or want of moral restraint, commodities have been raised to such a height that the most able observers are ignorant of the cause, and unable to explain it.

We can easily conceive how colonial produce, such as sugar, coffee, pepper, indigo, cotton, keep at so high a price; there are two causes which are evident, the devastation of the colonies, and the rate of insurance.

But indigenous commodities, such as wine, brandy, oil, wool, paper, grain, and every thing the produce of our own soil, and which we have so abundantly reaped for these three years past, with which warehouses and markets are filled, why should these augment every day? Why is the price of to-morrow higher than that of the preceding day? Unless there was a general hail-storm over the land, or a drought, it required twenty years formerly to change the usual prices of
common

common commodities; at present, it requires only twenty-four hours, and the will of a warehousman of the street St. Denis.

CHAP. CCIV.

I AM A MODERE.

UNDER COVERT of night, in silence, under secrecy, without forms, despotism and private hatred shut up citizens by thousands. People were arrested not only at midnight, but were likewise treated in the most savage and most humiliating manner. The committee of public safety had created an infinite number of subordinate dictatorships; and the citizens, spoiled of their rights, miserable, trembling, and dumb before their tyrants, appeared before a murderous tribunal, where their ears were struck with only one cry: *Death! Death!*

There is no exaggeration in stating that these tyrants had the impudence to insinuate that the two-thirds of France were scoundrels, and that it was necessary to exterminate sixteen millions of men to render the rest free. The revolutionary tribunal was the amphitheatre, which, like that
of

of old, contained wild beasts commissioned to execute the sentences of death. And I also was condemned to the beasts; for it was being so, to fall into the hands of Fouquier Tinville and all his ruffian horde, and be imprisoned till my turn came.

But though the French nation breathes again, though its numerous phalanxes rally round the power which it has freely erected, though every heart dilates with joy, we can scarcely venture to pronounce the word *moderation*; it has not yet resumed the rank suitable to its dignity.

The traveller steps aside to make way for the torrent; but when that torrent, which rolled in every crime, has ceased to flow, why are we still struck with respect for the den of the cannibals? What an oppression must every mind have laboured under, when they have so much difficulty in resuming their former attitudes. Rouse yourselves with me, brave republicans! let me inspire you with the courage to shew yourselves worthy of liberty! ye who have made the tyrants of the universe tremble, can you remain unworthy of the high destiny to which you are called! and can you continue to tremble before those whom you ought to punish! But you will tell me, that they will cry out against *moderantism*. What signifies the word, provided you are just! I am delighted with that *moderantism* which renders me humane, tolerant, reflective; if that is to be a *modéré*, I am

so:

so: I have deserved the hatred of the great patriots of the day, and in that I have succeeded to my wishes; for if they esteemed me, I should not esteem myself. What calm! what stupor! what lethargy! Silence and annihilation hover over you, republicans! You sleep, and counter-revolution is on the watch. Of the tyranny of Robespierre there is nothing extinguished but the tyrant; his horrible system survives him. These words were written to Robert Lindet, to which he has given no answer.

“ You, covered in part with the blood of
 “ France; you, one of the inventors of the revo-
 “ lutionary tribunal, who, on the 10th of March,
 “ undertook to bring forward a most abominable
 “ project; who were desirous that this tribunal
 “ should condemn without trial and without
 “ jury; who, on that day, made even Barrere
 “ blush, and drew from him the reproach that
 “ you effaced the most ferocious of despots; you,
 “ the companion, the valet, the official defender of
 “ our executioners; you, who declared that you
 “ concurred with them in responsibility for the
 “ death of our most enlightened citizens, that of my
 “ worthiest friends, that of the unhappy Lavo-
 “ sier, whose genius has illumined, and will for
 “ a long time illumine every class of science,
 “ humanity, and the world; that of the illustri-
 “ ous and respectable Malesherbes, whose head
 “ ought to have been guaranteed by national ho-
 “ nour

“nour, whole and entire, if the voice of honour
“could then have been heard; that of the intre-
“pid Beauharnais, of the virtuous Andrew Che-
“nier, of the feeling Rouchar, of the amiable and
“generous Trudaines, &c. &c. ; that even of so
“many women, whose charms were equal to
“their innocence, and who never could have
“been sacrificed to the fury of our civil discords,
“but by the most execrable barbarity. How
“dare you speak, write, print, nay even threaten?
“How dare you think, or pretend that you can
“in any mode become useful to the state, shew
“yourself, or mingle in public affairs? How
“can you look at your hands? The wandering
“ghosts, do they not shake the curtains of your
“bed? Try to sleep!”——

The Moderés have formed a distinct sect in the revolution; around which the unfortunate, the undecided, and indifferent parties, that is, the greater number, have always arranged themselves. This sect ought on this account to have always had the ascendancy, if the terror which always prevailed in revolutionary moments had not given a supernatural superiority to the exertions of the smaller number.

The Moderés have been odious to the counter-revolutionists, inasmuch as they were obedient to the majority, and seemed thereby to concur with them; but they have been a thousand times more odious to the frantic revolutionists, because they

were an active reproach of the conduct of those infuriated men; and particularly because the revolutionists foresaw that the Moderés would be an obstacle to their exclusive usurpation of the authority of the republic, which, more than the love of their country, was the object of all their fury.

The exasperated revolutionists carried on therefore a more terrible war against the Moderés than against the counter-revolutionists; and the most deplorable victims of the revolution are in this deserving estimable class, who were always strangers to vengeance.

The Moderés followed the revolution, but did not make it: they followed it, because they saw that the incurable corruption of our old regime had rendered it infallible, and that it was in the decrees of fate: they did not make the revolution, because contributing to a revolution, which must necessarily render an infinite number unhappy, is a mission to which no honest man will think himself called.

But now that the revolution is made, now that all these energetic and cruel men who have served the revolution, or rather of whom the revolution has made use in order to unfold itself, now that all these ferocious men have been worn out by the revolution, and that none remain except the savage subalterns, who are continually wearing away by their powerless efforts, it is for the Moderés to consolidate a work which ought no longer

longer to be exposed to revolutionary agitations, and which ought in short to be brought back to the pure motives which caused it to be undertaken.

We owe it to the Moderés, that the revolution has not been carried to that pitch of cruelty, to which all France has but too well learnt that they wanted to push it; for it is well known that nothing less was meditated, than burying under the ruins of their inheritances a third of the inhabitants of those fine countries. The constant opposition of the Moderés retarded and repressed those massacres, which were so atrociously combined; and when the anger of the people began to be appeased, when they were themselves overwhelmed with consternation at the horrors to which they had been excited in the delirium of their frenzy, the Moderés seized the moment when new excesses were about to cover us with still greater dishonour, and roused the whole republic. The whole of the people seconded them, wearied and ashamed of so many atrocities, and the 9th of Thermidor took place.

The 9th Thermidor and the 14th July are the two days of the revolution, in which the French have been perfectly unanimous; on those days they appeared in mass, and their sovereignty was striking and decisive. It is from these two days

that we ought to draw all the results of the revolution.

On the 14th July, the people said, *We will be free!* the 9th Thermidor, they said, *We will be just!* and it is liberty and justice which ought to conduct the revolution to its happy termination.

Thus, if the Moderés have prevented the massacre of so many French, who were at least imprudent; if they have had the happiness to save so great a number on the 9th of Thermidor, their part is not finished; they ought, in the name of the services which they have rendered, in the name of humanity continually violated, to save from the fury of the re-actors all such men as have been led away by extravagant opinions, and whose audacious chiefs are no more.

The deliverers of the 9th Thermidor will never suffer an inverted conspiracy to consume another quarter of France in massacres not less execrable; they will not suffer a new sect of assassins to drive madmen to revolt through despair, in order to have a pretext for murdering them.

It is undoubtedly time that the reign of the law alone should take place. The people have need of repose. Doubt not, agitators of both parties, but that the people wish for repose, and that they will force you to silence. If you entertain hatred, lay it down at the feet of your country.

Your

Your relatives, you say, are dead : ah ! how many generous citizens are dead in defending their country ! Did they put an inestimable price on their blood ? and is it the blood only of domestic victims which shall be the object of every thought and every remembrance ? The battle is gained, the victory belongs to the mass ; this is all that ought to remain of our violences ; every thing else is partial, and ought to be forgotten. We ought no longer to be exclaiming, “ Woe to such a class of men ! woe to such another ! ” but all feelings ought to be confounded ; all passions ought to be absorbed in the only and universal cry of *Vive la Republique !*

You who at present disturb the peace of the republic by your cries of vengeance, remember with what sincerity you preferred that salutary cry, when the dungeons were opened to you on the 9th Thermidor. You were then all republicans ; and we thought that on that day we had truly founded the republic, by recalling you into its bosom with so deep a sentiment of the return of its beneficence. Was it you who made this 9th of Thermidor ? Was it not we who felt the need of forgiveness and love, and who so ardently seized the moment of a return to clemency ? Do not disappoint hopes founded on a pact so sacred ; we ask it in the name of the 9th of Thermidor. The appeal to that happy day ought to be the talismanic word, which should
dissolve

dissolve all hatred; and let it never be pronounced between men divided by factions without restoring them to justice and to peace. This is what the *Moderés* have a right to demand from their fellow citizens, whom they have served in their respective turns; and this is what they will infallibly obtain from every Frenchman, whom they have, by so just a title, the right of calling their brothers and their friends.

And let it be observed, that the people take part in this reconciliation; that they ask, invite, and will it. They know well that they have shared the general madness; they are like that infuriated mistress, who, after having ordered the death of a faithless lover, cries out to the executioner, that he should have disobeyed her commands. They are like Alexander, who, after having killed his friend, whose arrogance had offended him, returns to his native generosity and virtue, by manifesting every sign of repentance and despair. We ought to pay attention to their regrets, and not push our resentment to a point which is unjustifiable. Listen then, movers of both parties, to the voice of the *Moderés*, and be persuaded that every mind is fatigued with your return to hatred and cruelty: that it is time to forget, if possible, your madness and your fury: and that the day which ought to put an end to all these excesses, which it is time to finish, is arrived.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCV.

THE RUSSIAN AT PARIS.

He walks, runs, and glides every where; he is courteous and polite; he has no accent by which he can be distinguished; he writes every evening what he has heard. I met him, and disconcerted him with a single word. He ought to be well paid, for he believes in his emperor as a devout mussulman believes in Mahomet.

Of all the cabinets of Europe, the cabinet of Russia is, without contradiction, that which, amidst this general tempest, has shown most address, and gained most influence. The empress has manifested the greatest hatred against the French revolution, and has furnished the least contingent in the war provoked by this hatred.

For six years past numerous fleets are sometimes to set sail from Archangel; at other times powerful armies are to march from the banks of the Dwina; but nothing of all that takes place; and whilst the effects of these menaces are waited for, the very princess is rounding herself in Poland, and continues in tranquillity her preparations against Turkey.

But

But if she puts a world of economy in the effectual succours, which she never ceases promising to her allies, she puts none into the declarations, manifestoes, and dispatches, which, from the interior of her chancellery, issue forth to feed the flame of war to the southern extremities of Europe.

She has just given a new proof of this double policy, in the proclamation of sixty thousand men ready to march, and who immediately receive a counter-order.

The three quarters and a half of Paris, who know nothing more of Russia than they do of China, are alarmed at this news; but as every thing is transient in this great city, they fell into another extreme, and considered Russia as not making the slightest weight in the political balance. If the Russian troops were at the gates of Paris, the people would not believe it.

The French emigrants were lately advised to go and conquer Canada; but they were not told where they should find money and a fleet to make this conquest. We, who know that you can never make an adventurer or a buccaneer of an emigrant, we will give them counsel more suitable to their cowardice, their want of courage. The emigrants would find neither a king nor a court in Canada; let us rather direct their march towards that monarch of the north, who
has

has the bowels of a father for those great *exterminators*, who will communicate to him, in exchange for his good and loyal services, the secret of pouncing like an eagle on France, and of swallowing twenty-five millions of *republicans* as glibly as a rentier swallows his soup. This *Benedict*, emperor of Russia, how he caresses these gentlemen emigrants ! how anxious he is to place them at the head of his armies, and assign them the most eminent places !

Philosophic republicans, you think that the time of miracles is past. — Ask Condé what has just happened to him at the court of his friend * * *. Emigrants of all descriptions, if there are any of you who have escaped the vigilance of *Sottin*, and the researches of *Tissot*, prick up your ears, and listen. * * *, emperor by trade, had given a magnificent dinner to the seigneurs of his court, among whom were emigrants of high rank, and among those monseigneur the prince of Condé. The dinner was extremely gay ; it was agreed to banish politics from the conversation, and amuse themselves only with the pleasures of the old court of France. At the desert, Condé suffered a long sigh to escape him, which, by the effect of magnetism, vibrated on the sentimental fibres of the emperor. “ Monseigneur,” says * * *, “ you are regretting the flesh-pots of Egypt ; “ is it not true ? The park, the gardens, the avenues, the drawing-rooms, the furniture of Chan-
“ tilly,

"tilly, are galloping through your head." Condé answers by a second sigh, which carries *compunction* into every heart. "Well," says ***, "I will lead you to Chantilly." These last words electrified every emigrant present at the feast, and who with one accord clap their hands on the hilts of their swords, crying out—"Vivat, vivat-allons! —let us receive the signal of departure, and in the twinkling of an eye we will pounce on Paris, and there we will make quick work with the two councils; we will exterminate the di-rectory—we—we"—"Moderate a little this chevalaresque order; I have not promised to lead *Monseigneur* to Paris," adds ***; "I do not mean to go as far (we give him credit for that), but to Chantilly. Take your coffee and liqueur, and we will go to the chateau."

Impatient couriers transported in gilt cars the monarch and his court to the middle of a vast park. A magnificent chateau was seen at a distance through the avenues. A cry of admiration was heard: "It is Chantilly! It is Chantilly!" Condé was beside himself; he sees again his old chateau, his English gardens, his bowers, his boudoirs, his furniture, his tapestry, his pictures. *** had procured at a vast expence drawings of all those objects, and had wasted millions for the execution of this fairy work of a new kind.

This

This fable served to amuse Paris for three days, and puzzled some old personages who formerly wore the livery; I mean that which was then worn without disgrace, the supper-men at the prince's, of which we have a remnant left. It was difficult to undeceive them. Ought not the emperor of Russia, for the noble reception at Chantilly of the count and countess of the North, to treat as a comrade Conde *lack-land*, and assign him something resembling a crown. O profound diplomacy of the old valets of courts!

CHAP. CCVI.

THIRD PARTY.

It appears at present, that between the royalists and the terrorists there is a third party, who are no more for one than the other, and who would oppose both with equal intrepidity. What is certain also is, that it signifies little to the royalists under what form they appear on the scene, provided they stifle the republic in its cradle; from whence we may conclude, that there is not so great a difference between them and the terrorists but that we may confound them

them together, and believe them united by a secret covenant.

Those who look only at the outside may believe in the return of terror, but its talisman is broken; the only terror we have to fear at present is the cruel, the inevitable vengeance of the royalists, if ever they return conquerors. In what oceans of blood would they wash away their injuries! with what perfidious address would they sweep away from the whole of France what they call the republican filth! The satellites of Robespierre were great villains; they have done us infinite mischief! The horror with which they have inspired us is deeply rooted; but the royalists would be an hundred times worse; they would be more cruel, because they would shed blood which they despise, whilst the others trembled in shedding blood which they feared; they would be more cruel, because, in addition to the common motives of party, they would be spurred on by the irritation of implacable pride; they would be more cruel, in short, because they would make use of more legal forms, more appearance of justice; they would remember at the end of thirty years, that such a one was a republican; they would dress their dogs to hunt him out, and seize him in the depths of caverns, or on the summit of the Pyrenees.

What

What at present deceives the good women and the burghers of Paris with respect to their situation is, that they imagine that the old regime will return at once with all its sweets; superfine bread at two sous, a dish of milk-coffee six sous, meat at eight sous, &c. &c. Silly folks! that good time will never return for you, though you should even have a king; you must count on nothing else than that tranquillity and plenty which will be brought about by republican laws. A king would henceforth never appear amongst you, but escorted by all the formidable apparatus of war; his guard would be composed of strangers prejudiced against you; his palaces will be defended by towers and cannons; your sweat, your labours, your treasures, and your children, will belong to him. Every day you will be reminded of your crimes and your slavery by new punishments. Paris, this guilty city, will never see either brilliant lords or sovereign courts, or an opulent clergy. Its trade of articles of consumption will follow the court of the prince. Its hotels and monuments will fall into ruins. Its richest inhabitants will fly an accursed land which will produce nothing but thorns and briars.

This is the fate which attends you, wretches, who are calling for a king; and ye, anarchists, who are anxious to root up the bases of civil society and public repose, only to commit with impunity

impunity the crimes which ye hold so dear! Fly, hold your peace; we are acquainted with your logic and your *bicetrical* inclinations. Here is the sketch of the picture which was drawn of your municipal commune of Paris, and you have not changed, any more than that municipality, your physiognomy or character.

In that place were gathered together the most incoherent ideas that ever dishonoured the human brain, and which passed for a system of democracy worthy of the French people. There abject manners corrupted language, brutal appetites issuing from the most impure, the most bicetrical pest-houses, were considered as signs of ardent patriotism."

CHAP. CCVII.

SAINT FIRMIN.

A MONASTERY where almost all the priests who were confined were inhumanly massacred. Henriot, who had made his first campaign in the massacres of September, did not leave the house till there were no more murders to be committed. When he went out of the gate he was half
naked,

naked, covered with blood, and his sabre in his hand. I knew one of those unfortunate priests, who, being in the privy, kept himself concealed, and when called to come down, owed his life to these words: "I am going down to you, citizens; I am making haste." The simplicity of this resignation caused him to be forgotten.

In this dumb city there was more than one focus of human butchery. Every sense shrinks with horror. Nevertheless this plan of barbarity, this project of murder in the prisons, had been long preconcerted; the yellers of liberty have brought forward again the same plans; they never bely themselves.

Ah! if Charlotte Corday had known how to have drawn her dagger in the midst of the convention, and not at the house of Marat, posterity would decree a still more glorious and flourishing palm. When this extraordinary woman was led to punishment, her passage was a triumph. Every sensible or feeling man pictured to himself on one side that energumene whose voice resembled nothing but that of a wild beast sacrificed for his crimes, and on the other that victorious heroine, tranquil without affectation, and giving away her life with joy; satisfied with the great example, she seemed to have a presentiment of the historic muse.

The bust of the monster displayed, placed, paraded every where, was soon to fall; that of
Charlotte

Charlotte Corday, erected already in every republican heart, placed above the table where I am now writing, will be surrounded with everlasting rays of glory. Those men who embalmed the heart of Marat, who deposited it in a sepulchral urn, who exposed it to the veneration of his faithful followers, who compared him to a god, rejoiced internally at his death; they rejoiced at it, because it furnished them with a pretence to blacken more the true friends of liberty, and massacre them with more facility. The apotheosis of Marat! Is that credible? especially after the 9th of Thermidor! This was a very striking proof that the sanguinocrates had their successors, and that after killing each other they still thirsted for blood.

CHAP. CCVIII.

FETE OF 10 THERMIDOR, FOURTH YEAR.

IF the number and splendor of the carriages, if an assemblage of most elegant women, of most muscadin young men and most prancing horses, if a crowd of spectators, forming a long procession from Paris to the Champ de Mars, and filling the

the whole extent of the slopes around the field; if all that can give the idea of a fête, though without *festin*, the director of that of the 10th Thermidor may flatter himself in having succeeded.

Who could have thought, in seeing so many riches lavished on carriages and women, and so much gaiety spread over every countenance, that we were yet at war with a third of Europe, that blood was flowing on the frontiers, and that the national treasury was exhausted?

Who would have said, in beholding that immense assemblage of soldiers, horses, cabriolets, women, jacobins, royalists, and republicans, all touching each other without elbowing, or elbowing without pushing each other down, or pushing each other down without killing one another, that it was that same people, drunk with blood and carnage, who were murdering each other two years since, and who are perhaps cutting each other's throats at Marseilles this very moment? Light, frivolous, inconsistent people, but not wicked, even good, when left to themselves, when they are not instruments of vengeance in the hands of factious men, or the object of horrible speculations! I saw them yesterday in their usual habitudes, in their true element. Peace, bread, and amusement; this is all they ask, and this is what disconcerts all the Numas of the anti-chamber, who are anxious at all events to make

them a warlike, jealous, turbulent people, a nation of Spartans, for ever in war with the world, and contenting themselves at home with rubbing their bodies with oil, and eating black broth.

I obtained permission to go into the middle of the Champ de Mars, which was reserved for the elect alone, who had or had not cards of entrance, but always escorted by one or two generals, of whom there was plenty, and to whom the people on foot would have wished for a little more address in guiding their horses, and less ardour, not to use a stronger expression, in pushing back such as had not the honour of belonging to them in a greater or less degree.

In general, order was badly kept, either from the fault of the chiefs, or the insolence of their agents. The people, enraged at being always driven back, and at being never invited to fêtes, except to see them at a distance, forced the guard, and made two or three irruptions to enter into the circle. The races, however, were not worth all this brilliant preparation, being as shabby as our inexperience in this kind of amusement might easily lead us to suppose they would be. It was the son of a jockey who gained the prize of the horse-race. From the Champ de Mars I went to the Champs Elysees. Here was another fight, and one might almost add another people, if the dance, the sports, and the songs, had not equally reminded us of their careless levity, and the amiable

able frivolousness of their character. But here were none of those women shining in splendid dresses, nor English horses, nor muscadins with money at command; the crowd was made up of simple citizens, the working classes, the rentier tribe, in short, the real people, sitting on the grass, eating cherries and cakes; or gaily parading around the beautiful circle of garlands, lamps, and fireworks, which Ruggieri had just finished decorating.

The illumination was not completed till very late; it was slow in taking place, but the spectators, busy with their amusements, seemed neither weary nor impatient.

The darkness of the night, the mildness of the air, the mixture of the groups, the disposition of the mind, the sound of the dance, the magic appearance of the trees, all concurred in favouring tender conversation, and excited to mirth and gaiety.

It was near eleven when the fire-works were let off. Ruggieri's talents for this kind of pyric spectacle, of which the Parisians in particular are so fond, are well-known; the only reproach to make him was, that they were too short, and perhaps also that the focus was not sufficiently elevated.

The picture of the whole circle on fire, by the burning of the props and garlands which composed it, was extremely brilliant, but had,

like all other brilliant things in general, too short an existence. This was a pity, for in observing the looks of the people, which were fixed on this object a long time after it disappeared, one might easily guess at the regrets it had left behind.

When every one was well assured that there was nothing more to see, they thought of going home; but a very pleasant circumstance took place, which can be explained only by the brightness of the fire with which every eye had been dazzled. Some went to the Bois de Boulogne, in order to get into Paris; others walked down the side of the river, thinking they had taken the road towards the square of the Revolution; every one was wandering about, asking each other the road; every one was in a wrong direction. After rubbing their eyes, they began to recollect themselves, and no other inconvenience happened.

We shall not close this article without citing, amongst many other proofs which we witnessed of the harmony and friendship which reigned throughout in this nocturnal fête, and which seemed to have melted Paris into one single family, the following trait, which will not be displaced in the journal of morals.

Three or four sparks, some of those whom we had seen capering at the Champ de Mars, and who knew how to manage a horse pretty nearly as much as they knew how to respect a woman,

woman, were crossing a border of turf strewed with young girls by the side of their mothers and little brothers, and a few soldiers who were not on duty: the young men were crossing it, lolling on each other's arms, and singing indecent songs. A soldier stepped up to them, and in a calm and respectful tone said to them, "Citizens, "it is not amongst modest women and in family "meetings, but at bagnios, that men sing such "songs." The young men took the hint, and made off as fast as they could.

CHAP. CCIX.

THE STICK WITH TWO ENDS.

THE royalists manage this stick with great dexterity; one end is terminated by a vendean poignard, and the other by a shoemaker's cutting-knife, sharpened by *Babeuf* or *Antonelle*. These sticks were distributed at the time of the primary assemblies, and it would be very imprudent to shew nothing but contempt at the manœuvres of certain double-faced people, who caress with one hand and assassinate with the other; who, in every crisis

crisis have a back-door at which to slip out, and who sometimes flatter and sometimes defame the prevailing party.

When you are at war with knaves, tyrants, and fools, it is difficult to pass near them without a rub; hence those different portraits of the same man, according to the drawing-rooms where they are spoken of. The patrons of political dissolution knew that in default of the arms of reason, falsehood and deceit have more than once deluded the Paris cockneys; they knew also, that by a constant and indefatigable impudence in repeating their calumnies, they succeed on the one hand in insinuating them, on the other in forcing justifications as tiresome to the public as to him who is the object of them.

The eve of the 13th Vendemiaire, independently of my addressee, I did every thing to dissuade the Parisians from marching against the convention. I said to them, "Have you a government ready formed, and which is the master-wheel of the political machine. You will have no flour the day after your fine expedition. Do you wish to eat the plaster of your walls?"

It was said in all the sections of Paris, that Mercier, representative of the people, had publicly declared that the convention would make the Parisians eat plaster. My head was proscribed, the porter of my house was gained over, and they only waited for the signal to make me
and

and my neighbours the first victims of the fury of the mob; I had combatted despotism in the days of its triumph, and I braved death when I said to the sections, that they would be in rebellion if they moved a step.

CHAP. CCX.

PARCHMENT-MONEY.

THE dogma of national sovereignty was confirmed in a manner comic enough, for there was a time when every one thought he had a right to coin money. The disappearance of the cash had given currency to a crowd of small notes issued by obscure houses of commerce. Grocers, coffee-house keepers, wrote their names on little bits of parchment, and this was money! This madness was pushed to the last kind of extravagance. Every man coined his own crown.

A house, called the house of *aid*, crushed those whom it aided by a considerable bankruptcy. It was amidst the penury of the public treasury, and scarcity of objects of the greatest necessity, that the question respecting the departmental-guard was agitated. Never was such a thing seen in the political world; a national convention

tion assembled at a most alarming crisis, and called to ward off a total dissolution, had no physical force whatever, and was exposed to the insults of the sections and the poignards of assassins. A municipality held all the power, and took great care not to restrain the abettors of murder; it wearied out, threatened, nay, even attacked all the deputies of the departments with insolence and success. The party of Orleans, uncertain still at that epocha, ranged themselves on the side of guilt and impudence, and separating themselves entirely from the Gironde, made way for the reign of Robespierre. Louvet, who had this last constantly in his eye, framed an act of accusation against him, which was unhappily rejected. The minister Roland was in decided opposition to all those cruel anarchists. Pache, the most knavish of mankind, entered into every dark conspiracy, and joined Marat and the Duke of Orleans. The demand which the former made the latter of fifteen thousand livres after the massacres of September, says enough. Ah! if the expulsion of Philip d'Orleans and his sons had taken place, as wisdom, eloquence, and virtue had wished, how many crimes and misfortunes would have been spared France. The strength of the Orleans party was in this parchment money, which was distributed on all sides; and though it was of short duration, it became a ferment of popular agitations, which afterwards took a more dreadful character.

CHAP. CCXL

HENRIOT.

THE Jacobin party had made a good choice of a chief in the person of Henriot, who was an impudent ruffian, associated in all the manœuvres of the ruffian deputies. The history of our disasters presents the physiognomy of this commander-general, named by the revolutionary council of the commune, in a point of view as new as it is horrible. Servant to an attorney, clerk at the barriers, chief of the military force, we saw him on the 2d of June give orders for firing the alarm-guns, surround the whole of the convention, and very nearly played the cannon on it. It is certain that the orders were given: I was present, and saw every hostile disposition.

The inhabitants of Paris may be justified on that day; they marched without knowing where they were going, and they were not desirous of crushing the *côté droit*. The commune had taken all the authority into their own hands; it was they who made the law, and put it into execution. Called to arms at the beat of the drum, the noise of the tocsin, and the alarm-guns, the Parisians, worthy as yet of liberty, did not yield

to

to the ferocious insinuations of the demagogues. During the whole day the convention was surrounded with thirty thousand men, ignorant for the most part why they were assembled. The convention, that formidable power which had committed the inconceivable fault of giving the military force to its enemy, was no longer any thing but a slender body, with no means of resistance left. There is no doubt but if the real citizens of Paris, who were then under arms, had been informed of all these machiavelian stratagems, this day would have terminated in a very different manner. I repeat it, Paris was not guilty on that day ; it had no thirst for blood. The inhabitants of this great city were stupified the next day, and could not comprehend how they had been made use of for the destruction of the only authority which they had to protect them. The mountaineer party turned this great movement to their own advantage, and with so much address, that I, who knew them, cannot attribute it to any thing but chance. I saw them tremble, shudder, look on themselves as lost ; but the next day, interpreting the blind insurrection of the people in their favour, they marched over our heads.

What an incomprehensible day ! the scale might have descended on the right side ; and what a number of atrocities might it not have pre-

prevented! what disgrace might it not have spared the French name, mankind itself!

Alas! it was said that our courage and intrepidity were overcome on that day, but we did not yield without fighting; and it was only the hope of saving afterwards our twenty-two unfortunate colleagues, which fettered our arms and our tongue. I attest it as a witness; we were deceived, amused, and betrayed; we had no belief in that excess of audacity; we imagined they would open their eyes for their own interest. The madness and ferocity of the commune completed the ruin of every thing. When Chaumette denounced a great act of federalism which had taken place in a few sections, which federalism was nothing but processions; when we heard the same Chaumette say, "We also will have civic festivals; we will celebrate the 31st of May; the people shall be our God; there ought to be no other;" we never imagined that the convention would be lulled by such extravagancies, but that it would rouse itself to crush such crime and folly. On the contrary, Henriot became popular, and was chosen to protect the constitution of Herault de Sechelles, that of 1793, that code so ridiculous, so anarchical, that it is evident that the authors of it only wished to hold it out as a lure to appease France, which was rising against them and against their horrible conduct.

It

It was after having made use of this impious stratagem, that the executioners of the nation, who had lulled it as well as ourselves, unchained every thing which was most vile and atrocious against us, against every one who had any ideas of justice or liberty.

Love for our country led us not to send into the departments our protest, which I joined to the justificatory memorial which the mountaineer party could not efface with either dungeons or blood.

CHAP. CCXII.

CONTRACT JOBBERS.

If the most disinterested man cannot sometimes help throwing a longing look on the despicable riches of the contract-jobber, let him recollect that these vile egotists, these criminal defaulters, are hastening towards their days of infamy and punishment; that their names will be known and given up to universal contempt. How detestable are these conspirators in foreign pay, who are plunging us into ignominy, and sucking out our blood; their plans of murder and devastation are less

less abominable than the schemes of rapine and plunder of these vile agents, inasmuch as the former wore a character of cowardice and meanness connected with infamy. The great assassins will be execrated less than these robbers, the offspring of debauchery, who with hypocritical fronts have melted away with the fortune of the public that of every private individual. Pillage has something in it more disgraceful than violence. The fatal cart is ready, the cords to tie my hands behind my back are prepared, the axe is already suspended, and is held only by a little spring. Death is the operation but of an instant! but to perish by the cold and barbarous calculation of a calm speculator, to see him ordering my death and that of my fellow-citizens, to see him eating the entrails of the republic! No; this vile and insolent man, this shameless contract-jobber, will become the horror and shame of the most distant posterity, and justice, which sooner or later unsheaths its sword, will not suffer such a criminal to escape, but will seize him amidst his execrable spoils; he has conspired against the whole; let him regorge, and let him be thus punished, for that mode of death by which the true republicans have perished is too glorious to weigh upon his head.

I have substituted the word contract-jobber to that of contractor, in order to point out those contractors who are swindlers, thieves, and subjects liable to punishment.

CHAP. CCXIII.

TOASTS.

For some time past the newspapers and dining-rooms re-echo with toasts. No *re-union* (this word in the new vocabulary means a great dinner) now takes place, without drinking toasts to justice, humanity, to every republic, to the fair sex of both hemispheres. Is not this gallantry?

Toasts are drunk to the constitution of 1795, to the 9th of Thermidor, and the 14th of July; to the armies of Italy, to those of Germany, and to their commanders. Toasts are drunk also to a general peace. This custom, servilely copied from the English, is adopted alike by the Jacobins and royalists; but as toasts multiply, another sort of intoxication takes place besides that of patriotism. I am sorry that we are the apes of England in this business. I have seen toasts drunk before the images of the twenty-two assassinated deputies. Were toasts then necessary to excite at that moment the sensibility of the guests?

The royalists in these festivals are always more sober than the Jacobins. You may discover these by a certain phlegm, by a concentration which

which no old mountaineer possesses. We must own this latter is as undisguised in his vices as he was in his crimes.

We may easily conceive how, under the reign of Philip Augustus, a knight might drink and intoxicate himself with love for victory and for his mistress; but at a time, and especially in a country, when we had left those libations to free-masons, I have beheld with some pain that custom adopted of putting the glasses in a row, of raising them up at the word of command, and loading your stomach ceremoniously in honour of persons and of things which are far from us, and for whom we can feel no sincere affection.

Have we not swerved from our character in following this British custom? I could have wished that we had found something new, and which was more particularly appropriate to the genius of the French. Our ancestors pledged, which was well enough when looks and hearts were in union; but to drink to metaphysical beings!

The composition of all these toasts is at present a study. The edition is reviewed and corrected; the words and syllables are weighed, and become a matter of serious importance, scarcely accordant with the gaiety of the table; but the French will ever do little things seriously, and will be light and trifling in great things.

The

The inventor of a toast gets himself celebrated the next day in every newspaper, and the most unpardonable plagiarism would be the attempting to tear from another this wreath of glory. The guilty plagiary could not be sufficiently condemned.

CHAP. CCXIV.

QUILL-DRIVERS.

THERE is no person who has not had to complain either of the insolence, or ignorance, or of the multitude of clerks employed in public offices to cut up pens, and obstruct the progress of business.

Never was the sway of office carried to a more exaggerated, more expensive, and more tiresome point. Never were affairs so backward, as since the creation of that army of clerks, who are with respect to work what valets are with respect to service. Watch words, regulations, enregisterings, formalities of every kind, have been multiplied with so much profusion and so little discernment, that a great many people, disgusted with waiting for their pensions, and soliciting their

their affairs, have taken the resolution of giving them up.

This mode of administering by agencies, commissions, offices, and clerks, has not only disturbed public order, but demoralized administration, by overcharging it with a crowd of fools, of ignorant men, of traitors and royalists, who have taken their hunger for zeal, and their zeal for talent; by giving scandalous and frequent examples of rapid and monstrous fortunes falling into the hands of the most vile, the most silly, or most perfidious; by multiplying in the agents of government the means of corruption, and the objects of cupidity; by opening new issues to intrigue, to cabal, to cunning, to immorality, and to the infamous speculations of stockjobbing and royalism; by strewing with new obstacles the avenues of justice, and the so much desirable return of the laws; by stifling the voice of liberty and the claims of the unfortunate; by introducing into society a system of espionage and denunciation, which has spread distrust, servility, and hypocrisy; by delivering up, in short, our finances to a canker an hundred times more gnawing, more devouring, than that which precipitated us into the revolution.

This quill-mania, which dates from M. Colbert, has risen within three years to this height. Clerks, papers, and details, have absorbed every thing. The clerk, secretary, or writer to the

most obscure reference, named committee, is surrounded with more piles of papers, is more occupied, and more important than formerly the minister of war. The whole is governed by the pen, and without appeal; military, subsistence, police, interior, diplomacy, commerce, and politics. When the first step is taken in affairs of this kind, abuses go on multiplying, and details never finish. Each of these details requires the attention of one man, because every man requires a place. The multiplication of papers and offices is endless. Referees must have their clerks, the clerks must have their copiers, the copiers their underlings, and that goes on still subdividing. Five enlightened and laborious men would have done all the business of the committee of legislation, which one hundred and seventeen clerks do badly. The Marquis de Louvois had two first clerks: we have seen seventy-two chiefs in the different war offices, each of which has under his orders twenty-five clerks and four copiers. But at least these clerks were acquainted with their trade?—they were not acquainted with the first elements of it: the greater part do not know how to read. You think we exaggerate, but it is literally true: faults in orthography, faults in French, faults in the sense, are the least vices in those young muscadins lately so disgusting. In general, their writing is fine, and one might suppose that is the only essay that has been exacted from them,

astallness was formerly the only merit that M. de Poyanne looked for in the men of his regiment; but writing does not furnish more instruction than courage and tallness. The carabiniers were ruined when men were taken by the fathom; the offices will be ever ineffectual, while in order to get an entrance it is sufficient to be able to write a fair hand.

Such are the abuses which the government proposes to reform. If it has not sooner done it, it is because, amidst the wrecks of every kind, which the successive fall of the Jacobins and the royalists have left strewed around, its first care was to secure its own footing, the second will be consecrated to sweeping away from the administrations, the agencies, the commissions, the committees, and all their impurities; and this is not the affair of a day, when you have not at your orders the waters of the river Alpheus.

CHAP. CCXV.

ALL PARTIES UNMASKED.

SUCH is the title of a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, in which the author, whose opinions I by no means partake, has seized happily enough certain shades of the revolution. Here is the manner in which he paints the principal factions who have acted a part in this great drama.

The Jacobins. This party, ultimately hewing and hewed, is very considerable ; it has two very strong ties, folly, and presumption. Persecution has formed it into a corps, and they look on themselves as oppressed. They are all accused of being criminals, and this is what perpetuates them.

The Feuillants. An hermaphrodite sect, yielding by turns to force, fear, and vanity : perfidious servants, powerless friends, dangerous enemies.

Popular Societies. Composed of leaders, and the led, who thought themselves the sovereign, when they had the key of every prison, and had obtained impunity for every crime.

Royalists. They only bear the name, and endeavour to get themselves paid for it.

The Jeunes Gens have also formed a party. The pleasures of these young men form a sort of comic

mic

mic amusement totally devoid of taste as well as morality.

When a revolution does not throw out virtues, it is vice that shoots its buds ; and this is the case with our youth. In cities it has only changed the mode of slavery, and has been degraded by the madness of the play known by the name of jobbing.

The *Mountaineers*. There were three classes of them, the dexterous, the strong, and the silly. The dexterous were banished, the strong condemned to the scaffold, the foolish saved themselves in swimming with the stream.

The *Dantonists* were the opponents of the dexterous, and are not yet destroyed.

The *Seventy-three* ; remainder of more than an hundred individuals torn from the senate in the disastrous days of the 31st of May and 1st of June. They have regained the victory.

The *Marsh*. Middling kind of people, who hated the mountaineers from their aversion for crime, rather than taste for virtue. They spoke of principles without knowing what they meant ; they would have become Dantonists to have overturned Robespierre.

CHAP. CCXVI.

HEBERTISTS.

THE name of conspirators against liberty, of which Hebert, so notorious under the borrowed name of *Pere Duchesne*, was the chief, and whose conspiracy made shipwreck against the guillotine, with which he threatened the best citizens. The name of this wretch will be remembered on account of his detestable journal, entitled the *Pere Duchesne*, which abounded in the lowest and most vulgar obscenity, and which was publicly and constantly approved by the Mountain.

He was the foster-brother of Chaumette, who was a monk, a cabin-boy, a naturalist, and procureur of the commune. It was he who inspired Danton with the idea of proposing the law for the release of all prisoners for debt, and the abolition of arrests, which till then had been the practice; this has always been a precaution with makers of revolutions.

This subaltern monster possessed no other courage than that of assassinating at ease, in his hideous journal; of cutting off defenceless heads, and never exposing his own.

When

When the sections of Paris came frankly to ask the convention what means it had of saving France, Hebert compiled the address; Barrere's answer betrayed the terror of those who wanted to terrify all Europe.

As he went to punishment, he was covered with the hisses and insults of the people, who saluted him with—"Where are thy furnaces now?" alluding to the vignette of his abominable journal, in which he called for the destruction of thousands of heads, which at that time was being a republican.

This old adventurer, receiver of the checks at a theatre, gave occasion, when he was arrested, and the popular societies moved in his favour, for that celebrated answer of Isnard, in which he told the banditti, "If it ever happens that any attempt be made on the national representation, I declare to you that the whole of France will take exemplary vengeance for such a crime, and the traveller will wander on the banks of the Seine, enquiring where Paris once stood." It is impossible to describe the rage with which these words inspired the Jacobins and the mother society. One would have thought that their hall had been burnt; they roared at it every day, or rather their consciences, affrighted at this terrible prediction, saw national justice already seizing them under their popular mask, and delivering them over to the vengeance of the law.

The

The anarchists are overwhelmed with grief when we remind them of these thundering words. After having made a god of Marat, they wanted to deify Hebert and Chaumette, that monkish hog, whose trade was blood. It was at Paris that all these personages swarmed, allured by the windfalls of a revolution.

The project of the chiefs of the commune was to disclose, to annihilate the convention, in order to usurp the whole of its power. Robespierre and Marat fell on the same day.

I had this confession from the Spaniard Gusman. We called him Tocsinos, in allusion to the tocsin of the 31st of May, which he had caused to be rung. He often told me, in the interchange of confidence, that the insurrection, of which he was one of the promoters, was directed against the whole of the national representation, of which project I gave immediate information to my colleagues, who were prisoners with me. It was clear to us that the mountaineers, not less blind than ferocious, had never known the imminent danger which they had themselves incurred on those terrible days; they had thirsted for the blood of the seventy-three, while it was us who by our generous and firm protest had given the first stroke to the Swiss Pache, the Austrian Proby, and the Brabanters Pereira and Dubuiffon, Marat the Neufchatelois, and the ex-capuchin Chabot, all foreigners.

The

The most monstrous part of this machination was, that this traitorous municipality, in dissolving and striking at the faithful representatives of the people, wanted this dissolution to be made by the convention itself.

The same men who guarded all the avenues leading to the place of our sittings, who insulted us, who laid their hands on our persons, so that many thought that their coats had been torn, who pointed their musquets at us when some of us went to the windows to examine what was passing, were the same who came and insulted us in our dungeons, spoke to us with insolence, refused us the most common necessaries of life, and mingled the most taunting irony with their crimes. And when I recollect the acclamation of the tribunes; Henriot, with his hat on his head and insolence on his brow, crying out that the *sovereign people* were aroused, and that he was come to dictate their laws; and that Hebert, his second and imitator, obtained in the end the same and as great a number of satellites; oh, if I had had the misfortune to have entertained any demagogical ideas, I should have dismissed them at this hideous representation, for I have retained for a long time in my memory the physiognomies of all these wretches, which corresponded so exactly with those of Couthon and Robespierre.

Hebert

Hebert imagined that he inherited the secret of ranging a whole convention under the yoke of a few oppressors, of lifting the decemviral axe on his own account, and of punishing a gesture, a sigh, a word, with death. He had created also his magical expressions, and had his street-porters, his revolutionary females, his harpies, and his petitioners, in the tribunes. In short, he was about to give a finished picture of the most perfect anarchy, if other demagogues had not beheld in him a rival whom it was necessary to get rid of, by sending him to punishment.

The colossal power of the commune did not, however, continue to increase less progressively till the day of the 9th of Thermidor.

Marat, from the immense popularity which his sanguinary journal had acquired him, was the father of all the horrors which followed his horrible reign. O government! be strong in order to be just, because in being just thou art not sure of being strong!

CHAP. CCXVII.

DANGEROUS CABRIOLETS.

SINCE the people are sovereign, and call themselves so, it is very inconceivable that they suffer themselves to be crushed as under the old regime. The people do not complain too much of the rapidity of carriages, of their danger, and the frequency of accidents. When any one is wounded, they pick him up, and place him in the common hand-barrows of the section; and what has justly astonished me is, that I have never heard either imprecations or maledictions against the imprudent or brutal driver.

The bureau-central has published regulations sanctioned by the central administration, which forbid the drivers of horses and coaches to go faster than a short trot in the streets of Paris.

This prudent order is so far from being put into execution, that it is entirely unknown, and of course does not hinder numerous accidents from taking place, occasioned by the rapid course of certain equipages, which seem really to make a jest of the lives and members of the unfortunate foot-passengers, still more than in past times.

The

The day even of the fête of the sovereignty of the people, a citizen perished under the wheels of the cabriolet of a stockjobber, who was going to different exchange-brokers to ransack the poor rentiers, those even who made him the depositary of their bons of two-thirds and three-fourths. They melt away like butter in a stove, while the stockjobber eats their *omelettes aux fines herbes*.

After having torn up the pavement for five or six hours, they go and get themselves indigestions. When the famine, organized by Robert Lindet, and perfected by Boissy d'Anglas, paraded its ghastly form in Paris, they only fared more sumptuously. The ancients had their *vomitorium*, our rich moderns make use of it as they did, and the apothecaries begin again their functions, no longer for canons dying with hunger, but for the stockjobbers, heirs of their unconquerable appetite.

The involuntary respect, therefore, which the people in general have for riches, in spite of all the epithets lavished on aristocracy, leads them to look without anger on the rapid circulation of the carriages, of which they are so often the victims; but the idea that the return of opulence will revive what the Parisian calls commerce, and which is gain only for himself, renders him, and will always render him, indifferent to misfortunes, lost in the crowd and torrent of the population.

population. The magistrates even would be more severe against infractions of the laws of caprice, of minute regulations, than against the homicide mounted in a seat, holding the whip in his hand, driving fiery coursers harnessed to the car of a prostitute. Opulence! opulence! drive thy horses at thy pleasure, run thy wheels, and show thy indifference for broken arms and legs! Thou reignest without a rival, and without decay, and without interval, over the sovereign people.

Of all the observations which I have made, this is perhaps one of the most important; it is at least that which makes me reflect most on the inexplicability of the Parisian people.

CHAP. CCXVIII.

PLAIN OF SABLONS.

HERETOFORE the two last kings of France reviewed every year in this plain, burnt up with the rays of the sun, the regiments of the French and Swiss guards, and this was the extent of their warlike exploits. These kings of France, in their quality of colonel, did not deign to draw their sword; they waved their handkerchief; and all the puppets moved at that signal of the Sardana-palus.

At

At present, a fairy has touched with her wand that barren plain; the palace of Armida is raised on the spot, while the buildings have the air of enchantment. The taste for amusement is so prevalent, that it has rendered every mind inventive, and it is on this almost universal taste that a crowd of people speculate. Every day is a day of fête, and every advertisement is so attractive, that the sick make exertions to leave home and run to the ball.

On that spot are planted groves, where lately there was nothing but sand, and not the semblance of a shrub; a pavilion, which you would imagine raised by a magical power, which sparkles with the finest illuminations, still empty, but not less illuminated, and waiting the amateurs of the dance, or those who wish for a nearer view of the graces of those beauties of which they had had only a transient glance.

Brilliant equipages flow in from all quarters, for they are as plenty now as under the old regime, and all filled with pretty women, some of whom are remarkable for the elegance of their dress, and others for its little respect for decency. Some nymphs, dismounting from their whisks, are careful to display the fine forms of their bosoms, while old dowagers, who are no longer in possession of this kind of beauty, cry out shame, and their juniors of fifty join chorus. But these transient rumours, continually stifled by the acclamations

mations of the multitude, make no impression on those who are the objects; indifferent as statues, surrounded by admirers, they seem to hear nothing that passes around them. What a singular book might be made on the fashions! and why do our charming French women, who have so much taste, bend sometimes submissive under singularities which assimilate them to savages; those deviations are, however, of short duration; the graceful and decent taste is resuming its inevitable empire.

As soon as day falls, fires alighted at certain distances present a most brilliant coup d'œil. Every grove becomes resplendent, day-light returns more soft and chastened, different coloured glasses wear the semblance of topazes, emeralds, and sapphires of prodigious size, and look in perspective like the throne of the Grand Mogul in all its radiant magnificence. Large mirrors reflect this enchanting scene.

All at once the saltpetre thunders, and excites a lively commotion through the whole assembly; you lift your eyes and behold rockets, fiery sheafs, bombs splitting into millions of stars, acrostats mounting with goddesses of the mythology, floating majestically in the air, and then swiftly descending on the grass, where the laugh of the spectators takes place of the admiration which they felt for them while soaring.

Instru-

Instruments of music, sometimes discordant enough, mingle with these agreeable detonations; for women are pleased with the smell of powder; it gives them a distant idea of war, and in a calm place, where they receive no other wounds than those of the arrows of love, sometimes jealous, sometimes traitorous, and sometimes desperate; pains of the heart a thousand times preferable for them to languor and listlessness.

What a city is Paris, and what a diversity of enjoyments it offers! Twenty theatres, concerts, balls, women of every complexion, Vaudevilles full of wit, romances translated from the English, the phantasmagony, the poetry of the hotel Telusson, Lyceums without number, and a national institute.

The hotels of princes, of great seigneurs, and of men the most opulent, are open to you with all their luxury, their furniture, their glasses, their English gardens; and there you find music, dances, illuminations, fire-works, plentiful tables, and ice fruits; you throw yourself softly down on the rich sofa of an emigrant; you admire yourself in the large pier-glasses of the Dutchess of Bourbon; and all these enjoyments cost you half a crown.

Oh! you who live at four or five hundred leagues distance will come and visit this great city; you will come from the four corners of the world; your despots will be unable to restrain you; you will make your escape; you will come amongst us,
and

and we will teach you to laugh a little at all these crowned heads, *en attendant* that you learn to treat them as they deserve, and you shall be made acquainted with the full extent of this new and pleasant signification, a good equivoque, which we use in our common conversation, a neat two-edged sword, which figures in the mouths of our public Stentors, and which has sometimes been of wonderful service to us.

CHAP. CCXIX.

INDECENT SPECTACLE.

THE garden of the Tuilleries has given a just celebrity to the name of Lenotre; its majestic appearance, beautiful distribution, its alleys, terraces, its various points of view, have rendered it a magnificent place, and every day adds to its embellishments and decorations. There is nothing left to desire with respect to superb vases, and fine copies of the master-pieces of antiquity, which at present ornament this wonderful garden; but why cannot the eye fix itself alike on all these works of art?

There is a sex whose modesty we ought to respect, if we are desirous of finding them worthy

of our esteem, and are jealous of our own happiness; there is an eye to which we cannot expose without danger all the secret and visible beauties of the human body; and what good does it do to excite immature passions?

Is our republic that of Sybaris? and why are all these gods of the mythology there naked, and in the bloom of life, instead of Cato, Socrates, Cicero, or the statues of Archimedes and Hippocrates?

There is not a day passes that we do not repeat, "That is immoral;" and if there be a statue with forms more pronounced, muscles more swelling, that statue is erected in the place of the most public resort. Is it not a complete contradiction to see on the one side *the office for public morality*, and on the other that inclination of the artists, seeming to invite our women, rivals of Grecian beauty, to venture soon to expose themselves like the statues, and the men as Hercules and Apollo.

Where then is that gravity of manners, that decency, that promise of regeneration, that republican dignity? If libertinism exist, why furnish it with so good an excuse? Minerva by the side of Silence in a grove, would say more than the group of *Castor and Pollux*; but a *Meleager* without a covering has expelled the author of *Emilius*. Flora, whose robe so decent veils her chaste attractions, the Faun who plays on the flute, and whose sounds we think we hear;
such

such are the statues on which the eye can repose in the most inviting garden of Paris, but others seem in a conspiracy against good morals.

It is the clothing of Christ in the *Transfiguration of Raphael*, which forms the dignity of this sublime picture; take it off, and the picture becomes profane.

It is not the work of republican genius which has strewed the soil of this magnificent garden with the seeds of corruption; it was because the eyes of the Romans were familiarized with obscene statues, with the Ganymede of Jupiter, the Swan of Leda; they did not scruple to chisel the adultery of Mars and Venus in their festival cups.

I recollect with pleasure what was called the round of the Luxemburgh; the innocent dances made up of children of both sexes, under the eyes of their parents, looked like a family meeting; there every thing was lively, animated, smiling, and chaste; there were no other statues than those of nature, whose roses covered the bosom. Pure as the flowers which married themselves under their eyes, the young girls did not suspect that one day they would have their hymen as well as the flowers.

But the *arts*, the *fine arts*, I hear every one exclaiming around me. Modesty, however, turns away, or casts down its eyes, and finds these *fine arts* ugly in several of those immoral master-pieces.

Why should not a very lively sentiment be also a profound reasoning? and what answer shall we return to the powerful though tacit reproach of that mother who forbids herself the walk, and even passage, through the garden? Have we no longer any modest women?

I will not say with Dupaty, morals and statues are two things incompatible; but I will say, Let us never forget that every people has its modesty, and that modesty, besides being the safeguard of certain principles, is moreover the grace of love.

Is it not in favour of modesty that night draws its curtain, that the spring dresses the trees and shrubs with foliage? and is it not under their mysterious shade that the birds themselves dress the nuptial bed?

CHAP. CCXX.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE 21ST OF JANUARY.

THIS anniversary is founded on a law highly politic, and is become a republican and immortal festival.

Mieux vaut gougeat debout, qu' empereur enterré.

This line contains a great deal of good sense. Fontenelle said, "I am the friend of printed books, but I make war on manuscripts." Thus when the work is done, when the statue is melted, when the axe is fallen, it is no longer what is done that we ought to censure; the past is no longer in our power; we have to look only at the present and the future.

In politics especially yesterday is a corpse. From this anniversary it results, that it is not a man, but a government, which we have destroyed; if we had not killed it, it would have killed us.

Every public functionary takes an oath on that day of hatred to royalty. I have taken it, and if it were not in my heart it would not have passed my lips.

On the 21st of January 1796, fourth year of the republic, the fête which was to be celebrated in commemoration of the just punishment of the tyrant,

tyrant, began by discharges of artillery, and at eight in the morning drums and trumpets informed the most indolent that the fête and their duty called them to the Champ de Mars.

At noon all the constituted authorities of Paris were assembled around a great statue seated like that of liberty, but which, from its forms and its attributes, seemed rather to represent Hercules, or strength.

The Directory presided in full dress, and the patriotic airs of the *Marseillois*, *Ca ira*, of *Veillons au salut de l'empire*, *le Chant du départ*, &c. were sung. At two the oath was taken at the sound of a numerous discharge of artillery, and repeated by a crowd of republicans full of enthusiasm, and ready to shed their blood in defence of their works.

It was a long time since we had had a republican fête: this was celebrated with pomp, welcomed with transport, and terminated without any accident, in spite of the sad presentiments of some, and the peremptory prophecies of others.

What are we to think of this fête? that it is in the political order of things we should avoid the example of the English.

We may be reconciled with people, but it is not when we have cut off their heads.

Every despot on the earth felt on the nape of his neck the stroke of the guillotine, which
separated

separated the head of Louis the XVIth from his body ; they will therefore be the eternal enemies of the French republic ; they will dissemble for a long time ; they will make treaties, but they will not the less endeavour to avenge their cause in that of the decapitated king. It is because time cannot efface this terrible example, that they will strive to destroy the nation which has dared to give it to the universe. This nation ought then to brave all despots together, when they shall have the insolence to ask us an account of the blood of a person perjured ; it ought to celebrate the anniversary of the 21st of January, and threaten to reduce to powder the neighbouring thrones, sooner than give the slightest hint of fear or repentance.

I did all I could to save the last king from the punishment of death ; he is no more ; his ashes are insensible ; and if it was necessary, I would dance *politically* over his grave.

If a good deal of courage was necessary in certain deputies not to vote his death, much more was necessary to vote for his respite, and this is what I did also. I remember that our vote was received with menaces and hissings. Yes, it is impossible to describe the agitation, even to madness, of this long and convulsive sitting. The members who ventured to manifest their desire of delaying the death of the king were overwhelmed with invectives. The deputies of
the

the Gironde employed the greatest firmness in this painful struggle. Thuriot and Barrere spoke as if they trembled that Louis should escape his executioners.

In this manner a throne of eight hundred years was overturned, and dyed in blood, and yet its duration is certainly the thing the most astonishing.

It is for history to say why the greater part of the crowned heads, at the time of the king's trial, did not throw some obstacle in the way of his death, and to observe moreover, how presumptuous it is that one among them might have participated in it, by indirect means; and these hypocritical courts affect to throw the most odious colours over a fête, which the safety and dignity of a great nation imperiously command.

CHAP. CCXXI.

BILLS STUCK ON THE WALLS.

THAT uninterrupted series of white, red, rose-colour, yellow, green, blue, and grey placards, all newly struck with the stamp, is an indication at first of the power of the law. I behold them afterwards as load-stones attracting the passenger, fixing them before the walls, so as to make them forget the rolling of the carriages; and they fasten their eyes on them, as much to regulate their ideas as to quicken their memory, and learn wisdom and experience from the various documents laid before them.

If you look for the vehicle of public instruction, you will find it in those bills; the great point would be to write them well, that is, to make them the vehicle of what is good.

In revolutionary tempests these bills supply the place of the alarm-bell, assemble the factions tumultuously together, make the governors tremble behind their satellites, inflame passions, and put a hot iron in the hand of every bill-writer.

Bills formerly gave no other information to the public than that of the sale of houses, with their appendages and appurtenances; or the decease
of

of some fat cardinal, with the number of bottles of old wine in his cellars, that of his rings, and other apostolical jewels; or the sailing of some ship for the East Indies. At present these bills form a course of moral philosophy, of politics, and literature; precepts on the art of governing men are found by the side of the golden promises of the cashiers of tontines, and the rules of legislation are studied between the advertisement of wonderful tricks of flight of hand and the specifics of the mountebank.

This is an instructive, permanent, and continually renewed library, which wants no clerks either to hold the book on the desk or turn over the leaf. It is an ostensible collection of all acts, projects, and fugitive or singular conceptions of men. It is a mute, but eloquent advertisement at the end of every street, which speaks to you of your health, of your fortune, of your pleasures, of your approaching journies; and which daily entertains you with objects of natural history, diplomacy, finance, and the kitchen. In the twinkling of an eye you become the tenant of the studies and labours of every artist, mechanic, or pastry cook. A simple and short analysis puts you in the way of judging from the sample of the masters of every science.

Dainty feeders, joyous fellows with rubicund noses, pass all these scientific advertisements; but they well know where they can drink their

fill

fill of Bourdeaux, Champagne, and the rare liqueur of the islands. Thirty-two bills of theatres always near each other, and always in rivalry, tell us that the people themselves form a new kind of clergy, which assiduously serve the numerous temples of Parisian idleness, and prove that our play-houses make up for the spacious circus of the Romans; for we love cakes and amusements quite as much as those ancient masters of the world. At Rome, however, the blind played neither tragedy nor comedy; they did not print handbills. At Rome, those who were born deaf and dumb did not speak with their fingers. At Rome, Cæsar dictated to four at a time; a mere trifle: at Paris an *improvisateur* advertises, that he dictates ten letters at a time to ten different persons, on as many subjects as shall be proposed to him, in five different languages, French, Latin, English, Spanish, and Italian; and that all shall be finished at the same time.

The restaurateurs and traiteurs, lately keepers of cooks-shops, and all models of scientific knowledge, outbid each other in promises and sensual experiments: in every quarter they offer you their table and their talents; the glutton compares and meditates. The young glutton of another kind, unable to resist the first rebellion of the passions, and who has been stung by the perfidious serpent of pleasure under the bed of roses, is warned not to give himself up to despair: he
may

may chuse his Esculapius, be restored again to life, become more wise, and turn away his eyes another time from the brilliant tinder of a bourgeois ball.

You may even be informed, and you may read it without spectacles, that this devouring cancer is yielding to the efforts of art; and that this rapacious vulture, which preys indistinctly on wives and virgins, may, without the knife, be attacked and extirpated in its birth. As for ruptures, the elastic bandages weary your eyes.

Who is that bill-sticker, mounted on a short ladder? What is there to come from beneath the paste of his thick brush, with which he is scumming so rapidly the suffering wall? *Prospectus of journals!* The titles are all droll and singular; all are anxious to reform our political ideas, to teach us the true state of things, as well as the method to cure the evils of empires.

“ Plus on en tue, et plus il s'en presente.” VOLTAIRE.

Oh! what a privilege it is to be enabled every day to judge of men, empires, and events; to distribute praise or blame to generals, writers, and legislators! How proud we are to warn posterity of what it ought to think, for fear it should be deceived! How glorious is it to erect our speaking tribunes two feet above a bourn! Antiquity never knew any thing about hand-bills!

Poor

Poor antiquity ! our descendants will be still much better taught.

The placard covers, colours, and clothes Paris at this moment, and we may call it Paris *advertiser*, to distinguish it, by its most apparent dress, from the other cities of the world.

These numberless papers, of every form and colour, teach foreigners that there is no town where there are so many people who read, so many people who write, so many people who print, so many people who invent, so many people who speculate, so many people who trade, so many people who project, and so many who never execute.

The stamp-tax, which reaches the strayed pug or the roving canary bird, as well as the modest advertisement of the teacher of Latin, and that of more serious concern, the pawnbrokers, does not hinder a pillar, a corner of a door, not the least surface, from being covered with a great or little placard, broad or narrow ; and this ingenious tax, which ought to have taken place much sooner, promises to become productive. Indirect taxes, so often rejected by the economists, are the wisest means of reviving our republic.

CHAP. CCXXII.

GUYOT'S DICTIONARY.

THE study of our numberless laws, is a study truly afflicting; we feel ourselves losing the respect we ought to feel for the word *law*, when we add the word *laws*; we have then the idea only of an immense ocean, in which the mind, attention, and memory make shipwreck.

In our regeneration it was necessary to be quick in building; when large holes are made the void becomes very perceptible, and necessity compelled us to fill it up in a precipitate manner. The political body is a perfect resemblance of a sick body overwhelmed with remedies. To those laws, created in times of ignorance, often without any connection or harmony, sometimes inefficacious, often ill executed, are joined ours, imperfect in their compilation, still uncertain; in short, too new to agree with our former notions.

If we have broken the yoke of *routines* and *entraves*, we have not hesitated in giving ourselves new ones.

Nothing is more formidable than this superfetation of the laws; and nothing perhaps is a greater proof of the legislative mania, of the
haughty

haughty confidence of theory, than this code, which is become thicker in a few years than all the other codes in the world.

Who does not start back with dismay on seeing this voluminous mass? However great the necessity, the most intrepid citizen cannot help losing courage, when he wants to consult on the one hand every thing which he has to know for the regulation of his civil conduct, and, on the other, investigate the formidable difficulties which surround him on every side, if he be willing to conciliate doctrines so diverging.

There are no questions which do not offer particular embarrassments, resulting from that chaos of ancient laws which have not been abrogated; and of more than twenty-five thousand new ones. What an inextricable labyrinth! who will give us the clue fit to guide us through this immense Dædalus.

An antient judge of the tribunal of revision, the C. Guyot, has undertaken this task. He has just analysed not only the laws, but the sense of the laws; he has reduced to palpable forms those laws stuck round with contradictions, and has cleared them away; his stile is concise; he has introduced us, in short, into a regular edifice, and we shall walk no longer in darkness.

All the decisions, which can excite our interest or our curiosity, are classed after the alphabetical mode,

mode, the mode which answers best to our daily wants, as well as our natural impatience.

There is no part either of civil or criminal jurisprudence which has not been handled; and the customs and usages have been more examined during five years, than during the space of twenty ages.

If the philosopher sighs over the thousand perplexing formula with which we have hampered ourselves, the author of this *Dictionnaire raisonné des Lois* clears away the rubbish; with a strong mind, tinctured with the principles of liberty, and at the same time concise and regular, he points out errors and amendments on every side, which will not fail to destroy that pedantry of regulations, which has so much obscured the valuable works of the revolution. His respectful complaints will teach wisdom to new legislators; they will second their courage, mature at least the end of a revolution, which was undertaken only to give to human dignity the greatest latitude of liberty.

You will find in Guyot's dictionary, a meditation of the whole system of jurisprudence; a plan in which he introduces all the ideas of our legislative assemblies; oftentimes sound reasoning, sometimes the energy of a firm and daring mind; views of reform; and those precious qualities are not disfigured by the dry pedantry of erudition,

erudition, by a continual abuse of citations, by a wearisome and wandering prolixity, by the disgusting stile of the profession.

More than one reader, who begins to feel disgust at the study of our jurisprudence, who trembles at the details, will take up the work of which I am speaking; he will meet in it instruction without dryness; he will not find it tedious; he will give himself up to a science made to interest him; he will be fond, in short, of this good book, which is more than elementary, and which besides is not voluminous. Those who are invested with any portion of public authority ought to consult it in preference; but other citizens may also read this dictionary, and they will esteem the author for it. What more glorious recompence can crown so useful a work!

CHAP. CCXXIII.

GOWNS, ATTIRE.

The pretty women and the goddesses of the day continue to sweep the muddy streets of the capital with their flowing and transparent robes.

The serene sky of Greece, the mild and equal temperature of its climate, the cleanness of the streets of its opulent cities, justified the form and the wearing of Athenian gowns; but in Paris, a city of mud and smoke, in the winter especially, such gowns must appear ridiculous to people of sense.

The fashionable ladies begin to disdain the shawl, with which, in their turn, our plebeian strollers decorate themselves. It is laid aside for a doll's boddice, narrow and pinched, and shows a shape lately invisible.

Not a petite maitresse, not a grisette, who does not decorate herself on a Sunday with an Athenian muslin gown, and who does not draw up the pendant folds on her right arm, in order to drop into the form of some antique, or at least equal *Venus aux belles fesses*.

The men wear a square coat of an immeasurable length, folded over the knees; the breeches

breeches cover the calves of the legs; the shoes are stuck on to the point of the foot, and are thin as pasteboard; the head reposes on a cravat as on a cushion, in form of a wash-hand basin; with others it serves as a grave for their chins.

The hair is either stivering, or divided on the forehead, the hanging sides float behind the ears. No longer ruffles and chitterlings; the rage for linen fine as cambric is universal. A golden pin, in form of a star or a butterfly, displays the fineness and whiteness of the shirt.

Equipped in this sort, the beau struts like a Hercules; a knotted stick in his hand, and spectacles on his nose.

We have lost all right of laughing at our grandfathers' long-skirted coats, with long facings: the great sacks of our great-grandmothers have, with great reason, the merit of antiquity above those of their great-grand-daughters, pinched up like puppets of the natural size of the polichinellos in the shops.

You find them still, in all their freshness, in the old-clothes shops at the Halle; precious deposits, which offer to the thinking man, and to wise children, true models of simplicity, wisdom, and domestic economy.

Ah! what feeling man can behold them without breathing a sigh, without thinking on the hunger which exposes them to sale, when

they ought to have been the reward or portion of a good and well-educated daughter.

We admire at the Bois de Bologne the haughty and majestic beauty of our modern Calypso and Eucharises; we are in extasies at the sight of their zones, their wigs, their open robes, which discover a leg of exquisite grace; we justify the luxury, or rather the dissipation of their dress. But is there one of these resplendent beauties who has founded a bed in an hospital for the sick and indigent man?

They are occupied by more important projects; their boudoir is in want of a marble Cupid!

In the morning they study the Journal des Dames, and the sketches of the fashions; discuss with their hair-dresser on the efficacy of the water of pleasure, the prospectus of which, distributed at the Palais Egalité, informs the readers, that it has the property of hindering husbands from becoming faithless to their wives while they are lying-in.

To see those *incroyables* and *merveilleuses* in their droll accoutrements, any one would ask if the toilette of an Adonis is longer than that of a nymph: the loss of time one would suppose was the same on both sides. The *incroyables* perfume themselves like the women, and, like them, they have as many roses to tie, and as many knots to make.

The

The toilette of their courfers is still longer than their own. How often does the horse of that Amazon strike his foot on the ground with impatience under the scissars of the groom.

After these singularities, there are others which are not less piquant; I mean the street-singers. These choristers have attained a certain degree of perfection: they frequent the Faydeau concert, and form themselves after the best models. That man in particular, at the wheat quay, the Orpheus of the Limousins, after sunset, carols already in the style of Garat, and his enchanted auditors repeat his delicious warblings in piano.

The porters of the Halle are not quite so delicate; it is true that their songs are in the downright stile of republican liberty; they express alike the word and the thing, to the great satisfaction of the boys and girls who listen to them. The auditory of that region have ears like their windpipe.

While the fiddler sets the teeth on edge with a violin with three strings, his female plays on another. The blind men of the Quinze-vingts have no longer the privilege of thrumming the fiddle, and shaking our brains with the military drum; their gains are shared by other blind labourers. Those famous fiddlers, whose walking orchestra followed the car of Reason in the glorious days of Robespierre, act tragedies and comedies

medies at present. This difficult operation is as easy of belief as the motion of a blind man, who pretended at the tribune of the Jacobins, that he saw clearer into finance than the whole of the legislative body.

CHAP. CCXXIV.

DEMOLITION OF CHURCHES.

THE churches are tumbling down on all sides; in a few years we shall no longer know where the churches of the Cordeliers, of the Jacobins, of the Augustins, of the Carmelites, of the Bernardines, of St. Opportune, of St. John-en-Greve, and of St. Germain-le-vieux, once stood.

St. Jacques le Boucherie, whose origin is lost in the night of time, and whose tower rising to the clouds has constantly defied the thunderbolt, and has been spared, is falling at this moment under the stroke of the pickaxe. This church will cost much more to demolish, than it cost to build.

On an epitaph fastened to one of its pillars we read, that a workman gained nineteen sous nine deniers for nine days labour. The plaster
cost

cost a sous the sack, and the mark of silver was then only seven or eight livres. In turning over the leaves of the parish register, we find the names of very extraordinary parishioners; such as Guillaume-hauffe-cull, Perette Gaudete. Two chanters were named, one, John Carmen, the other, John Flageolet.

Those Gothic temples, under the vaults of which the spiders peaceably wove their hereditary webs, will no longer resound with the timid hymn of the infant choristers, nor the measured song of the cloistered females. We shall no longer hear their psalmody, in the song of songs, with a gentle and delicate voice, the tender verse, *Veni, mea columba; columba mea, veni.*

And that solitary bell, whose prolonged sound was distinguished through the whole of Paris during the silence of the night, will no longer call to matins those celebrated monks, who, from a spirit of penitence, made the seas tributary to their tables, conversed only with their bottles, cut toothpicks, serenaded their birds, framed virgins in wax, and died at the age of eighty, their cells full of ratifial and confectionary.

The women's monasteries, the seraglios of the grand visitors, are changed into grocery warehouses and rural balls; the triumphant loves hover over the ruins of those dormitories, where so many tears of love have been uselessly shed,
and

and where youth, seclused by superstition, withered away like the rose thrown on the cold and murky ground.

CHAP. CCXXV.

ARREST OF BABŒUF AND DROUET.

HERE we are, once more escaped from a new conspiracy, which would have secured the triumph of the most hideous system of plunder, and which in a few hours, in a day at most, would have exemplified all the horrors, all the crimes of the revolutionary regime.

But must we be for ever subjected to these revolutionary tempests, and is our political existence to be as insecure as the physical situation of the inhabitants of the torrid zone, where a few calm days are succeeded by the thickest darkness, broken only by the lightning's dreadful flash.

The factions, which raged during the long session of the national convention, seemed to have found a term in the birth of our new government. It was imagined that a constant calm was

at

at length about to succeed such a series of convulsions, and that none in future would dare to attempt the destruction of the people, in the people's name: they had been so often deceived by their false and faithless friends, that it seemed they were no longer to be the dupes of the same lies, or the same impudence.

We heretofore thought that great talents was necessary to disturb states; and that great villains were even endowed with a sort of superior mind: our revolution has proved to us, that this opinion was not always true. We have seen men who were absolutely nothing, and whose existence we were ignorant of the day preceding, appear in the scene; men, the very outcast of society, but whose ephemeral existence has caused more disasters than the long career of Cæsar and Cromwell ever occasioned to their respective countries.

But is it to the habit of political convulsions, or to a melancholy apathy, that we ought to attribute the little sensation which those later plots of the violent and crafty enemies of the republic have excited; or shall we impute it to that frivolousness, to that levity, which has made us glide over every event, which dried up the next day the tears of the past evening, and which permitted us lately to sing on the banks of a wide river of blood, and dance by the glare of funeral torches.

Those

Those ferocious men, adepts in revolutionary crimes, counted a good deal on this indifference, on this forgetfulness of the past, on that fatal indulgence which screened so many criminals. It was the hope of impunity which emboldened so many men, who mistook impudence for greatness; they made a parade of a sort of political depravity, and of that daily assassination of laws and civil order, which is the most dreadful of all scourges both for nations as well as individuals.

The clear perception of the past is the conception of the future; there are no more limits for him who has overleaped every limit; the prostitute never blushes but once; the drinker of blood shudders only at the first crime; the conspirators, since the 10th of March, are, and always will be, the same. September, in short, has given birth to all the crimes which have followed the dreadful silence of the laws.

Figure to yourself a traveller ingulphed in a ravine of the Appennines, and who finds himself compelled to meet the attack of a ferocious animal, a wild bear; he cannot combat, conquer, and kill him, without assuming something of his ferocity.

It is for history to say why Babœuf was punished, and the gates of the prison opened to Drouet.

CHAP. CCXXVI.

SHOPS, SMALL SHOPS, STALLS.

WHAT is most in evidence in the city is to see the quays, the bridges, the cross-ways, the public places, the corners of the streets, and streets the whole of their length, obstructed by moveable stalls; barracks, even warehouses of grocery and cutlery, stretching out to the middle of the pavement. The parapets of the quays are covered with books; there are more booksellers than cake-sellers; there must be a prodigious number of readers, for you see stalls of books every where; there are booksellers' shops in hand-barrows, who make off when it rains, and return in fine weather. They have discovered the secret of putting the greatest number of shops in the smallest place possible. They have dug under the walls, and some streets of Paris are like a beehive, in which that problem of geometry is resolved by a mercantile mechanism.

On whatever side you turn your steps you see the permanent fair of France, where traders are niched in the smallest hole possible. You see lusty carpenters, who with brawny arm are busy in mounting scaffolding, placing props, and suspending whole houses on cross beams.

Here

Here you find workmen, who, climbing up on short ladders, demolish, cut, pierce through stone work of four feet thickness, to change stables into counting-houses. The masulipatan, the madras, the shawl, display their glowing colours at the place where the prancing nag champed his hay from beneath the rack staves; and the shed of the groom is become the milliner's boudoir; the smell of the dung yet remains.

I have taken a shop, and begun trade, is what all these sellers of every thing and doers of nothing tell you; this, however, finds work for the smith, who is every day inventing sure locks; the joiner, who makes window-frames in the modern gothic, in order to throw the light more delicately on the stuffs; the painter, in short, who varies his arabesque according to the caprice of his employers. The shops are resplendent with light, and the smallest have their suns and their argands.

The orthography of the modern signs no longer fear the censure of the purist, while the letters of the names present strokes, the elegance and boldness of which deserve the attention of sworn writers: this is a visible amelioration.

But a great number of these shops, so brilliant on the outside, have nothing but factitious riches within. Those boxes, ranged with so much show in their cases, contain nothing pretty generally but hay; nevertheless, every one wishes to appear

appear a considerable dealer, and the success of the sale depends more or less on the dexterity of the shopman who is the decorator. This is the mode. A handkerchief skilfully displayed makes a dozen in the glasses opposite; and, thanks to their magic, more than one shopkeeper possesses a double warehouse. Besides, it is a truth too well known, that of thirty shops of fresh date there are scarcely ten which support themselves with any distinction.

Failures follow quickly, and before the shop-tax is paid the shop is let to another tradesman, who boasts already of this title, which he will not keep for a long time. Blunders, inconstancy, and false calculation, are the characteristics of a multitude of heads which are to be met with only at Paris.

Yesterday four argand lamps, illuminated with all their splendour the finest shop in the quarter; to-day a single candle with its timid light betrays the ruin of the master. Ah! if it were known by how many sacrifices such a woman purchases the glory of exhibiting herself in a wig behind the counter, above which her name shines in letters of gold, how many people would be cured of the fatal itch of making themselves tradesmen! for how many individuals imagine they can, without striking a stroke, transact the commerce of both the Indies, because they have seen the brilliant warehouses of the Palais Royal.

Imitation

Imitation exercises an incredible empire over a multitude of weak minds.

What particularly strikes the sight are the goldsmiths, who, across their squares, display riches in which taste predominates over value. This frail rampart is constantly respected by the pickpocket and the thief: it has scarcely ever been known that a square has been broken.

Such is the cupidity of the tradesman, that he sees nothing in Paris but his shop and his getting forward; it is the centre of commerce: he makes a ridiculous abuse of this word, which he has never comprehended.

Bankruptcies must necessarily be very frequent in a city where the number of traders surpasses, if we may use the expression, the number of buyers, whom the extreme scarcity of money, and the taxes incurred by the enormous expences of the war, forbid not only all superfluous expences, but even those of the strictest necessity.

Besides, the too great concurrence between the great and little tradesmen tends only to drive away industry, which cannot be a long time suspended without being lost and annihilated. The destruction of companies has engendered this numerous race of little tradesmen, who have neither probity, honour, nor conscience, and who, having paid the patent, imagine they have acquired a right to swindle. Sooner or later this legion of miserable retailers will repent of having renounc-

ed

ed their former calling; for is it in the order of things that a barber should become a wine-merchant, a coachman a coffeehouse-keeper, a lackey a goldsmith, a clerk a grocer, a kettle-mender a bookseller, and a porter an upholsterer.

CHAP. CCXXVII.

PATRIOTIC FOURTH.

A KIND of contribution, to which the national assembly *invited* every citizen, in order to succour the wants of the state, ruined by the depredations of the court.

An old warrior, who had received no reward from the prince for whom he had shed his blood, poor but proud, lived retired in the country without regretting the leg he had lost; when they came to ask him, in virtue of the decree, the new *quarter* voted, "It is in vain to ask me," says he, "for my quarter, a cannon-ball took it from me at Klosterkam."

CHAP. CCXXVIII.

NEW CARRIAGES.

THESE have not, under the republican regime, the heavy air of the carriages of the first president of the parliament, the melancholy rumbling of that of the keeper of the seals, the amplitude of those of old dowagers of the blood royal; these diminutives of the coaches in the time of Henry the Fourth have given place to the lighter berlin, the superb desobligeant, to the motionless dormeuse, to the rapid phaeton, the easy whisky, and the cabriolet solo with its jingling bells.

The carriages are cut square, and mounted high; their rolling is easy; the seat of the coachman is a large and long canopy with rich fringe; he is perched so high, that you might call him a telegraph; the pannels of the carriages are ornamented with flaps and knobs of metal; there are neither arms nor cyphers; a smooth varnish gives them all an air of resemblance. The coachman, from his height, is more master of his horses, but if it was not his duty to be constantly attentive, he might observe every thing that passes in the entreffols. The chariots of the happy of the day are simple, elegant, without

out gilding, light as the clouds borne away by the wind, made to follow the flight of the swallow, or carry off the prize in the Olympic games; they fly like lightning, and this is the reason why the foot-passengers appear to the eyes of the drivers nothing but straws or stones.

This extreme quickness leaves no interval between the exchange and the money-jobber's hotel. It is in such carriages, alas! too speedy, in which those terrible proconsuls, who left after them in every department the smell of human blood, which they shed in torrents, traversed France in every direction, and at the same time not a single avenging hand was to be found in any great, or in any cross road.

If, at least, these carriages had had the heaviness of that of Louis the XVIth, when through the perfidious counsels of his nearest relations, and of the traitor Bouillé, he fled from Paris on the night of the 21st of June, 1791, to go to Montmedi, a strong place, where he was to head the nobility, and make himself chief of a party against his people, the evil would not have operated with so much success, and above all with so much celerity.

Louis the XVIth wished to travel fast, but with as little inconvenience as if in his elbow-chair at home; his carriage, of quite a new construction, was almost the chateau of the Tuilleries in miniature; there was drawing-room, sleeping-room,

wardrobe, dining-room, kitchen; nothing was wanting but the chapel, and the orchestra of musicians.

It is said that the whole family shook their sides with laughter, when they saw themselves in the open country, at the idea how the Parisians would be thunderstruck. They did not foresee that this heavy trundle was about to be crushed under its own weight; that the time which would be lost in repairing it would put them again into the hands of the crafty La Fayette, who led them back ignominiously to Paris along an hedge of six hundred thousand men under arms.

CHAP. CCXXIX.

PHILANCLOCHES.

DROLL name given to all those little devotees, who were for ever exclaiming at the tribune that we ought to give back the bells to all the fayers of mass, in order to revive processions, pilgrimages, fraternities, the penitents of every colour, and all the phalanxes of superstition.

Papism is like a sugar-mill, if it seizes the tip of your finger your whole body must pass.

Who does not now perceive, that in the destruction of so many shameful prejudices, and in the reform of so much absurd belief, if you grant a single point to the enemy of the human understanding, of the dignity of man, the sound of the bells would introduce the auto-da-fe?

CHAP. CCXXX.

THE MARRIAGE-ADVERTISER.

It is the name of an office, and the title of a journal, the frontispiece of which offers us an half agreeable image, and which promises a little more than the *Liar*, the *Bat*, or the *Penny-post*. This is the newspaper of an able and discreet negotiator, who without shame, and with the approbation of the laws, transacts affairs of the heart.

With his assistance, the man dumb from timidity, or who, after having consulted his looking-glass, finds himself no longer either young or handsome, speaks, courts without being seen, and does not shew himself, except by reverberation, till the denouement. This office has at its orders even a poet, who makes madrigals and

acrostics at a fixed price ; and it is scarcely to be imagined how that sometimes eases the purchases.

The man or woman who proposes does not fail to put the fair side foremost, that is to say, their fortune, their clear revenue in lands and houses, the produce of their actual situation, and, above all, their future expectations.

In order to attract general attention to the advertisement, they glide in a few very soft words, certain phrases ready prepared, sweet, honeyish, which do the office of a pocket looking-glass, and which help to divine the figure, the shape, the proportion of the body, the complexion, the constitution, all in a favourable point of view.

To these first hints of invitation is joined a little note of agreeable accomplishments, such as singing, the forte piano, the clarinet, the harp ; but with respect to economy, modesty in dress, or the taste for domestic duties, not a word is said ; apparently that is understood. The go-betweens are very polite kind of people ; you enter their offices as you would those of a notary ; the rent-roll is verified in a twinkling ; sometimes even the parties have not seen each other when the preliminaries of the contract are formed ; for it is to be remarked, that the demands of each on their side stipulate the reciprocal equality of fortunes as an essential clause of the contract ; they count also for a good deal the
hope

hope of inheritance, but ready money is the preponderating reason for the conclusion.

The demands of widows of twenty-five years old, without children, who wish to join in second nuptials with widowers of thirty-six and forty, likewise without children, are very numerous. All our writers of little comedies, which, as is known, never terminate but in a marriage, are invited to repair to this office, where they will find denouements ready made, and as precipitate also as those which they invent. In these sorts of negotiations it is not love, it is the strong box, which becomes the third party; and the strong box oftentimes arranges things much better than love.

This, then, is a subscription quite open for marriage, which is no longer a sacrament, but a knot almost as easy to break as to form, and in which many people engage under the faith of a prospectus. It is not said that there are more complaints at this mode of contract than for that which admits of trials, flames, and sighs. The parties accustom themselves to believe what has been so long said, that *marriage is a lottery*. The ancient Amazons of Thermodon burnt their breast, in order to draw the bow with more facility. As for the Parisian women, they destroy the inside of their bosoms by drinking too intemperately of wine, even brandy and strong liquors, so that almost all speedily make away with themselves.

selves. An uncivil candidate having made a more particular enquiry on this subject than the space would permit, the clerks would not enregister this unseemly note. The desire or wish is often masked in speaking of *en bon point*.

Every one may well suppose that in all these demands mind enters for nothing. Who is the fool that would have a wife who was a great wit? Who is the woman who asks for any other mental qualification in her husband, than that of amusing her? What has the conjugal bed to do with genius? The people who have too much understanding are nice and difficult; as they see better than others the defects of every thing, they are but seldom satisfied, and the spirit that animates them makes them express their sentiments in a quick and sometimes ironical manner, at which the pride of others is disagreeably humbled. On the other side, those of limited understandings, but who are blind enough to think themselves superior geniuses, are still more insupportable; they imagine that they can repair their insufficiency by a caustic and imperious air, which puts every one out of patience, because it is accompanied with no kind of judgment. What is then to be done? Go to the marriage advertising-office, and draw at the lottery.

The pendant to this office should be that where a woman might learn to regain the heart
of

of her husband ; but as this office would be a desert, it is not worth while to write the frontispiece.

CHAP. CCXXXI.

FEU-DE-FILE—FILE-FIRING.

WHEN it happened that it was Robespierre's will that none of the prisoners who were to appear at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal should escape death, Fouquier-Tinville made the jury understand that such were the orders of Robespierre, by crying out to them, as they turned to deliberate on their verdict, *Feu-de-file*, and the jury understood very well the meaning of that word.

CHAP. CCXXXII.

BIZARRERIE.

ALTHOUGH royalty has its agents, its emissaries, its blind or fanatical partizans in every quarter, there are many singular events and unmeaning sayings, which we must place to the account of contradiction or *bizarrerie*. In 1783, whenever the English were mentioned in company, these two ironical verses were cited :

Oh barbares Anglois, dont les cruels couteaux
Coupent le tête aux rois, et la queue aux chevaux.

These verses were found very witty, and every body laughed. About that time a bad tragedy of Laharpe's was acted, entitled *Jeanne de Naples*, in which were these two verses:

Quand un maitre aux sujets prescrit des attentats,
On presente la tête, et l'on ne obeit pas.

"How Larive murdered these fine verses," exclaimed a marquis, turning on his heel in a gilt drawing-room, "he ought to have said,

Quand un roi des sujets prescrit les attentats
On lui coupe la tête, et l'on n'en parole pas."

I have

I have twenty times heard these verses cited with a sort of reflective gaiety, and it is now in these very drawing-rooms that they are eternally lamenting, from *ton*, a catastrophe brought about by all the winds which have blown from the four corners of Europe. Every allusion against royal power was seized with eagerness at the theatres, and those very comedians, who now act the royalist, endeavoured to excite and give birth to those applauses.

No force was used to drag the Parisians to their sections of Marat, and the bonnet-rouge, in the midst of the Brutuses and the Cassiuses of those times, who performed at their ease the parts of the Demosthenes and the Cicero's; at half past six double ropes would not have held the Parisians in their shops, while now we are forced to make laws which send them, and almost to compel these idle and indifferent citizens to go and vote in their primary assemblies. They say they are afraid of a chair being thrown at them, and declare that they are too genteel to meddle in the election of the magistrates of the people. Yet this is not merely the right, but the duty of every citizen; and this duty is so little felt at the time I write, that it is almost turned into ridicule. Such is the *bizarrerie* of the human mind, or rather that spirit of contradiction which opposes every thing either from hebetude or the wish of appearing to obey only its own caprice. It would be difficult enough to explain what ex-

cites

cites and what suddenly cools the zeal of the people. At one epocha it rises against kings, at another it regrets them; it is now proud of exerting its rights of sovereignty, and now the first to turn them into ridicule. All these rapid and contradictory shades of character will render the pen of the historian undecided. There are without doubt determining causes, but effects so opposite are difficult to explain. Formerly at Athens the gates of the city were shut, and the only streets left free were those which led to the primary assemblies. This was well done: the Athenians did not consider this law as derogatory to their liberty. It was to them no restraint, but a light impulsion, which determined their will without thwarting it. They laughed at their own indolence, and while they laughed executed the law.

Amongst those who have the right of voting, there are scarcely a tenth who condescend to give themselves the trouble. How can we explain this indifference in persons, who from morning till night talk of nothing but public affairs?

CHAP. CCXXXIII.

DRAWINGS OF LE BRUN.

WHAT most attracts the crowd in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre, what most fixes the eye and the attention of every beholder, are the singular sketches of Le Brun, who has connected the physiognomy of certain men and animals. It leads the mind to reflection, to compare the principal features of the physiognomy of men, whom we have seen or known, where we find a slighter or more striking resemblance to those of animals. However distant this resemblance, it is often sufficient to recall the ideas of cunning and stupidity, of mildness or ferocity, excited by certain countenances.

Some, after this examination, glide slyly towards the great mirrors at the bottom of the gallery, to verify their faces in the glass, and observe whether they are most like the Indian cock or the eagle, the dromedary or the lion, the monkey or the hog; but the science of physiognomy can never be learnt by comparisons or rules, we must lay aside in some sort the visible traces. The study of physiognomy is not a science, but an instinct; we must feel, not guess, and be born physiog-

physiognomists. You will not arrive at the knowledge of the character of man by the science of astronomy or osteology; your eye must pierce into the mind; folly and cruelty sometimes assume an open countenance, while wit and goodness are oftentimes found in a Socratic head.

Never study portraits, particularly of great personages; they are always false or fictitious; they display only one view of the countenance, and even that is changed. An infinite number of portraits have been taken of Voltaire; all are alike, and yet there is not one in my opinion which resembles him. He belonged a good deal to the family of the great monkey; but he had a sparkling eye, which diminished his general cast of ugliness.

What we call figure, face, features, change; but physiognomy is indelible: this we can trace beneath the wrinkles of age, as beneath the bloom of youth; this not only escapes the chisel and the pencil, but even speech fails to define it. Let us not be surprised, that breath divine which is hidden within us, can only be seized by the mind, by the purest act of our intelligence, by that connection which establishes itself between two souls who seek each other, and who, as it were, converse, to know each other perfectly.

Quackery has seized upon the science of physiognomy, because it is a sort of moral dictature,
which

which often disturbs our self love or our dissimulation ; but in my opinion neither the anatomy, nor the observation of the animal part of the individual, nor the connection between the faces of animals and the countenance of man, forms the true physiognomist. The exceptions are so much more numerous than the rules, that those drawings which alarm or terrify us are merely the reveries of painters.

Robespierre, it is true resembled a wild cat, Marat a bird of night, and Collot d'Herbois had, in his hard and narrow forehead, something of the tiger. Some mouths are visibly cruel ; and how apparent this was in Billaud de Varennes ! with those savage eyes, with that cold and listless attitude, he would have attended the funeral of the world * ; and that Danton, whom pleasure itself did not render human, which is the true mark of a ferocious character, what a seal of reprobation in his hideous flat countenance ! and the eternal paleness of C . . . ! Notwithstanding all this, our physical frame is so deceitful, that it is impossible to discern the mind by the spring of our machine ; we must go beyond matter to seize upon the mind of man.

* I characterise the first Mirabeau, by saying that he resembled a lion who had had the small pox ; but it would be absurd to pretend that this resemblance had any influence on his character.

The still portrait is much more difficult to trace, than when we animate it with passion: the passions are never equivocal. Sheep are all alike, and women resemble each other much more than men. I believe that all books and reasonings on physiognomy lead astray; anatomical engravings are, of all things, the most delusive. A log of wood is not a tree.

Man is not entirely in the face, in the head, or even in the bust; he is discovered in his gait, in his accent, in his demeanour, in his attitude, in his repose, in his sleep . . . ? Heavens! I have told the half of my secret, in his sleep! . . . The man who sleeps discovers more to the physiognomist by instinct, than fearful sleep of the wicked I would have all public men obliged to sleep in public.

Let us throw aside portraits, drawings, profiles, bones of the head, the length of the jaws, the distance of the eyes, the size of the nose, chin more or less pointed, strait or transversal lines, and let the eye of him, who is endued with that precious instinct which we hold from nature, and which we cannot learn from books, meet the eye of the man whom he would judge: we can only appreciate what lives, and every portrait is dead.

A curious person had read one evening, in one of those books which amuse and deceive, that those who had great beards were usually giddy: he

he chose to look at his own in the glass with a candle, and going too near, burnt the half of it, and immediately wrote on the margin of the book, *As for that rule, it is certain.*

Man resembles only man ; he is one simple point in the creation, and the form of each of his members was the result of a sublime thought : he is placed upright on the earth ; his foot touches it only by one point, as if to warn him that he ought not there to fix his affections, and that his eternal country is above. In the organization of his admirable frame there are hidden beauties more admirable still. The hand of God has solemnly traced a line of demarcation between man and the brute ; and I turn away my looks from that impious pencil, which, by the aid of a few lineaments, dares assimilate the countenance of man to the muzzle of the stupid ox ; or from the obstinate head of the long-necked camel, frame men-horses, men-lions, men-magpies, men-monkeys, &c.

If we take the head of a monkey, and compare it to that of a man, we shall never find in the narrow case which incloses the brain of that mischievous being, the seat of that brain which invented the watch ; nor can I believe that an aquiline nose is a sign of wickedness, because it recalls the formidable beak of the eagle devouring his prey.

The painter who first represented Adam and
Eve

Eve in their terrestrial paradise, surrounded by all the animals, peaceful and submissive, formed a magnificent and incomparable picture. There every animal has his primitive physiognomy, from the terrible lion to the innocent sheep; but the finest form is that of man; and when I see his head proudly rise above the rest, I exclaim, this is the first living being in nature, the rest are formed to creep at his feet. I do not assert that we must not consult the eyes, the forehead, the mouth; yet the mouth composes itself, the eye is hypocritical, the forehead is dissimulating; the hand has an unalterable character, and the tread of the foot cannot be counterfeited. I have said, that the last and true stamp of the character of man is on the hand and the foot*. The animal has the head and the brain, he has neither the hand nor the foot.

Our forefathers asserted that the devil had a cloven foot†: the wise man treats these old opinions with the same respect as he does old proverbs: but every thing is extraordinary to habitual folly and listlessness, as every thing is paradoxical to idleness and inattention.

* I have not said the feet, which would not have expressed my idea; still less would I speak of the marks of the hand. I despise chiromancy. The hand speaks to those who know how to examine it, shut or open; this is all I meant to say.

† This devil, or devils, were fauns, satyrs, or giffins; and thus, in the most horrible degradation of the human species, nature reproduces the head, and not the foot.

The

The hand, when open, forms a half circle ; it has the power of stopping, by means of culture, the petrification of the globe ; and of ameliorating, for the benefit of future generations, that great nurse of the human race. The hand forms the hymn of adoration on the organ, for the tongue seems powerless for this religious homage. He who would give you a perfidious kiss does not extend his hand to you ; the most eunuch is a frozen hand. If you could see the hand of Brinvilliers, which mixed poison seven times in the food of her father, you would know it again, for you would secretly shudder at the sight.

When Vestris springs, falls, bounds again, regains his feet, detaches himself from the ground at his will, skims along like a bird, flies with rapid grace, and always in perfect equipoise, it is on the point of his foot that he acts the archangel. The admiring spectators consider him as a great dancer : I discern in him quite another image. I see him loosen himself from the earth, break the laws of gravitation, become an inhabitant of air, for some minutes assimilate himself to his future destiny, and form the prelude to those days of happiness and glory when thought and motion shall be the same. After admiring Vestris, mark the ignoble jump of the monkey, or the dance of the bear.

Examine the naked foot, examine next how man places his foot, and forms, in a more or less exact manner, the fine perpendicular line! An antique statue is sometimes the finer from being mutilated: a slight feature discovers the chisel of *Praxiteles*.

It was an ancient custom to kiss, in a respectful manner, the foot of the dead; and even to judge, by the repose of the foot, of their state of blessedness. The child with its foot disengages itself from its maternal prison; the foot, in short, is the basis of this wonderful edifice, and this foot, divinely fashioned, belongs only to a mortal being. Painters and sculptors affirm, that the expression of the foot is the last effort of their art: that of Milo of Crotona cries, and I have no need of seeing the suffering head.

The day after the massacres of September, I walked with slow step down the Rue St. Jacques, petrified with astonishment and horror, and surprised to see the sky, the elements, the city, and its inhabitants, all equally dumb. Two carts full of dead bodies had already passed me; a carter quietly drove them at mid-day, half buried under their black and bloody garments, to the deepest pits of the plain Mont Rouge, where I then lived. A third cart came up—a foot stuck out from amidst the heaps of corpses; at this sight I was struck with awe: that foot beamed with immortality!

talities! He to whom it had belonged was already an inhabitant of heaven! and those remains wore an air of majesty which the eye of the murderer could not perceive. I saw that foot; and I shall know it again at the last great day of judgment, when the Eternal, seated upon thunder, shall judge kings and septembrifers.

A world without God, says the atheist! But Lavater, the reader, and myself, who see rather a God than a world, while every thing in the universe and in man is full of the divinity, let us seek, examine, and discover, where is the particular seal which he has impressed below on his favourite creatures.

CHAP. CCXXXIV.

REMEMBRANCES OF BABYLON.

WHILE Paris offers to the admiration of all the people in the universe the immense palace of the Tuilleries, and its magnificent garden, the colonnade, the Garde Meuble, the mint, the portico of Servandini, that of the Pantheon, the Palais Royal, and so many other sumptuous edifices, it will lead them always to wish for larger

and straiter streets, houses with small spaces between each other, squares more vast and airy, aqueducts more numerous to wash them, and preserve their salubrity.

The pictures, the statues, and the medals of Italy will add nothing to its beauty, to its external convenience. Will this mythological world, pent up in its close museums, speak to the eyes of the philosophic traveller as eloquently as the place where Babylon, that proud city, was situated, which occupied, on the eastern shore of the Euphrates, a space of six leagues in length, and which was near Palmyra, and the country of pearls and of gold.

No, Paris will never leave in history traces of grandeur and magnificence comparable to that of Babylon, whose walls surpassed in height the towers of Notre Dame, which are 204 feet. The breadth of those walls was 64 feet, and three cars might pass a-breast. The walls were flanked with 250 towers. The hanging gardens had nearly a superficies of two acres; and let no one imagine that the centre of the city was so overloaded with houses as Paris. According to the testimony of Quintius Curtius, there were no edifices but in the space of 90 stadia. The buildings were insulated, in order to prevent the ravages of fire.

The inhabitants ploughed and sowed all the rest, and could, in case of siege, support themselves

selves with the grain which they gathered from this soil. The arable land contained within the walls of Babylon was divided into 73,602 acres; and all the superficies of the ground amounted to 78,509 acres. An acre of ground furnished enough for the subsistence of sixty persons; and the taxes of government amounted yearly to about thirty millions of our money.

Dewceilly, an architect, exhibited many years since, in the saloon of the Louvre, a project of the gradual reconstruction of the streets, of the edifices and squares of Paris, with embellishments.

This new plan would have given Paris the desired regularity, but left the houses contiguous to each other, made the lovers of the fine arts and of antiquity regret the intelligence of the plan of Babylon. The modern architect had foreseen neither the events of a siege, nor the accidents of fire, against which all possible assurance companies would be totally insufficient.

CHAP. CCXXXV.

CANT PHRASES.

ONE of the most common reproaches of the Parisian gentry, which we hear most frequently repeated, and which circulates continually among the thick-headed bourgeoisie, is this ; Why did the majority of the Convention suffer themselves to be beaten by the minority ; and why, with pure intentions, did they not contrive to keep the uppermost ? We reply, that the minority of the convention was supported by the Jacobins, by the commune of Paris, which had the military force in its hands, by the royalist sections, and by a crowd of foreigners, who perverted the opinion of the public ; we also reply, that the people of Paris would never make any distinction between the republicans and the anarchists ; that they dissembled to themselves the tendency which they always had towards royalism, with the confused hope that a monarch would bring them great riches. We may also add, that though the national representation was the cause of their security and opulence, they have never had a proper sentiment of its value ; that, continually excited by false ideas, as the acts of government were

were only theatrical scenes in their eyes more or less curious, more or less amusing, they opened their ears like idle spectators, rather to the clamours of impudence than the voice of wisdom, preferring always the tricks of intrigue, and even acts of violence. The danger of the republic was a thing that did not interest them; as they were in the centre of the motion, they thought themselves out of the whirl; and if there be a government, it is constituted, in their opinion, only to guard them in preference, and protect their shops.

Such are Parisian ideas; and they are analogous to those which they have formed of their superiority over the other departments; and Paris can never renounce the idea, that gold, silver, warehouses, and riches of every kind, the depôts of the arts and sciences, belong only to the capital.

Between the royalist and the anarchist factions, the Parisian has preserved no medium, but has caressed both in their turn; he has never seemed alarmed in days of insurrection: to please him there must be something more or less factious in the physiognomy; the wise, the prudent, the impartial, the philosophic, are not men for him.

His public spirit is in general a mixture of both factions; and, to say all in one word, if he durst be open and decided, it would be for the royalist with the red cap. He might have de-
tested

tested the tyranny of Robespierre and Marat, but he was delighted in his heart at the war which they made against the rich, who were, nevertheless, the persons he holds in the highest veneration. We may venture to say, that their favourite, the man who in contrary circumstances would have been truly their idol, he, in short, whom they would raise to the pinnacle, was Babœuf.

Babœuf and his gang would have been supported by that brutal and numerous crowd, which peopled the revolutionary committees, and who remember having lain in our beds, and drunk the wine of our cellars; and who, calling all those aristocrats and suspected persons who had a library or a pendulum, placed under the seals all our patrimonial furniture, as property which ought to be legally divided.

CHAP. CCXXXVI.

PROFESSORSHIPS.

PROFESSORSHIP, if we are not on our guard, will take the place of the priesthood, and create again a crowd of men, wordy, presumptuous, and chicaning, largely paid, and perfectly useless.

There is enough to swell the spleen of twenty Democritus's, and furnish pictures to ten Molières, in seeing this regiment of professors of the *human understanding*, of *legislation*, of *history*, of *morality*, of *political economy*: professors, and no disciples! The pupils might in this way call themselves professors, as much as the professors themselves.

Professors of history! ah, my poor pupil, take a book and read. Will thy professor invent history? Are our libraries then reduced to ashes?

Political economy, legislation, human understanding! still professors! O my dear Rabelais!

Those matters, which are so nearly allied to the deep obscure, are not taught; man is born for these kinds of knowledge, he rushes into them of himself, and to direct on this point bastardizes the mind more than it elevates.

Now,

Now, after so many professors, there must be also professors of foreign languages? Foreign languages! I thought that there had been only one language in Europe, that of French republicans.

Even before the revolution, our language was that of Europe; all our books were translated; we were strangers no where; we were answered in French from the mouth of the Tagus to that of the Newa. France preluded its high destiny by its patriotic writers; our tongue will never degenerate in the hands of a free people.

Not only is the French language the richest in works of taste and genius, but it is also the most amiable. When you understand prose, you comprehend verse. There is scarcely any difference between the prose of Telemachus and the odes of Rousseau; it constrains every writer to follow the established rules. The most illustrious writer cannot be audacious, nor can the scribbler give a twist to his style. It is this regularity which forces every author, notwithstanding the purity of his genius, to have a certain sort of common sense, a clearness, an order in his ideas, which is not met with amongst our neighbours, where the capricious inversion and disorder of periods favour every headstrong imagination.

Is it not to be feared, that too strict an acquaintance with foreign tongues may change among us that clear and luminous style, that national style;

style, the admiration of Europe; and that we may precipitate ourselves into the bombast, or into the swollen phraseology of the East?

Agreeably to the wish which has been so long universal, that there should be but one language in Europe, cannot we add, without pride, that ours will obtain this honour.

A dead language is fixed, a living tongue is not so. How guess at all those shades, so variable and changing? Among all the people of Europe there is a lettered and a popular language. We may know the one and be ignorant of the other; to teach them both is a thing impossible.

The language of *Dante* is a different language from that of *Metastasio*; the language of *Klopstock* is not that of *Gesner*; and as among us, *Montaigne*, *Marot*, and *Rabelais*, have quite a different style from that of *Chaulieu*, *Dorat*, and *Parny*, so among our neighbours this difference of language exists between one province and another, one town and another. Who will assure me, that the professor will not teach a particular jargon instead of a determined language? and if, through taste or error, he should distribute among his pupils a superannuated language, what would it benefit the student to understand Chaucer, and not know how to ask his way in English?

I should

I should have been guilty of a great absurdity, if I had condemned the study of the living languages. Let me be understood: I condemn only the *professorships*, because I am convinced by my own experience, that a language is learnt only by the eyes.

I have been a professor, and I maintain that it is as impossible to learn a language from the mouth of a public professor, speaking to twenty or thirty scholars, as it is to learn the art of making fireworks by seeing them let off.

The teaching of a language cannot be compared with a physical or chymical experiment. The pupil must exercise himself in the perpetual handling of the dictionary; must find his own words, must examine the compounds, and return again upon it; he will then have no need of a professor, but of a pedagogue, a private master entirely to himself, patient, zealous, attentive, who will lead him step by step, and who will not suffer him to make a single one without grounding him. It is only in this manner that the first difficulties of a language are conquered; and without the constant practice of steps no one will ever ascend.

If you wish that France should possess a literature truly great, new, and original, leave her, Legislature, to herself. The greatest error in government is the desire of governing every thing.

If

If you wish public instruction to make great progress, protect it, but do not pay it; favour preceptors of every kind, but do not let the republic pay them salaries; recompence labour, but do not give places; for places are ran after, and lazy and chattering professors are idle men, who never rise above mediocrity.

Those arts of refinement, those brilliant and tasteful arts, will thenceforth be cultivated only by those who are urged on by irresistible genius, the warrant of true success. Literature is a cup sufficiently intoxicating to invite those who are not born to touch it with their lips. Taste for literature has made a crowd of beings wretched. We should thin the flock of the lettered tribe instead of extending it, and, I avow it openly, for the interest of the republic.

Superficial studies of a few poets and some orators have engendered that horde of newspaper libellers, who, like the locusts of Egypt, have putrefied the whole harvest. The only punishment to inflict on them is to embolden them to write, always to write.

CHAP. CCXXXVII.

BURIALS.

THE scandal of the mode of interment lasted for some time; it was a consequence of the ideas and requisitories of Chaumette. He had informed the people that there was nothing after death; and when I was a prisoner, my errand-boy, about fourteen years old, said to me, "There is no longer any God; there is no other than Robespierre's supreme being." Atheism had begun its ravages.

But are laws then necessary to tell the son not to abandon the corpse of his father; to oblige the friend to follow the coffin of his friend; not to let it be borne solitary away on mercenary shoulders, without attendance, without mourning, to a pit, where it is thrown in like the vilest of animals? One would suppose that friendship, love, and nature no longer existed. No more tears, no more attendance; the corpse remained unfollowed; and when it crossed the streets, no one knew if it had left behind a single being who had taken an interest in it.

This dereliction, this solitude, this cold indifference for a relative, a mother, or a friend, had something

something too revolting not to lead us to regret the duties of every polished, and even of every savage nation. It was impossible for the dignity of man to remain a longer time under such aggravated insult: when the scaffolding of materialism was broken down with the scaffolds, a project of a law was presented at the tribune, which appeared to me in general so incomplete, so insufficient, so dangerously innovating, that I rose, and spoke in the following manner * :

“ I feel myself irresistibly led to this tribune to oppose the project of a resolution, which has just been presented to you by Daubermesnil, in the name of a special commission, in the fitting of the 21st Brumaire. These private interments, the objects of a very spurious sensibility, these infectious piles, these cadaverous flames, this subtraction of the dead from the earth, our common mother; all these innovations on long-established customs revolt my mind, my reason, and my feelings. What is the purport

* This discourse will give an idea of the disposition of every mind at that time, and of the strange maxims which the total forgetfulness of religious principles had spread amongst this deluded and unhappy people. Oh, I will repeat without ceasing, that Voltaire, by his licentious writings, has been, without knowing or foreseeing it, the *forerunner of Chaumette*. The journalists, in giving an account of my speech, said that my voice was weak, and that they had not been able to hear me. They heard me but too well! but many love to turn a deaf ear when we combat the system of materialists.

of the present motion? To give us back the lares, the domestic altars, the cinerary urns, the phials, the lacrymatories of the ancients; or is it to make us Egyptian mummies, to wrap us up in bandages, and throw us back into the errors and extravagancies of paganism.

"This is the second reading of that strange report which has been made to you. How can we have glided over it so lightly? The only persons who were ever burnt amongst us, were poisoners and sodomites.

"The gross plagiaries of ancient customs will soon introduce the ridiculous usages of all the nations of the earth, which can be found in dictionaries; and our fanciful minds are quick in sprouting! It is who shall ransack his brain to copy pictures more or less extravagant.

"The funereal ceremonies of the most superstitious nations are going to give each other the meeting in France, and naturalize themselves agreeably to the whims of all present and future maniacs.

"Inhumations and burials are connected at the same time with civil, religious, and political relations; and these relations are so delicate, that we must make use of the greatest wisdom in reconciling them. Let us take care that the dead do not trouble the repose of the living; this has been seen in many countries; and this project

project has a tendency to renew it; for private interments, which is the object of the proposition, I fear, with some reason, may lead us to troubles as unforeseen as there have been. Let the image of death lose nothing of its character; to modify it to the fancy of men is degrading it: let this religious character be always uniform.

"You already perceive, legislators, the extreme difficulty of a law on these serious objects, and particularly in the present circumstances; let us do nothing precipitately; let us rather be wise and circumspect, for we have a disposition still to abuse this word liberty, this abstract term, by saying that the corpses of our neighbours, of our wives, of our friends, belong to us. No! no! they belong indistinctly to the earth, which has lent them its elements; they belong to the earth alone.

"Every innovation in this kind might beget proud rivalries, insolent distinctions, and scandalous discussions, which would be holding out perpetual food to susceptible and superstitious imaginations; and what more fitted to nourish superstition than these mournful ceremonies, which each might modify according to his fancy.

"If decency has been wounded in our days, when a general overthrow of ideas has taken place, simple laws of police may, and still can, repair such abuses; but I can assure you, that they do not exist at the moment I am speaking:

"Happy changes are taking place every day without tumult, without exertion, and without noise; and it is thus, if I am not deceived, that we should act in these difficult circumstances.

"Where a nation has had the misfortune of not being able to cast in a single mould its religious, political, and civil institutions; or that, in a still more difficult dilemma, it finds itself in extraordinary circumstances, which hinder such a union from taking place, it must wait the events of time for such obstructions to disappear.

"It is around the tomb that the human imagination creates and heaps up phantoms; and it would be difficult at that moment to impose any restraint, however little indulgence may have been shewn to its first deviations. The imagination at such a time becomes as formidable as the profound mystery which it is busy in contemplating.

"When the soul, the emanation of the divinity, has abandoned the body of the man, this body is no longer him, but his cloak; we should respect these remains, but not idolize them, and take care even to put every thing out of the way which might resemble him. Pride has built mausoleums, and is always tending to rebuild them. What is required by the body deprived of the divine breath which animated it? To be restored to the earth, because it is made to decompose itself slowly and successively, there by physical

physical and known laws. It is there that it pays the debt which it contracted when it was born, and it is honourable and useful only there.

"To burn bodies, as demanded by the reporter, is a gross error, if it be not also a physical crime, a sacrilege towards nature ; for it is hindering the return of the component parts, which form the riches, the nourishment, and the ornament of the globe. Fire is a destructive engine, which changes the nature of every thing which it dissolves ; it would take, therefore, from the earth what it has a right to expect for the reproduction of vegetables, and the formation of calcareous earths. Fire would give every thing to the air, which would be a pure waste ; the pile, besides, would require combustibles, and our forests would evaporate in vain smoke, instead of feeding our hearths and our forges.

"The ancients, so ignorant in physics, have reasoned ill on the burning of bodies ; it spreads besides an infection, which is however the least inconvenience of this inconsiderate usage. No ; it ought not to be permitted for every individual to take possession of the corpse of his father, of his son, of his wife, his mistress, and his friend. Our houses would soon be transformed into cemeteries, and pride would be led to imagine obsequies, which would be attended at least with dangerous singularities. We should again

have bones concealed in shrouds of gold and silver; epitaphs and hired mourners would again make their appearance; and that system of lying would again be in vogue, which, under the name of funeral orations, flowed emphatically from the mouths of panegyrists.

"The law which should leave corpses at the disposal of the fancies of individuals, would condemn these corpses to profanation, even by conjugal or filial tenderness. Singularity and false sensibility would lead us back to costly embalmings, and even to mummies, which we should exhibit with ostentation; wild extravagance, in short, would signalize its empire on a subject which incites the imagination to the most dangerous deviations. Such a one will carry off that muscle which we name the heart, and will not imagine that he is in possession of nothing more than a mere viscera. A stupid admirer would steal the brain of some scientific man, and suppose that he is master of what was his understanding.

"True sensibility, so distinct from *sensibilism*, attaches itself not to material and hideous objects, but to a letter, a remembrance, an epocha, and above all, to a moral act. Would you re-establish the altars of idolatry? Let us separate, let us distinguish, let us preserve, let us decorate corpses; to-morrow we shall address them; to-morrow we shall confound matter and intelligence.

"The

"The triumph of hypocrisy is in the rear of interments, in the building of mausoleums, and the gilding of sarcophagus. True grief is dumb; mourning dresses is not mourning. Oh! who can look at the portrait of a dead friend. The extravagance of mankind has its full play over the tombs of the dead. The end of human hopes and of life has been the signal amongst almost all people of most uncouth and singular ceremonies. The signs of affliction and the garments of mourning have even become objects of pride and ostentation.

"Death is not destruction; let us be careful lest vain ceremonies plunge us into poetical chimeras, or into ideas still more degrading and superstitious*.

"There

* I was never more impressed with the power of solitude for the adoption of religious ideas than at the *Great Chappelle of Grenoble*. You are there, indeed, still in the world, but only to recognize its nothingness. To hear nothing but the sound of the bell (this sound seems to call our souls, and introduce them into eternity), to see only men dumb and pale with penitence, fixed continually in prayer, we tremble even at our own innocence, in being unable to place one's foot, except on the border of a precipice or a tomb; we feel the rottenness of the bases of fortune, of pleasures, and of what we call happiness. Those white shades walking around that melancholy cemetery, develop that sublime thought of Young's—*Man dives into the tomb to rise immortal*. It is there he must terminate the day which will have no morrow. Every thing on that spot abandons man to himself, and, free from illusions, he becomes better acquainted with truth. I regret that there

“There is no bizarrerie which the desire of idolizing the dead, and of exhibiting them with pomp, would not suggest to proud, melancholy, or fantastic minds, if the law which consigns the dead to their last dwelling did not belong exclusively to society; and if reason as well as policy did not imperiously command it. I know no law more disastrous for religion and morality than that which should abandon corpses to the changeable caprices of the interrers, or the frenzy of blind tenderness. Human ashes, from the superabundance of homage and ceremony which would be paid them, would be no longer sacred; at least pride would give a frequent wound to *equality*, and at a moment in which we should have all become in reality equal.

“It is charity which prescribes the first mode of burial; it would be vanity, arrogance, the *come-dism* of sentiment, which should ordain the latter.

“When man re-descends into himself, he finds a world more astonishing still than that which surrounds him. What is our body?

there is no longer any of those silent mansions existing, in which man, harassed and burnt up by worldly passions, might go to cool and regenerate himself, by tasting that repose, or rather that intimate joy, which we feel under the empire of religion, when we are sincerely in subjection to it; I mean that religion which, far from every kind of idolatry, consists in finding God in ourselves, in confiding in him, in adoring and loving him, and in the lively hope of an happiness which he alone can bestow. It is thus only that undeluded men can fly from the world, and innocence shelter itself from the wicked.

“It

“ It is matter only transfigured, which circulates on the scene, and its individual varieties are continually turning around the eternal type ; but the action of producing and vivifying is of an order too elevated for us to be instructed in it by divine power. The principle which serves to balance life and death will be never laid open to man as long as he shall be an occasional agent, who receives life without feeling it, and who gives it without conceiving it ; but this ignorance ! it is death which will deliver us from it, by leading us back to the source of ideas.

“ God is the immediate author of our sensations, and our bodies exist only in idea. Every sensation passing in the soul, and having God only for its author, is the only thing existing in regard to matter.

“ The spirituality of the soul is not only a truth, but also an inherent and universal sentiment ; since ideas are the aliment of the soul, and we console ourselves for the stroke of death ; the present life is but the prelude of a better.

“ There is an immutable relation between the hope of another life and virtue ; and if this hope often produces morality, it happens still oftener that it is the moral goodness of the man which produces hope.

“ We have a distinct knowledge of something which is not material ; and when we descend into ourselves, we are constrained to avow that if there
exist

exist any fixed permanent truth, it is that of the immortality of the soul. We shall always be forced to acknowledge that the mind and body are really distinct, and that we cannot confound them without overthrowing the most common and most reasonable opinions.

"I cannot conceive man without thought. What is existence but the consciousness of self. Thought is but the developement of a thing unique, indivisible, indestructible; matter can have no knowledge or perception; it does not exist.

"Ah, why should not a lively sentiment be a profound reasoning? What is it in us which perceives beauty, harmony? We shall find that it is something immaterial. I cannot conceive a man without thought, instinct, and reason, the sign of both natures, says Pascal.

"The universe contains me, and swallows me up as a point, and I by thought swallow up the universe. Although this passage of the same author offers abuses of terms, it nevertheless gives a great idea of men. Plato has said, we have an intimate sense which perceives the future.

"Behold death clanking the keys of the tomb! What a misfortune to believe nothing beyond it!

"Who is he that feels with transport the mild harmony of nature? He who believes in another life. But it is the corruption of great societies which depraves our mind; a secret sentiment calls us back to our celestial origin. The stars

are

are divine cyphers traced in the heavens to make us read above our heads the book in which the Eternal has written his name.

"Our passions tyrannize us, and we shut our ear to the celestial voice which speaks to us and consoles us.

"To feel ourselves united to a creating being! what is there then so melancholy in this relation?

"The disorder and calamities of the moral world; what a picture without the immortality of the soul!

"It was necessary that the divine breath should animate our first thoughts. It is certain that we have ideas independent of sensations, otherwise man would be only a watch. How is it we resolve geometrical questions at eight years of age? Pardon me, legislators, if I have been too diffuse in giving my ideas on the consoling sentiment of the immortality of the soul; it has sustained me in times of oppression and tyranny; it has given me that calm and courage which I should have scarcely found elsewhere; it would have made me march to the scaffold tranquil and resigned. But I return to the question respecting private interments. Citizen representatives, (and I beg you to mark), they would give full right and authority to exterminations. After having entrusted interments to the arbitrary ideas of relations or neighbours, they would have a right to place

place or displace the dead at their pleasure. We should be every year witnessing new scenes of an indecent piece of folly, or a ridiculous lachrymania. Domestic preparations would take place, which coming across other images, and as it were on a sudden, might affright or afflict the feelings of others, and impress painful sensations on fibres too susceptible, on those of infancy and youth. A funereal ceremony would affect the young bride; the songs of mourning would interrupt those of joy. But nature has impressed a repulsive aspect on corpses, in order that they may be carefully concealed from every eye. Maniacs might rehearse at their fancy the spectacle of simulated grief.

“Religion had placed the dead under its sacred and immutable safeguard; let a political law be its imitator on this point; let it keep under its empire the wrecks of humanity without permitting their dispersion, which would be the germ of scandal and folly; and if we have examples to borrow from the ancients, let it not be their bad usages, especially when infected with the spirit of idolatry. Is it not that spirit which has extinguished in man all great and elevated ideas, and which has brought him down to the level of idols.

“What abuses would result from this pretended liberty, which, to my very great astonishment, your commission proposes for our acceptance?

Would

Would you play then with the dead? they would be no longer sure of reposing in peace. The maniacs are more numerous than you think. *Sensibilism*, permit me again to use this term, is the portion of a multitude of weak and little beings, of feverish sentiments, and of such as are the eternal comedians of true sensibility.

“If the progress of anatomy requires the transport of a few corpses into our amphitheatres, prudence and wisdom are careful that the eyes of those who are unconcerned in the operations should not be daily shocked; but does it not sometimes happen, in spite of these precautions, that the eye has been struck with these frightful scenes, and that the people, starting back with horror, have taken the studious work of the scalpel for the horrible crime of an assassin?”

“How much does it then behove us to remove corpses of every age and sex from the phantasies of pride, and the errors of sentiment! To grant them to him who should claim under pretence of parentage or sentimental connexion, would be opening the most unlimited field to perhaps sacrilegious abuses; we cannot calculate, at least, the effects of so imprudent a permission, since this toleration, besides shocking a crowd of religious ideas, would act in a manner so different with respect to popular ideas, already so variable, already so extraordinary, since our revolution. French heads are no longer the same; they
have

have made as many commentaries on the word *liberty* as they have committed acts against the *thing*; and this it is that affects the republican so deeply.

"The commission, without doubt to prepare the mind of the public, has demanded a year for the accomplishment of their project. It seems to me impracticable under every point of view, a year hence as much as to-day, and I cannot recover my astonishment that we should have so grossly profaned the words *liberty* and *senti-ment*.

"I therefore demand in my own name the erasure of the fifth article, conceived in these terms: "Every person is permitted to burn, or "inter, in whatever place he shall think fit, the "body of his relatives, or of such as shall be dear "to him, conforming himself nevertheless to the "laws of police and of salubrity." The impassioned head of a romantic young man decorating tombs and scribbling epitaphs could not have more completely confounded the expressions, *which are dear to him*. What a latitude! it terrifies my imagination! *in whatever place he shall think fit*. What a promenade for the dead! what a career open to the wildest ideas! And this is what they venture to propose. No, I wish for none of their infectious piles; I wish for none of those domestic cemeteries, of those gardens paved with the dead, of those presses where one man will shew

shew me his grandfather, another his great uncle. Our chimney-pieces would be ornamented with embryos instead of Chinese mandarins; human extravagance would waste itself on objects formed to strengthen it; I wish, in short, for none of those translations of corpses; and nature and policy, the police and salubrity, are equally averse to it. Private burials are a crime against the peace and repose of society."

CHAP. CCXXXVIII.

ELECTOR OF THE YEAR FIVE.

IT is no longer with greasy night-caps, pantaloons, dirty shirts, and tucked-up sleeves, that the exercise of the sovereignty of the people displays itself. A decent and even dignified demeanour is what we remark in the electors of Paris. Cabriolets, berlins, and phaetons, bring and take back a part of the members of the assembly. Let us take care, however, that luxury, and all the vices it engenders, do not introduce themselves among us.

CHAP. CCXXXIX.

PLAYERS ON THE FRENCH HORN.

THEY were stationed in cabarets, and corresponded from one quarter to another. All these corresponding sounds were united to a common centre; some event was expected whenever they redoubled their noise: you listened for a long time, but comprehended nothing: those sounds were, however, the tongue of sedition. Those conspiracies, though so loudly proclaimed, were not on that account less dark and secret.

It has been observed, that when fires took place, the signal was more quick, rapid, and piercing. At the time of the fire at the Celestins, near the arsenal, my head was split the evening preceding with the sounds of horns; another time it was the cracking of whips; on certain days it is the noise of gunpowder crackers: we were tormented by those loud and daily alarms.

It is in this manner we have lived for eight years past. At the theatres some thundered out the Marseillois hymn; others hissed and groaned, in order to hinder the continuance of the song, and demanded, with menaces, some other piece than that which was to be represented. It is to-day eight years that we have been in full revolution;

lution; it is this day eight years that the fall of the Bastille shook the foundation of the most ancient monarchy of Europe. How many events, what a history! how long we have lived during these eight years! We are now going to celebrate the commemoration of the 14th of July; our posterity will be still more disposed than ourselves to celebrate the anniversary of so memorable an epocha. We have had the labour, and they will reap the fruit; they will forget our labours, our dangers, our combats; they will, perhaps, load us with unjust reproaches, because it will be impossible for them to have any just idea of the tempests by which we have been beaten; but whether they honour our memory or not, there is one sentiment which consoles me for every thing: *I was born a subject, I shall die a republican.*

To form a true idea, they ought to have seen the celebrated epochas of the 14th of July, the 4th of August, the 5th of October, 21st of June, 10th of August, 31st of May, 13th Vendemiaire, and 18th Fructidor; they should have descended into dungeons, be tied to the plank of the guillotine, and have been in continual view of death, either by the fury or error of a great people in insurrection. What does it matter? my wearied life has been full; I have seen what other men have not; I have been present at terrible and disastrous commotions, which enlarge and fortify the soul,

foul, which render it superior to events, and make it brave death. I would not exchange this stormy but instructive existence for another more calm and tranquil. After what I have seen, the history of man is in my mind!

I have still before me the images and the bustle of a city besieged; every day the noise of drums, the retreat, the beat to arms, the cry of the sectionaries, the clash of sabres, the fear of some, the ferocious joy of others, predictions of the most frightful catastrophes, the necessity of marching between royalists and anarchists; and when they rallied and joined their forces, there was nothing but the government to stop the effusion of blood.

And what assassinations! Paris assassinated Michael Lepelletier, St. Fargeau; Charlotte Corday poignarded Marat; Robespierre, envying Collet d'Herbois the honour of the attempt on his life, dreams, and publishes that a girl of sixteen wanted to attempt his days; Tallien, finding his thermidorian influence on the wing, contrives to be missed by a pistol-shot in the Rue de Perle; the young and innocent Ferraud is murdered at the foot of the tribune by furies who hid themselves in the crowd; Lepelletier is assassinated at Chartres; and Syeyes was desperately wounded by a priest named Poule; a tribunal condemned this last only to the galleys. What days! If there have been any such of old, I do not

not recollect them : and amidst so many horrors, balls, concerts, galas, new dresses rivalling each other in brilliancy, useless expences, can we complain of robbers, mud, and the want of lamps ?

There have, however, been days in which Paris was perfectly calm, in which we had no more the appearance of being in war than in revolution. Foreigners, who read our newspapers, see us covered with nothing but blood, tatters, and all the livery of misery. What must be their surprize, in arriving at Paris by the road of Chaillot, and crossing that magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysees, bordered on both sides with elegant phaetons, and peopled with charming women ; continuing their route, attracted by that magical perspective, across the garden of the Tuilleries ; traversing this beautiful garden, more rich and better kept up than it was even in the most prosperous times of the monarchy ? What must they think of the French and of their newspapers, of their history, and of their misery ?

The women are brilliant, the carriages, numerous, and the Bois de Boulogne crowded. We hear nothing, however, but the cry of misery ; and the cause of this is, that behind these rich tapestries are hidden the rentiers, the state pensioners, the unfortunate, who have been crushed by the revolution. Those persons exclaim, and they have just cause. A Juvenal would also make the air resound with his cries ; but could he make

his voice sufficiently heard, so as to put an end to the hideous contrast of the most insolent luxury displaying itself by the side of the most deplorable misery?

Such is the almost inevitable result of an immense population. The word *equality* does nothing for the thing; that is the work of time, and of civil institutions the most difficult to trace out. How shall we remedy the inequality of fortunes? how fix a just medium, while it is so natural for the governed as well as the governors to precipitate themselves into extremes? If you have industry, you will necessarily have luxury, and you will have poor; if you have no industry, you will have an equality of misery. Democratic and despotic equality are situated at two opposite points of the political axis; they are equally dangerous. Where is the secret of going on a long time without striking on one or the other of these rocks?

But I hear the complainings of some worthy father of a family. Look a little, says he, at that fine *equality* which reigns among citizens at Paris! After eleven o'clock, the foot-passengers, who walk before a guard-house, are obliged to enter, and produce their card of surety, or their passport; but the smart gentlemen in carriages have the privilege of passing and repassing without any inquiry. Is the being rich enough to have a carriage, or hire a hackney-coach, a brevet of civism.

For

For some time past a stop has been put to those caprices of the commanders at those different posts.

CHAP. CCXL.

CARDS OF RESTAURATEURS.

You receive them as you enter, printed, a sheet in folio. One man, leaning with both elbows on the table, studies a long time before he decides; another feels his fob, to see if he has enough to pay for his dinner, for no one now dines cheap. Calculate well, if you do not wish to be taken unawares, and obliged to leave your watch or snuff-box at the bar, in mortgage for half a capon.

You see the price plainly marked; but you do not see the dish: when it comes on the table, what it contains might be served up in a saucer. You behold in the firmament the increase of the moon; at the restaurateurs, you see nothing but the decrease of the dish; but the price is fixed and irrevocable as the polar star. The meat is cut in filigree, bye and bye it will be cut in laces. One would suppose that oxen were

dwindled into the size of turkies; half an ounce has taken place of half a pound; the apothecary does not weigh out his doses more scrupulously. When you ask for a cut of eel *à la tartare*, they bring it you; but this cut is not above an inch and a half in length: take care that the card expresses how many inches you should have, without which your cut will be only a little roll. It is the same with all other dishes; they are all of the most delicate smallness; you would imagine that they were only bringing you samples of some future repast. Alas, citizen-cooks, I do not want to have a coat made; I want to dine. There would not be money enough in Paris to give a single dinner to every individual in Paris, at the price that costs a single repast, not far from the Peron.

Let your purse, when you enter a restaurateur's, be better furnished than the card, and take care that you do not fast, though you pay a good deal. Nothing is more deceiving than the view of the prices, because the restaurateur, though fat and thick, looks upon all those whom he entertains as real Lilliputians. A wag said, "I will make my dinner in five acts, with change of scenery, but not in the same theatre?"

There are some droll terms in these cards. We hear a waiter crying out to a kind of maitre d'hotel, Bring a potage *à la ci-devant reine*, with

two kidneys *à la brochette* : bring a potage *à la ci-devant Condé*, with a ragout of hare. There you eat the potage of that Condé, who fled so quick, and so far, which sounds along the tables, and which signifies only a soup, which he will never taste again.

"A sole *au gratin*," squeaks a little shrill and feminine pipe ; "A quarter of a capon," bawls a strong and masculine voice.

Your potage, your petits patés, your cutlets, your fricandeau, your apple, your biscuit, all is enregistered the moment you swallow it ; and if your stomach doubts what you have swallowed, a proces-verbal places it before your eyes. For as to the account, it is made after the rules of Bareme ; pay, and I advise you to go and dine elsewhere.

They offer you at these tables the *Letter of a Cordelier turned player, addressed to a Carmelite become a milliner*. There is nothing but the title which is piquant. If you listen to what is passing around you, you find a droll mixture of folly and reason, sorrow and gaiety, silence and noise, wit and stupidity, of slavery and liberty ; the conversation is a true *falmagundi*, like the dishes.

At the Courtille, the petit Pologne, new France, the *traiteurs* are more loyal than those in the city ; in these *guinguettes*, you see the
dish

dish together with the price; you may compare them, and take them away, drest or undrest. The old-clothes men sell their merchandise in the shade, in order to conceal the spots; the restaurateurs sell dishes invisible, and which the scullions never display till you are engaged; the restaurateurs deserve therefore the title of Jews as much as the cloathsmen.

They get rich pretty fast; and what proves this is, that you see written up in great characters, Such a one, successor to such a one. Leda already rivals the celebrated Meot. Eating is the fundamental basis of society at present; eating is the only serious occupation; to dine well is the *sumum bonum*; and all those looking-glasses which decorate the rooms of these restaurateurs, reflect nought but egotism devouring every thing at its ease; and which, when it has dined, is affected with no one's misfortunes.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCXLI

PRIMARY ASSEMBLIES OF THE YEAR 5.

It is, above all, at the moment of the primary assemblies, that the enemies of the republic are careful in distributing their parts to those whom they think most capable of filling them. They have their *prowlers*, their *commiserators*, their *calumniators*, and their *dividers*; those last are specially commissioned to break up the union which reigns amongst the most decided republicans; to kindle their personal passions, for which, neglecting the affairs of the republic, and employing themselves only about their own private interest, they fall into certain deviations, which subject them to a warrant of arrest. Then they say to them, "You see now that these arbitrary imprisonments weigh upon republicans as well as royalists. There is no knowing where we are. Every thing is topsy-turvy. Is it not better to save twenty who are guilty, than condemn one who is innocent? And in this state of things, would it not be as just as it would be politic, to give all their liberty?"

Then would come an amnesty; after an amnesty, conspiracies; after conspiracies, treason; after

after treason, civil war; and this is the happy moment our enemies are looking for, to destroy the republican government, and set Tarquin again on the throne, or share the wrecks with him.

Mirabeau said, *I know them; each of them is wishing only for a shred of the royal cloak.*

No! the republic will not perish, it is immortal. The royalists, affrighted at the success of the 18th Fructidor, begin to be afraid. They exclaim in their rage, "O first of Vendemiaire! "abhorred day, in which the throne was broken! "Day more horrible still, 10th of August, in "which the throne was annihilated, and we "also. Till lately, crouching at the look of "kings, and the nobility, the people felt themselves honoured by one of our smiles; a single "word from our lips made them happy, or forced "them to tremble. At that time they did not "know their strength; but every thing has "changed: we were for a long time difficult to "be persuaded, that France could exist without "a king and without nobles; France has taught "it us to our sorrow. O accursed day, O first of "Vendemiaire (6th year)! how are all our projects overthrown! Coalesced Europe; our "knights of Coblenz, our heroes of the poignard, our black hussars of Tivoli and Italy, our "marshal Pichegru, the bells of Camille Jordan, "even the homilies of Laharpe, all has been
"wrecked

“wrecked against these roturiers! O
“hero of Blackenbourg! O my master! O my
“king! suffer your rebel subjects to celebrate
“this first of Vendemiaire; the next year you
“shall celebrate St. Lewis in your parish of
“Versailles; we swear it by the holy phial, and
“on our swords.”

And we say on our parts, “Hail, first of Ven-
“demiaire, to the end of ages! thou wert for
“France what Hercules was, when he cleansed the
“stable of Augeas; what Jupiter was, when he
“conquered the Titans; hail!”

What proves that a decree in favour of the
priests, monks, and monkesses had been projected
in the union at Clichy, is the ingenuous declara-
tion of a Carme arrested at Saintes, in the ha-
bit of his order. “The news had been spread in
“Spain,” said the monk, “that the legislative
“body of France was going to put things in
“*statu quo*, relating to the religious orders; and
“give us back our estates and our convents.”
The declaration of this Carme agreed perfectly
with what was passing under our own eyes. Dresses
of monks and nuns had been making for some
time past in Paris. This is not all: there exists
in the house of Rue Honoré, a society of
novices, who appeared in the court, and at the
windows, in stomachers and veils. In the same
house is a charming little refractory abbé, who
from his window enters into conversation with
those

those beguines, and who says to them at every moment in a gentle tone, "Patience, ladies, patience! the decree is coming out, on my word of honour."

CHAP. CCXLII.

LAW OF DIVORCE.

THIS law was projected in 1790, in the whining papers of the Duke d'Orleans, of that prince revolutionary for his own advantage, corrupted and guillotined, and who had a virtuous woman for his wife. This fundamental law was decreed the 20th September 1792, in an evening sitting, without discussion, by sitting and rising, and caused a general mourning throughout France, scandalizing foreigners, who have loaded us with so many reproaches on account of it since. Those who are the friends to social order, and indeed all men of sense, acknowledged that it opened a wide door to the licentiousness and depravity of manners, which was already so general.

It was much worse when the convention decreed the additional laws respecting divorce, of the 8th Nivose, and the 4th Floreal, 2d year, which

which have so much favoured the dissoluteness of the passions.

By those laws, the simple absence of six months is a sufficient plea for divorce; and either of the parties may contract without delay a new marriage: in consequence of which, the only female claimants for divorce were the wives of defenders of the country, and of public functionaries, distant from their home for the service of the republic. The legislators Oudot and Pons-de-Verdun had even announced a new project of a law, which should make divorce more easy; but this divorcing passion was speedily repressed. Attornies and pleaders seized with avidity on those fatal decrees, and a dissolution took place in the bonds of society. Every debauched, unprincipled, ambitious, immoral man, satisfied his inordinate taste, his resentment, and his avarice. No one can imagine the abuses which have resulted from those laws so clumsily constructed, and so favourable to immorality. There was no longer any respect paid to oaths, to persons, or to properties. How many private disorders have corrupted public morality, and is the wound most difficult to cure.

Nevertheless, the numberless abuses, the hideous system of libertinism, which divorce appears to have introduced into our manners, are not so much the effects of the institution itself, as of the bad law which sanctified it at first. Reform

form this law, and those which follow it; put such conditions on divorce as should make it very difficult to be obtained, and you will then have fulfilled your duty, and conciliated the interests of morality with that of the republic.

CHAP. CCXLIII.

FIGURES IN THE PORTICO OF NOTRE DAME.

Do you remember, readers, those kings of the portico of Notre Dame, those unformed masses, thick as elephants, which formed a long procession in the niches of the front of the first church of Paris? All the first race was there, and pretty well blackened by time; but you might distinguish the monarchs in stone, which was cotemporary with the ages in which they lived, and who all in one day have been levelled with the earth.

Do you know what is become of them? They lie in heaps on each other behind the church, where they are buried under every kind of filth. Their gigantic size attracts the looks of every passenger; and their great sceptres in their hands, and the different and droll mutilations which they

they have received, force a smile of pity, when we reflect on the singular decrees of time, and the strange strokes of fate.

Chance, without doubt, rather than mischievous intention, has presided over this grotesque and humiliating degradation; but it is unnecessary that both sight and smell should be offended by their presence. Their history smells ill enough already.

A grenadier, with his pipe in his mouth, scales the protuberant belly of Charlemagne, and lops off, without fear and without reproach, the emperor's great nose, taking a tranquil survey of the other colossuses, who have still their crowns on their heads. His comrade follows his example, without condescending to enquire the name of the visage which he is going to disfigure. King Pepin is there, sword in hand, and a lion under his feet, in commemoration of that which he killed in a combat which took place in the abbey of *Ferrieres*; his lion and his sword remain motionless in spite of so many insults.

Such is at present in Paris the new St. Denis, or rather the museum of those antique and royal statues. The virtuoso, in crossing it, holds his nose, fearing lest those effigies, more stinking than carcases, should engender the plague.

CHAP. CCXLIV.

JACOB DUPONT.

THERE was in the convention one Jacob Dupont, who made a public declaration at the tribune of his being an atheist. This fanfaronade, the value of which was duly appreciated at the time, was treasured up by every foreign writer hostile to the revolution. They calumniated the whole convention, and made of us what the hard Jansenists, in their theological disputes, made of the Molinists. From that time the deputies have been considered by certain weak-headed men as men capable of every crime.

Jacob Dupont has therefore done the greatest injury to an assembly, which, I am confident, contained no decided atheists, and this is more than we have seen in some literary societies less made to harbour them.

This Jacob Dupont was a crack-brained fellow, who stuck up a course of public instruction on the walls in Paris, and wanted to set up his pulpit sometimes in the square of the Revolution, and sometimes in the church of Notre Dame. He taught every thing, was versed in all sciences, and wrote to the two councils to be made public and universal professor.

At

At any other time, such a madman would have excited nothing but a smile; but there were so many other jugglers in different styles, that this man has not yet been able to obtain the celebrity of ridicule.

CHAP. CCXLV.

THE MORALIST FINANCER.

HONOUR to our own times, which, after the Janfenists, the Economists, the Maratists, have engendered also the *Moralists*. The Financer (or he whom we are agreed to call by that name), talks also of morality; for there is no one but the banker which barter money; a financer is modest, he would not dare to do it, especially when he sits in the legislative body.

We will take the liberty here of repeating to the financer the argument to which he has turned a deaf ear, and which is, that for upwards of three years past, notwithstanding the drawing of the lottery has been discontinued in France, speculations in foreign lotteries have constantly taken place, and even at this moment the lottery of Cologne, which is drawn every decade for the benefit of the emigrants, is eagerly followed.

Here

Here the speculators purchase their chances at private offices or of bankers, who, being all in direct opposition to the law, play a double trick on the purchaser, either by not paying him when there turns up a considerable prize, or by substituting false tickets in place of those really drawn. The true morality of the *Venerables** ought to have been, or I am much deceived, to save the governed from that crowd of knaves of whom they are continually the dupes.

If, therefore, no law, no prohibition, could stop this fury of running the chance of lotteries, why should not the government have made so universal a passion turn to its own advantage, especially if it was desirous of applying the benefit to means which should concur to the public good? This is the true point of view, under which we ought to consider the question: the rest is declamation, ignorance, or intentional perversity.

It is the excess of perfidy to have represented me as the champion of the *loto*. I have said repeatedly, that it is for mathematicians to give us the mode of the establishment of a lottery founded on new calculations, ingenious and truly philanthropical; and since there has been a talk about immorality, it might take place if on one side the government exposed itself to a loss, or if on the

* Allusion to the council of the elders, who had at first rejected every plan of a lottery.

other it gained more than is allowed to a public game granted to that hope which is the spring of action in every mind. To shut the door against vagrant knavery, which haunts public places with an impudence that nothing can repress; to make the chances more favourable to the speculator; to hinder purchasers from going to foreign offices; to destroy the cupidity of the private receiver and the *moralist financier*, who is continually returning his funds; to accelerate the drawings; to give hope, consoling at every moment the most speedy decision; to receive deposits from the lowest to the highest price; to force a great circulation of money, which constitutes riches—this is what the legislator ought to propose to himself. He ought to enact neither the Sorbonnist nor the theologian, but try to conciliate the interest of the government and that of the speculator, since he cannot eradicate a passion inherent in man.

CHAP. CCXLVI.

NATIONAL RICHES.

BEHOLD Paris ornamented with the most glorious spoils of Greece and Italy! Behold the prodigies of the arts collected together on the same spot, which is become the depositary of every thing most curious in the world. Whatever you can imagine most rare in the productions of nature you will here find; all the wonders of taste, of science, and of literature, are before your eyes, and you are invited every day to the enjoyment of them. You see nothing but vast collections of books and of monuments of every kind; we talk of nothing but laying new foundations for the accumulation of new scientific treasures, and we are nevertheless every where saying that there is no public instruction. I think we mean to say in other terms, that there is no public teaching, or that it is good for nothing, which comes to the same thing.

Public instruction is every where, since at every step we take we find libraries, professors, and public lectures. You want only eyes to study natural history and botany, with the assistance of the finest specimens of the productions of the three kingdoms; you want only eyes to study chymistry;

mistry; your eyes alone are sufficient to perfect yourself in the taste for painting.

This vast gallery, called the Central Museum of the Arts, is a city of pictures; but there are so many, that the eye is fatigued, and the attention wearied; we see nothing, because we see too much.

I do not know whether all those pictures collected at so great an expence do not mutually injure each other, and if the mind be not confused amidst such a variety of objects. The Raphael's, the Michael Angelo's, the Carracci's, the Titians, the Correggios, the Guidos, the Rubens, are come to find you, to assail you, to beg your approbation, while perhaps it was your business to have made the first advance, and go and visit them in their sanctuaries. All these creations to the disdainful Parisian seem a debt, which is paid him, and which ought to be paid him.

CHAP. CCXLVII.

DUPIN.

WE never remember the name of Mesmer and his magnetic tub, but to laugh at the credulity of the public, and the traps into which they fall when the charlatan is a little adroit. If we should retrace all the extravagant scenes which took place during the experiments of the German doctor, the picture would seem merely imaginary of the assemblage of individuals who co-operated by the strangest contortions and the most ridiculous grimaces to the same follies. An hundred louis must be paid before admission to the influence of the doctrine of animal magnetism. A few farmers-general ranked themselves among the adepts. What proves that the mountaineers had no appetite for blood, but in order to confiscate property, is the haste they made in labouring for the death and plunder of the farmers-general. It was here that the Committee of General Surety, though it was sufficiently immoral and tyrannical, surpassed every thing which could be expected from the vilest and most impudent ruffians. They commissioned a man of the name of Dupin, the same who had denounced them at the tribune: they charged this mountaineer with

the

the inventory and the proces-verbal which regarded the department of Paris. Accused of dilapidation, of having made use of false seals, of having his hands full of various jewels belonging to the former farmers-general, the sighs and groans of their widows and their children were lost in air; the devastating executioner kept the spoils with the same impudence that Serjent of Paris wore on his finger the agate torn from the hand of one of the murdered in September, and those two murderers abusing the character of representatives of the people, took refuge in the mountain as a fort inaccessible to cries and acclamations.

What is become of this monster of iniquity, who rung the tocsin of death, and of an unjust death, over sixty citizens, among whom we number Lavoisier? Exhaling around him the odour of crime, he came to the prison emptied of the farmers-general who had been immolated, and insulted the seventy-three. I could only address him in these words: "I have the consolation of being no longer seated by the side of thee."

How many crimes remain unpunished! But if Dupin, as well as others, have escaped the vengeance of the laws, they are given over to the execration of mankind.

Those farmers-general were condemned for having put water in the snuff. I saw in my prison an unfortunate old man who bore my name,

name, who was the son of the nurse of Louis the XVth: he could not have made a sum of addition; another person filled his functions. He had given an hundred thousand crowns, which had been exacted from him: he had never seen me before this fatal meeting; he lamented over my destiny, and I wept over his; for innocence was impressed on his forehead as it had been on his past life, and in his heart. Oh! who will relieve me from the remembrance of those bloody days! But no, I will treasure it up to punish and cover the authors of them with infamy.

CHAP. CCXLVIII.

PUNISHMENT OF ROBESPIERRE.

WHERE shall I get colours to paint the general cry of public joy amidst the most horrible of fights, the explosion of that tumultuous transport which spread, and which resounded even at the foot of the scaffold? His name, loaded with imprecations, was in every mouth; it was no longer the *incorruptible*, the *virtuous* Robespierre; the mask was fallen off; he was delivered over to universal execration, and made responsible for all
the

the crimes of both committees. The stalls, the shops, the windows, were crowded; the roofs were covered with people of every class, who had only one object, that of seeing Robespierre led to death.

Instead of a dictator's throne, he lay reclined in a cart, which carried also his accomplices, Henriot and Couthon. There was a noise, a tumult around him, which was made up of a thousand exclamations of joy, mingled with mutual congratulations. His head was wrapped round with a dirty and bloody napkin, and only half of his pale and ferocious visage was seen. His mutilated and disfigured companions bore less resemblance to criminals than wild beasts caught in a gin, and which could be seized on only by breaking some of their limbs. A burning sun did not hinder the women from exposing the roses and lilies of their delicate cheeks to its rays, wishing to see the *assassins of their fellow-citizens*. The horsemen who escorted the cart brandished their sabres, and shewed him their naked points. This pontiff-king no longer drew after him the convention at ten steps distance from his person; he seemed to have preserved the remains of life only to satisfy divine justice, and its terrible vengeance on hypocritical and sanguinary men.

When he came near the place of punishment, and before the house where he lodged, the people made him stop; and a group of women formed

formed a dance to the noisy clappings of the multitude. One of them seized the moment, and apostrophizing him with violence of gesture and voice, exclaimed, "Thy punishment intoxicates me with joy. Descend to hell, covered with the curses of every wife and every mother of a family." Robespierre remained dumb.

When he mounted on the scaffold, the executioner, as if animated by the public detestation, tore rudely off the dressing put on his wounds; he threw out the cry of a tiger; the lower jaw then detached itself from the upper, and streaming with blood, made of this human head one of the most monstrous and horrible that the pencil could exhibit. His two companions, not less hideous in their torn and bloody garments, were the accolites of this great criminal, whose sufferings excited not the smallest spark of pity. Mortally wounded, public vengeance called him to undergo a second death; and the people rushed on in crowds, not to lose the moment when his head should bend under the axe where he had precipitated so many others: the applauses continued for fifteen minutes.

Twenty-two heads fell with his. The next day seventy members of the commune went to join their chief; they were the same who came to our dungeons to carry off our food, and load us with insults. The day after, twelve other members of the commune paid with their heads
for

for their connection with the chief of the conspirators, but these ignoble and vulgar heads of mean satellites had no name; Robespierre's alone was counted.

If he was arrested, it was for want of courage; had he mounted on horseback, he might perhaps have been followed by the same multitude who covered him with maledictions. Robespierre reposed on Henriot, and on his Jacobins, but they had neither firmness nor boldness when they were neither executioners nor assassins. These conspirators all turned pale when they saw themselves struck by the decree which put them *out of the law*.

It is frightful to reflect that Robespierre fell only because the Committee of Public Safety was divided; had they been in accord, the bloody oppression would still have lasted; two triumvirates were quite prepared to continue the course of this incredible tyranny; and I do not exaggerate in maintaining, that the remaining members still flattered themselves with the duration of that chaos, the grave of public liberty. They ought, had they been wise, to have thrown every thing on Robespierre, and have declared themselves his enemies, after having equalled, and sometimes surpassed him in insolence and ferocity. But the thirst of dominating, and the hope of mastering the convention, and by this means the rest of France, did not forsake their hearts.

They

They had, however, the impudence to be the accusers of him whom they had so long served as valets, and whom they would not have opposed at last, if they had not themselves been proscribed. But for that list of proscription in which they had seen their own names, they would still have been proscribing with, and under the sanction of Robespierre. Those cowards were far beneath him whom they overthrew, and whom they overthrew only from fear.

True republicans, and I among the rest, remained still in dungeons, from the inconceivable impudence of the decemvirs, and the inexplicable cowardice of the national convention, which convention indeed existed no longer on the seats where those deputies were crawling about, but where the honourable prisoners were shut up; it was we alone who ought to have arisen again, and restored and given it back the majesty and energy which it had lost.

Certainly we were justified by all the crimes of the accomplices of Robespierre; but what man, even after those days of victory and justice, dared demand that a representation of the people, irreproachable under every point of view, should re-appear at its post? It was necessary to make another division among these assassins, and overthrow them one by the other till they were so weak as not to be able to retard our triumphal entry. They wished to destroy, in order

der to reign, but not to establish the republic. The event has proved that this horde of ruffians could not bear the sight of good men, nor respect that liberty to which those had given the firmest support. Our looks, our names, transfixed them with the pain of the most merited reproach; and what evil have they done their country! as much as we wished to have done it good. Few amongst them have escaped the fate which awaits them all; they vainly endeavour to unite their cause with that of the revolution, they will never succeed; they alone have imprinted on it a disgusting character; and time, which assigns to every thing its place, has already marked their names, and encircled them with public contempt and horror, whilst their hands are covered with blood; they are like the wife of Macbeth, they cannot wipe out or turn aside their looks from the ineffacable spot.

What rendered the system of Robespierre terrible was not so much its madness and atrocity as its duration. The decemviral tyranny which covers us all at present with so much confusion, would not have existed had there been a dictature of thirty-six hours; that would have crushed the successors of Robespierre. But men hid themselves one behind the other, in order to be still more atrocious and more wicked than those who were open and avowed.

Barrere,

Barrere, Collet, Billaud, those monsters disavowed by human nature, appeared after the death of Robespierre, and sat in the convention; fifty thousand citizens, whom they had caused to be murdered, could obtain no other vengeance than the banishment of their assassins; and it was in this mode that the government passed rapidly from a system of the most detestable tyranny to that of the most fatal indulgence. After the 9th of Thermidor, it entered into compromise with the assassins, and the conspiracies since that time have been the fruit of I know not what fear, or rather delirium, which had seized every head. The royal re-action took place because it had been proposed to frame a law which should abolish the pain of death; a law which supposed a constitution already tried, a government seated on a solid basis, a decided national character, of which we had not even the elements.

Robespierre and his faction had made a treaty with Philip d'Orleans, and had said to him, "Thou shalt give us thy gold in exchange for our crimes." Louvet, the courageous Louvet, denounced that infernal faction. The artful Barrere warded off the blow which the convention was going to strike. How many crimes would have been prevented by this act of justice!

Contrast the punishment of Robespierre with that of the Countess Dubarry. Of what use was the

the

the murder of this woman punished by Vaude-
villes, and fallen into contempt. If she had been
seen getting naked out of bed, the bed of her
royal lover, making the Pope's nuncio hand her
one of her slippers, and the grand almoner of
France the other; Was this a motive for send-
ing her to the scaffold? or did they covet her
beautiful house at Lucienne? The ruffians had
often no other policy than the thirst of gold, and
though Robespierre was a sanguinary monster, we
should also add, that he was an avaricious wretch;
that he sold himself to D'Orleans, and in the end
to ****.

CHAP. CCXLIX.

HISTORIC POINT OF VIEW.

THE victory of Paris over the whole of France
when thirty thousand armed men surrounded
the convention, declared the defenders of order
and property traitors to their country, and de-
manded their heads, will be a subject of eternal
reproach from the whole of France against this
city. The reporter of the commission of twelve
was about to name the true accomplices of Du-
mourier; the assassins, the ruffians, the promoters
of

of anarchy, were on the point of being unmasked; the triumvirate of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, would not have taken place, and the decemvirs, the offspring of the triumvirate, would never have terrified the nation and history with their abominable crimes. Dangerous example of a minority, which having its protectors and supports under its hand, in a narrow space, becomes much stronger than a majority whose resources are scattered, and as it were, lost over a vast territory such as France.

The true republicans were overthrown, the nation detached itself from them, and suffered them to be dragged to the scaffold or perish in prisons. And what was the language of the plain? such as the government holds at present when seated on the basis of victory, wisdom, and moderation. "It is time to build up, after having demolished so much." The violent measures which have saved us from oppression will, if we continue to use them, force us back again under its yoke. We believe that a republic can be founded only on wisdom and moderation; that to overcome prejudice and superstition, we should enlighten and not exterminate; that a magnanimous people may know their strength without abusing it; and that they ought to disdain under the empire of the laws, to obtain by rapine what they might claim from virtue.

We

We believe that we may be republicans without being fanatics, philosophers without becoming professors of plunder, patriots without being cannibals, and fulfil our duties as legislators without becoming assassins. We were desirous, it is true, of saving the king from the scaffold; we were afraid of raising the whole of Europe against us, and of prolonging the war; we thought it more useful to keep the king as an hostage; we were willing to make his life subservient to the acquisition of peace, and to hasten on its return; and we thought to spare the effusion of blood, and to bring France to a happy point of prosperity, by abridging in the quickest manner possible the course of its calamities. We did not ascribe such importance to a king as to think that his death would be a giant's step towards public felicity, as our ferocious rivals would have it believed; nor have we thought, like them, that to cause the head of a prince to fall under the axe, was the master-stroke of philosophy.

The great she-wolf, the mother and nurse of the Jacobins, kept then her infernal den at Paris; she was put in motion by the assistance of the popular societies, and after her howlings had thrown terror afar, the shock of tumults and the tempests of disorder were framed, in order to launch during the storm the most monstrous and horrible decrees. Had the convention been in any other place or situation, it never would have yielded, and with
it

it the whole nation. When the act of commanding the Parisian insurrection in a minute had been formed, there was no longer any liberty for us; and the decemviral tyranny assassinated both legislators and private citizens with great pomp, decimating them at its will and pleasure.

CHAP. CCL.

RESISTANCE.

A MISPLACED, arrogant, and haughty resistance; a resistance, too hot and obstinate at the first step of the revolution, gave it many very considerable advantages, for which great obligations are due to ye, gentlemen-aristocrates. Nothing remains of the government which the revolution has destroyed: but the car of the revolution did so much mischief because we threw ourselves precipitately before the horses, and even under the wheels. Going back has still been more terrible than advancing. The coachman who drove over the leg of a poor wretch, when they cried out to him on all sides, "Stop, stop!" drew back, and passed over his body.

This

This car had to run through a vast space, because it had been launched from a vast height. The foaming courfers and heated wheels want nothing so much as repose.

A government at once fresh and new has manifested its form, its power, and its life; no one can deny the creation of this body politic; it is young, and not less robust; it is living, and ought to have the assent of every reasonable man; it is the interest of the whole that it exist, for the best form of government is that which arises from the perfection of the mind of a nation whole and entire; and as it is not to be presumed that it would give itself up again to remembrances as powerless as they are miserably superstitious, the hope is, that it will naturally fall in with the government which has been just formed, and which is, as it were, of ancient date, for this simple reason, because it lives and goes on. It is by its action, and not by its duration, that we ought to regard it.

If despotism should ever return in France, it would be the most terrible of all tyrannies, because the intermediary powers would harass, weary out, and oppress alternately the people and the monarch. The despot, having no longer either clergy, or nobility, or parliament to restrain or conciliate, the rod of power would strike the people with its full swing, and they would have neither organ to complain, nor means to defend

themselves: it would be a long and exterminating war. There are thus several degrees of servitude; but this servitude would form an abyss deeper than despotism itself. The Danes were guilty of a most cowardly dereliction of their liberties; hatred against the nobles dictated that shameful concession in which they sold themselves to a king. Mankind would turn away their sight with horror from the most servile flock of the degraded human species, if it was possible for us to imitate the Danes.

CHAP. CCLI.

FRIMAIRE, SIXTH YEAR.

It has been for a long time observed, that in revolutions the habitude of encountering dangers, the sacrifice of private affections, and the sentiment of public evils, have led men to sport with life, and embarrass themselves little about dying; but it is with pain that we have seen assassins mount the scaffold with an air of unconcern. Four, who were lately executed, affected a brutal insensibility; one cried out at the moment of execution, *I die like an honest robber!* another, casting a look on his companions, already thrown into

into the fatal hamper, said gaily to the executioner, *Stow them then a little better, there will not be room for me—room for him!*

A few days since two young girls were guillotined, who were convicted of murder; they went to the scaffold as if it were a feast, singing couplets of libertine songs. These two young girls, who from their sex, their figure, and their age, might have excited an emotion of unreflecting commiseration, inspired nothing but a sentiment of horror. The people clapped their hands as their heads fell. Charlotte Corday went to punishment with a countenance dressed in smiles, but she did not sing.

This final impenitence can be attributed only to the unhappy triumph of a doctrine which reduces us all to animal automatism; and as irreligion has deeply tinged the people with immorality, it is for the wisdom of legislators, duly penetrated with the importance and dignity of their functions, to give a new course to religious ideas; for there is without doubt some means of remedying this degradation of the human species, which, attaching no value to existence, considered at all times, and by all animated beings, as the greatest benefit of nature, must, in consequence of this insensibility, to despise, forget, and tread under foot both virtue and talent, and, in general, every thing which render them of value, and adds to their charms.

The *Chausséurs* have already shocked the tribunals with the recital of their cruelties. Assassins of a new kind have just been arrested: they had taught dogs to strangle men at the corner of a wood, whom they afterwards stript at their leisure. When examined, they only observed, "It is not we who killed them."

Every thing proves the necessity of more repressive, more firm and vigorous measures, in the reform of the criminal code; for human perverseness, in shaking off the restraint of religion, has displayed itself under a point of view most hideous, and subversive of society.

CHAP. CCLII.

PANTHEONISED.

A PERSON carried to the Pantheon after death. Pantheonise a scoundrel! Even after the 9th of Thermidor, Marat was pantheonised, and then depantheonised. Mirabeau, accused by the *iron press* of having sold himself to the court, was depantheonised. The body of Lepelletier St. Fargeau was given back to his brother.

It is thought that it was on the demand of the royalists that Montesquieu was to be pantheonised.

ed. Will Voltaire be depantheonised at some future day? How can we reconcile Voltaire's writings and republican maxims?

When there is any question about canonization, we see the devil's advocate make his appearance. Chenier, a great amateur of processions and ceremonies, wished one day to send Descartes to the Pantheon. I opposed his motion. Pascal would have been of my opinion. Here is what I said:

“ Citizen representatives, it is nearly one hundred and fifty years since René Descartes received at Paris, in a church, the honour of a funeral service, attended by a deputation of the parliament, the Sorbonne, the rector of the university, the four faculties, and all the theologians, logists, phrasers, and ignorant naturalists of that time. A rhetorician came next, who elevated his voice, and made his eulogium for an academical prize; at length he had a statue in marble, in the court fashion, under the reign of the last tyrant. I am of opinion that all these honours are sufficient for the memory of Descartes, and that his shade ought to be perfectly satisfied. I own that I also made in my younger days an eulogy of Descartes*, but I was at that time the dupe of names

* It was printed in 1765. The tone of the *school* was then a great flow of sounding words. The stile of Thomas, the great

names held up in academies, and I did not then know that the greatest charlatans of this world were sometimes very celebrated men.

great pugilist in this kind, was almost always inflated and drawn out. Freron said wittily enough of him, *I amuse myself in pricking his bladder with pins*. When the season for laughing comes, I shall perhaps publish the *academico-literary* history of those years. The despotism of the *grand seigneur* Voltaire, and of his *visirs* and *pachas*, will be duly displayed; we shall, above all, be astonished to see near two hundred men of letters pass in review, all labouring for *immortal glory*, and whose names are already buried in oblivion.

That bureau d'esprit, called *French Academy*, has done much mischief to original talents; but it was the road to fortune for such abbés as consented to be such philosophists. It was necessary, under pain of being stifled at your birth, to take the *academical plait*. The supple *Maury* took it to perfection, and laughed at my want of accommodation. *Maury* told me twenty-three years since, I will fasten myself on the academicians, who will crown me, and who will, in consequence of this distinction, get me to preach a lent at Versailles. I shall enter the academy; from this affair I shall obtain an abbey, then we will labour in the clergy; I am resolved to have 60,000 livres revenue, and then my *little horse* will carry me to Rome. He has told me twenty times that he would be a cardinal; but he depended greatly for his success on his prize from the academy. As all great *tragedies* are followed by a *farce*, I expect to see *Maury* pope. O Rabelais!

Maury also tried his hand at making eulogies, and if I am not mistaken, he had undertaken that of *Descartes*. What I recollect is, that we printed, in opposition to each other, a fine academical discourse on the *miseries of war*. As the academicians never went there, there was neither prize nor *accessit* for that time. There was never but one verse of mine cited at the French academy, and that made a *schism*. This is the verse:

Le cœur qui n'aima point fut le premier athée.

“ Throw-

“Throwing aside then that extravagance of eloquence so familiar to panegyrists, the proud prejudices of nations, and even their political rivalry, which has but too much influence on philosophy, permit me to give a sketch of the evil which Descartes has done to his own nation, whose progress he visibly retarded by the long tyranny of his errors: he is the father of the most impertinent doctrine that ever reigned in France. It is Cartesianism which destroyed experimental philosophy, and which formed a school of pedants instead of a society of naturalist observers.

“Nature, says Bacon, is an immense book to devour; but we must begin by the alphabet. Descartes was one of those presumptuous mortals who wanted to guess at nature instead of studying it with respectful attention. He was one of those rash men that talk with confidence of their systems of the world, as if they had assisted at the creation. Look, say they, at the conceptions of a great genius; behold the luxuriousness of the human mind; but others will conclude, and with more reason, that there lies his extravagance. All these arrangers of worlds, all these fabricators of systems, make a world without God, and build a universe in expelling, if I may use the expression, the supreme intelligence. None scarcely have ever understood this sublime expression, *Ego sum, qui sum*.

“Def-

"Descartes' subtle matter, his centrifugal force*, his globular matter, his fine dust of which he forms the habitable globe, his whole system of the world, in short, is a delirium†. He next led himself astray in his optical researches. He was fantastic and romantic even in his physiology. *Descartes' man* is not the man of nature; he has not even the first feature‡.

* "Give me motion and nature," said Descartes, "and I will ~~make a world~~." Yes, thou wilt make a world (for we cannot forbear smiling) as a turner makes a block for a perriwig. Fool! and intelligence the only real and existing cause, and the initial projection and the final cause. . . . but *my three elements, my principal plane*, where I lodge the soul, my *universal science*. Alas! I recognize thy theological tone, and nothing more, mounted only on an anti-peripatetick mode. To replace ridiculous assertions by assertions not less ridiculous, what an effort!

† This hollow brain made the *plenum*. He had at first determined for the *vacuum*, but father *Marsenna*, a minion, having written to him that they laughed prodigiously at Paris at the *vacuum*, he turned back to the side of the *plenum*.

‡ Ambrose Paré has rendered the greatest services to humanity on this question; but his works were the result of fact and experiment; the name of a man who had not published great dreams was never pronounced with emphasis.

Ambrose Paré had written; the immortal Bacon had written: Descartes read neither. I am astonished that so little is said about *Gassendi*; it is probably because he was of a religious turn of mind, because he was not dogmatical, and because he did not pretend to hold in his hand the *key of the universe*.

Descartes finished one of his chapters by these words, *And this is the great secret of the mystery of generation*. Has not the poet Buffon attempted also to mystify us with his organic molecules, a *less pleasant thing* however, than his *incandescent globe*, which afterwards *cools*; and his comets, *chips* from the sun, &c.?

"While

“ While natural philosophy and chymistry, regenerated in our days, and rising from the long sleep of death, which the sect of the author of the *Tourbillons* had imprinted on them, admit no other discoveries but such as are confirmed by experiment, abjuring all hypotheses, shall we bear to the Pantheon the remains of that visionary who so long retarded the promulgation of physical truths, who made no experiment, who even disdained them, and who constantly wandered from every path that led to observation? Strange contradiction! After having advanced that all science ought to begin by methodical or preparatory doubt, faithless to his own maxim, he was the first to affirm what he did not understand. How long a time, and to the shame of true science, was scientific France servilely attached to the visions of Descartes! He allied to this want of reason, which builds dreams on dreams, that audacity which forces men afterwards to adopt them. His partisans imprinted a theological tint on his physical errors; it was the vice of the time I agree; but what is it but a tyrannical system, which clips the wing of every other system more suited to the progress of facts and experiment. He was nevertheless a geometrician, if he was not a great philosopher. The application which Descartes first made of algebra to geometry, a fine invention, though inferior to the application which Galileo had made of geometry to nature, is his
great

great glory in the physico-mathematical sciences. No person will contest this with him, and it is the only discovery which justifies the pompous eulogies which have been lavished on him; and this is the only title on which is founded that national partiality so fatal to mankind, in consequence of which Fontenelle ventured to place Descartes in a parallel with Newton. This bel esprit said (and the crowd of panegyrists have continually repeated it) that we must pass by the Tourbillons to arrive at the true theory of the world; as if error could serve as a step-ladder to truth; as if Descartes, coming after Kepler and Galileo, had not had under his hand, as well as Newton, the true elements of the theory of the universe; and as if any other thing was wanting than the great art of putting them in practice.

“ The French were so much the more easily and more strongly led away by the opinions of their adoptive philosophy, as this nation has a lively tendency towards the pleasures or wanderings of the imagination. Jealous even of their errors, they wished to remain in peaceable possession, and for forty years repelled the same truths which our neighbours seized with avidity, and idolized as soon as they appeared. Maupertuis was the first who had the courage to declare himself a Newtonian; a crowd of adversaries rose up against him, supporting themselves by the operations made with so little exactness in France; and it

was

was in order to silence these enemies of truth that two companies of mathematicians undertook to verify at a great expence, the one at the polar circle, the other at the equator, what Newton had discovered without going out of his closet. The result of these two celebrated operations confirmed the Newtonian theory; but Newton was held in no higher respect than truth. Clairant and D'Alembert, not knowing how to combine their calculations with the movement of the apogee of the moon, imagined they had shewn the falsity of the primordial law of attraction, and caused their memorials to be printed with an air of triumph. At length they perceived that the error was in the calculation, and rendered a tardy and forced homage to the genius of Newton.

“ I will not here speak of Descartes' metaphysics, because there are no longer any metaphysicians after the adorer Plato; because order and harmony are every thing; because there is nothing real but intelligence; because the being who has no consciousness of his being is as if he did not exist; because the breath of the divinity is in us; because this soul, distinct from that which we share with animals, composes our morality, and is neither bound nor subject to bodily organs. Never does Descartes in his books adore, as Newton has done, that great, that first mover, that only intelligence, which had projected for ages known to itself alone the initial plan of the universe.

verse. An initial impulsion was wanted to shake the celestial spheres; it was uniform, as well as the cause which ordained it. Unhappy he who sees nothing but senseless agents, forced aggregations, pullies, wheels, cordage, atoms, tourbillons, and who does nothing but trace geometrical figures! Is it astonishing that the final as well as universal plan should escape him?

“Descartes was half way on the road to the highest order of truths, when he religiously maintained *innate ideas*; but it appears that he had not the intimate conviction of the *deus est in nobis*, when he withdrew himself from Plato, and lost himself in a scholastic logomachy. He made nothing of this luminous principle, and was therefore as if he had advanced nothing. The sentiment of the fair, the just, and of conscience, do not acknowledge sensations for their source; conscience is not an accident; this is what he ought formerly to have said, and what he did not say; he has not therefore been able to raise himself to the height of the question. Locke and Condillac afterwards came to poison us with their gross reasonings on the human understanding. Blind mortals! they had the cataract, the gutta serena of the soul; they were unenlightened by the torch which they held in their hands*; they have never felt

* Man is a ternary being.—Let a servile disciple of Locke tell me on what fibre plays remorse, which at the end of thirty years

felt the intimate connection of man with universal harmony, connection so independant of the senses. What droll metaphysicians are metaphysicians who are not spiritualists! Sensations never make moral ideas any more than printing types form the Iliad. Morality and the will are every thing, order every thing, and moral instinct is unceasingly freed from material organization.

“Is it not astonishing that this doctrine of Socrates, Plato, and Marcus Aurelius, should have been trodden under foot in our days, and that we should have forgotten the *Savoyard curate's profession of faith*, which embraces the wisdom of the highest antiquity? Ye who have been anxious to govern men and make laws by throwing aside these simple and religious ideas, all your steps have been crimes.

“Struck with the profane immorality of a generation in which we have seen for the first time, perhaps, the alliance of the impetuous passions of the savage and of the depravity of civilized life, I have often thought with myself, what then are the principles, which from being either badly

years overwhelms the soul of an assassin, appointed the judge of an innocent man accused of his crime, and which makes him cry out, *It is I who am the guilty man, and not he; I insist on finding relief in the punishment which was prepared for him.* O moral instinct, divine ray, thou holdest to the spirituality of our soul pure emanation of a good and intelligent cause; it is thou who existest, and what is not thee (taken in a philosophic sense) does not exist at all.

felt

felt or comprehended, have vitiated so many heads? and I have thought that I had discovered, in the attempts made against the spirituality of man, the truth of that infernal spirit which has provoked so many scenes of mourning and carnage. Man has ceased to be the mirror of the divinity*; this mirror has been broken without pity or remorse; daring naturalists have made the way for the reign of those guilty philosophers who are anxious to explain every thing by the bodily senses, and who would reduce every thing to objects purely physical. Fatal philosophy, which hast only sought to animalise man! it is thou who

* Jacob Dupont declares at the tribune that he is an atheist, a fanfaronnade which lent arms to calumny against the national convention, and which lost its confidence through the whole of Europe; so dangerous is a single madman! Danton, stealing a phrase from Buffon, exclaims, *Nature embarrasses herself but little with individuals, she is interested only for the species*, and applies inhumanly to politics the thought of the naturalist. These plagiarists never comprehended the evil which words might do when they were unnaturalized. It is by stealing philosophical ideas, and translating them into the idiom of folly, that we have witnessed those times of extravagance and delirium in which, at the voice of a tribune, the hideous image of atheism presented itself to our looks in every direction in these desolating words, *Death is an eternal sleep*. And can we, without having the laugh of the world raised anew against us, recal to its remembrance that decree which gave back its creator to the universe. Take care to observe that it was during the total absence of religious ideas that the greatest cruelties met, independently of the executors and accomplices, with the greatest number of cold and impassible witnesses: they said, *The guillotine is a very mild punishment; besides, death is an eternal sleep*.

hast

hast formed a callus in the souls of all our murderers, who have ceased being men, for I have not yet heard them exclaim with the voice of repentance, *We have been monsters!*

“ It is since the time of this fabricator of an ideal world, and in imitation of him, that proud geometry, stepping out from its domains, has come with the frigidity of its method, the rudeness of its barbarous terms, and the nothingness of its abstractions, to exercise an air of self-sufficiency on every kind of subject. Almost all the sciences have been infected with it; every thing is embroiled in an immense chaos of calculations; the most silly hypotheses, the most absurd systems, have been accredited by means of this kind of charlatanism; reason has often been compelled to hold her peace before the ostentatious exhibition of algebraical calculations; a certain reputation, an affirmative tone, and figures of grimace, have made the most contradictory propositions be received as truths*.

* We do not here speak against geometry, but against the inveterate abuse of its language, which has been transported into politics: it has nevertheless its *dangerous side*. Let him, for instance, who likes it, love the productions of that sad and cold geometry which calculates the means of destroying the ramparts which it has itself raised for the defence of man, and which perhaps even does not look on itself as having reached the summit of its art, until it has triumphed over itself, and caused what has cost whole years to raise to be destroyed in an instant.

The

"The abuse of this language dates from Descartes, who gave the dangerous example even in his private letters; but at least he did not exercise it on politics, for he wrote nothing on this subject. Social mechanism, which is still (or nearly so) a secret for the eighteenth century, was then subjected to a sort of silent admiration. The court of Christiana, her travels in Holland, in Germany, in Italy, in England, inspired him with nothing, not a phrase that we can quote on this head; he was born for an imaginary world. During the holding of the states of the kingdom, assembled at Paris in 1614, Descartes did not say a word.

"He wrote on morality, on which it is almost impossible to speak ill; and he had for his disciple that fantastic queen of Sweden, who was a vagrant throughout Europe, and afforded France the sight of an assassination before which all the philosophers of the time kept a profound silence. It would not appear that the morality of Descartes had greatly influenced the heart of Christina, who thought herself a philosopher because she laughed at the pope, and had added the reveries of her master to the vain reveries of a woman and of a crowned head.

"But although Descartes should have been a wise philosopher, a patient and attentive observer of nature, a *Spallanzani*, are we here to build the palace of fame, to distribute degrees among philosophers and naturalists? We must have

have the tribunal, or the evidence of many ages, to form a true judgment of the man of genius. Nature smiles at our vain systems, which, scarcely adopted, crumble away. Reputations alternately fall and vanish, because universal laws go on invariably and without ceasing, whilst our opinions are moveable and changing; it is ignorance always which has deified error, and admiration in trust is what despotizes over our credulous understandings. If the author of Genesis be not in great repute as a naturalist; for sometimes his system gains, at other times, at least some part of his ancient narrative, seems better confirmed by facts than other systems of natural philosophy, let us modestly own that we are somewhat incapable of classing these great reputations, and let us reflect that a new experiment only may be wanting to dissipate in a moment all our pompous reasonings, and cover them with the same ridicule as we have covered those of the ancients. Chymistry will perhaps prove to us to-morrow, that there are but two elements instead of four. We are on the brink of a world altogether new; let us not hurry our apotheoses; I have witnessed the birth and death of many reputations who had also made their romance of the universe.

“The Pantheon is a republican temple; let us reserve it for the heroes and martyrs of the revolution. Leave the books of Descartes, as well as all other books, to the endless disputes of men; let

us not decree a privileged crown; this would be offering incense to ourselves, and opening too wide a field to subtle and idle discussions. Let us leave the land of chimeras, and march on solid ground; let us attach ourselves to republican virtues, which wear an incontestible physiognomy, and of which we are the first and the real judges. May he who shall have shed his blood for his country receive the homages of that country. May the pen of the legislator place itself by the side of the sword of the warrior; but may other pens, when the sanction of ages is necessary either to decide on their transcendency, or mature their usefulness, go and seek for honours in another sanctuary.

“The republic of letters has its laurels as well as its debates; let us not enter into its discussions, nor distribute its palms; let us store up our great men, that is to say, those who in the most astonishing, as well as most terrible of political commotions, shall have preserved an equal mind, a firm and republican character; such men we may appreciate and honour.

“Our predecessors, more fixed and solid in their ideas of regeneration, would not have embarrassed themselves with hewing out literary statues, for these are raised and thrown down at the sport of men’s fancies; they would not have opened the doors of the Pantheon to that great poet, that grand corrupter, who flattered every king, all the
great,

great, and all the vices of his age; who careſſed every licentious error accredited in courts; who was undeceived even in his Brutus, through which his monarchical genius pierces in ſpite of all the ſtrength of his ſubject *. He did not know how to ſtrike at ſuperſtition without giving a mortal wound to morality; unlike Hercules, who tranſfixed the Centaur without killing the beautiful Dejanira.

* If you wiſh to ſee him quite at his eaſe, read theſe verſes of Adelaide and Gueſclin:

Le pur ſang de Clovis eſt toujours adoré:
Tôt ou tard il faudret que de ce tronc ſacré,
Les rameaux devisés et courbés par l'orage,
Plus unis et plus beaux ſoient notre unique ombrage.

The death of Cæſar has been talked of, but in this piece little is wanting that Cæſar does not become an object of regret. This bad and faithleſs imitation of Shakeſpeare proves that Voltaire did not feel in the Engliſh poet the concentrated part of Brutus, and that he did not underſtand this hiſtorical and dramatical maſter-piece.

Voltaire praiſed for fifty years the moſt immoral man of the age, the *Duke of Richlieu*; he made verſes for *Pompadour*, for *Dubarry*, for all the princeſſes and their chambermaids, and for every miniſter in place. Exerciſing a literary deſpotiſm analogous to his ardent jealousy againſt every kind of ſucceſs; he flattered every thing that was ſervile and ſawning, in order to ſnuff up the ſmoke of their incenſe. He cajoled Frederick; and when he died, he placed on his tomb the moſt virulent of ſatires againſt his hero. The *Age of Louis XIVth*, the *Age of Louis XVth*, and the panegyric of this laſt, are proofs that he was a conſtant flatterer, not of royalty, but what is very different from it, of kings.

" He saw nothing in the *Theodice* of Leibnitz, the finest of books, but the subject of the romance of *Candide*, that wretched production, which attacks the consolatory doctrine of providence. Together with his eternal sardonic smile, he has bequeathed us a shameful Pyrrhonism, and with it perhaps that cruel levity which makes us glide over virtues as well as crimes. The writings of the author of the *Pucelle** and republican manners will never associate. The physiognomy of Voltaire (I swear in the name of public decency) will never be an antique physiognomy.

" Let us take care then henceforth not to pantheonize so lightly, for we ought to be idolaters no longer. The Pantheon has already been twice sullied†. Let us duly penetrate ourselves with this but little acknowledged and ill felt truth, that we have not the true and sure scales fit to weigh thinking heads with exactness. Our learned men, or those who call themselves so, who thought they had surmounted a host of prejudices, are in fact the men most un-

* What an inroad into our morals has this writing made. I appeal to experience, it is the code of our youth, who know it by heart. Talk then, after that, of Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Seneca. How the statue of J. J. Rousseau repulses that of its neighbour.

† Even if *Mirabeau* had said as the ancient captain *Epaminondas*, " We believe that it is with money, as with every other thing, that there are honest means of giving and receiving, and that there are also dishonest."

der subjection to them; none among them know which of our opinions will be uppermost in fifty years, or which of our books will astonish, instruct, or charm posterity. Prepossession is the lot of the French *, and this is the fatal work of academies †; from their presumption in judging of every

* If each of us after his taste, his affections, his prejudices, or even his conviction, should place his favourite author as *idol* in the Pantheon, this temple would in a short time be nothing but a pagoda.

† How much nearer is he who in silent adoration at the magnificence of a starry heaven, feels a secret and deep charm in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies—how much nearer is he the great and good author of nature, the father of all men, than all these system-mongers, who, buried in geometrical problems, are so squeamish in pronouncing the name of God, as if it was a name fit only for the vulgar. Moses, Mahomet, Zoroaster, Confucius, Marcus Aurelius, Newton, and Euler, never pronounced this name but with reverential awe; this is because the soul (the soul which we hold from him) feels and perceives him. Some of our astronomers have been looking at the heavens all their lives; but alas! they have never seen that great heaven. O pectora cæca!

Profound speculatists, tell me then *why I move my arm*. I adore, and this is the beginning of science as well as of wisdom. I adore and prostrate myself, and never feel myself more strong, more happy, more enlightened, than in this sympathetic connection with heaven. How superior to Descartes, Pascal, (who was also a geometrician) appears to me, when he said, *All our reasoning reduces itself to sentiment; let man feel his value, it is great; and what reveals his grandeur to him is, that he knows himself to be wretched.* I do not know a finer thought.

Voltaire, who during a very long life has never had more than from eighteen to twenty-two years, has criticised Pascal without comprehending him; he also took the liberty of calling Clarke *un moulin au raisonnement*, two words absolutely contra-

every thing, they have unlearned us to read what is under our eyes. The real glory of writers does not depend on us, it is confirmed or destroyed by time alone; their apotheosis is in their books, and nowhere else. Let us leave them to die or live in their works. As for the true glory of republicans, it is and ought only to be in a greater sum of liberty and happiness. Let us not be offended at the superiority of an Englishman; Newton belongs to the world. Let us be no more jealous of him than of Tasso or Virgil. Let us not be creating particular rivalries, nor place in opposition to each other those men who belong to every age and every country; let us above all take care not to renew, and after another fashion, the ridicule of canonizations, lest the modern be laughed at as well as the ancient.

“When a perfect equality reigns amongst the dead, and after we have scattered the proud dust of tombs crowned with trophies or lying marbles, let us not revive a worn-out idolatry, and carry about in procession worm-eaten bones; let us open a *book of life*, and let the names of men

dictory; but he wanted to make the French laugh; it was his part, like *Preville* on the stage. How many profound authors are forgotten! Clarke and Cudworth, who have written with so much force, clearness, and sentiment, against materialists, are scarcely ever cited in France. We have immense libraries, and we never read; writings have been destroyed by books.

of

of genius be written therein *. This will be sufficient, and will spare the people those costly fêtes, those superfluous expences, that waste of time incurred by these ceremonies, which have sometimes also a singular and uncouth aspect.

“ What signifies it to the people that the author of tourbillons and of subtle matter, Descartes, be the writer of a romance, or a scientific genius? When they see his statue pass, they will look at it with the same eyes as at that of the Grand Lama ; they will find out neither the end nor the necessity of such an apotheosis †. How many men in this great city are absolutely strangers to Descartes and his doctrine. There are not thirty in this commune who have read the books of Descartes.

“ I conclude by demanding that the legislative body, erecting itself neither into an academic

* If Descartes is absolutely to be pantheonized, I shall make no farther opposition ; but I shall certainly insist that that vile matter which is not Descartes, be not carried to that edifice. I shall move that they carry——his name.

† Of what service is this sumptuous edifice? To harbour rats, bats, and the coffin of poor J. J. Rousseau, who during his lifetime wanted wood to warm himself. With what that dome has cost we might have built thirty convenient, healthy, and airy houses of charity. O cruel architects ! and you painters, statuarys, decorators ! dangerous, useless artists, devourers of the republic, and of every private fortune, who would exhaust mines of gold with your varying and ruinous caprices, enemies of the true, moral, consolatory, and nursing arts——
You shall not escape my *book*.

corps,

corps, nor lowering itself to the sentiment of national vanity, leave the memory of Descartes to live and die in his works, and also the repeal of the decree of the 2d of October * 1793 (old stile), which orders the translation of his ashes to the Pantheon."

CHAP. CCLIII.

EVERY THING IS OPTICAL, OR THE SPORT OF OPTICS.

How different are things when they are near, from what we judge them at a distance. Every thing wears a deceiving appearance. Paris is described as overturned by every political commotion, and children placed on the spit by the cannibals who took the Bastille and the chateau of the Tuilleries. It is the wind which carries the report of the gun to a distance, we hear less of it by its side.

The famous sitting which decided the fate of Louis the XVIth lasted seventy-two hours. Any

* What an epocha! It was on the eve of that day when Amar went coolly and tranquilly to move at the tribune the death of forty-two representatives of the people, and the arrest of seventy-three. The Convention did not breathe then, I think, in an atmosphere very philosophical!

one would undoubtedly suppose that the house was a scene of meditation, silence, and a sort of religious terror; not at all, the end of the hall was transformed into a box, where ladies, in charming negligees, were eating ices, oranges, and drinking liqueurs, and receiving the compliments and salutations of comers and goers. The buisiers on the side of the *Mountain* acted the parts of the openers of the opera boxes; they were employed every instant in turning the key in the doors of the side galleries, and gallantly escorting the mistresses of the Duke of Orleans Egalité, caparisoned with three-coloured ribbands.

Although every mark of applause or disapprobation was forbidden, nevertheless on the side of the *Mountain* the duchess dowager, the amazon of the jacobin bands, made long ha, ha's! when she heard the word death strongly twang in her ears.

The lofty galleries destined for the people during the days which preceded this famous trial, were never empty of strangers and people of every class, who drank wine and brandy as if it had been a tavern. Bets were open at all the neighbouring coffee-houses.

Listlessness, impatience, and fatigue, were marked on almost every countenance; each deputy mounted the tribune in his turn, and every one was asking when his turn came. Some deputy came, I know not who, sick, and in his morning-

gown

gown and night-cap. This phantom caused a good deal of diversion in the assembly.

The countenances of those who went to the tribune, rendered more funereal from the pale gleams of the lights, and who in a slow and sepulchral voice pronounced only the word *death*! All these physiognomies which succeeded one another, their tones, their different keys; D'Orleans hissed and groaned at when he voted the death of his relation; some calculating if they should have time to dine before they gave their vote; whilst women with pins were pricking cards, in order to count the voices; deputies who fell asleep, and whom they were forced to awaken in order to vote; Manuel, the secretary, sliding away a few votes in order to save the unhappy king, and on the point of being put to death in the corridors, as a punishment for his infidelity; these scenes can never be described as they passed, it is impossible to figure what they were, nor will history be able to reach them.

Such has been the case with each of the memorable days that have taken place; I was there, and never knew where I was, or comprehended the danger in which I was involved, or all the singular things that surrounded me.

I saw the head of *Feraud* borne on a pike, and I can give no account of his assassination; I saw *Henriot* give the word of command to the cannoneers, and I know not how I got free and to my
own

own house. I learnt news of the victory of the 13th Vendemiaire when seated in my curule chair, and I did not yet know if there had been a battle. I ran to the palace of the Luxemburgh on the 18th of Fructidor, without knowing the importance of that day; I never believed in the insolent and sanguinary audacity of the Mountaineers, because I was near them; I saw the instant when *Duperret* gave the signal of falling on forty wretches, who stiled themselves exclusively the founders of the republic, and of ridding both France and the world of such monsters; that held to a thread; the *coté droit* for a long while lost the majority, only because they had too much contempt for their adversaries. None of us had any faith in their inconceivable triumph. I say again, every thing is optical; it is impossible to furnish any adequate description; the Mallet du Pans, for want of being with us, and of writing on the spot, sketch nothing but images of their own fancy; every thing is false, lying, exaggerated, out of the visual line; all their reports are like old almanacks, and nothing they say is either applicable to the morning or the evening.

As every revolutionary crisis is composed of infinitesimals, these form the essential basis of every event. In general, the observer has had reason to be astonished, because all these events have not only been unforeseen, but were beyond the belief of every man of sense. And how could we have
formed

formed any idea of such an excess of useless cruelty, of such abominable extravagance, without any end; a doctrine like that of Marat's finding enthusiasts; bacchantes sans-culottised and admired in proportion as they made themselves hideous; and Robespierre, aided by the commune, subjecting to his arbitrary will those men who were as ambitious and as profligate as himself.

I have witnessed the triumph of loquacious and infuriated vulgarity, but I never could have believed it the day before, because I never could have admitted the delirium or lethargy of a whole nation, nor of power placed in the hands of incapacity and folly. Impudent crime, as it seemed to me, ought to have concealed itself in the shades of night; I have seen it courted and applauded.

Notwithstanding which, those who are at a distance from the scene pretend to explain the causes of such and such events of the revolution, and they only confound time, places, and persons.

How will the historian get out of this labyrinth? How will he avoid the sway of his own opinion, when those who have the most penetrating eyes have had such difficulty in seizing the point of view, and of fixing an object in such extreme and continual change of position?

It will be almost an impossible task to write the history of the revolution till half a century has elapsed,

elapsed, because its agents, still more variable than their passions, often escape the eye, though it follow them attentively, and the principles which directed the day were no longer those of to-morrow. How write such a history, if you lose the link of each day? for some events have taken place in a manner so unexpected, that they seem to have been created, and not begotten.

The cannon-ball which cut the chain of the draw-bridge of the Bastille, would twelve hours sooner or later have remained without any effect; and if, on the day in which Robespierre restored the Supreme Being to France, he had had the wit to open all the prisons, and proclaim the reign of clemency, like the Supreme Being, he would have erected for himself at the same time both a throne and an altar.

How many actors on this great theatre! Some playing the part of Mahomet, others contenting themselves with the subaltern characters of the Seid. You might as well fix the colours of the clouds as attempt to paint their physiognomies. If you are astonished that so many crimes have been committed, you naturally enquire how such and such men stopt in their career, or how they strayed out of their way? Great images, when near us, are not the same; all those injurious epithets given to our revolution, to its authors, and its

its partizans, fall to the ground when we see it pursuing its march quite alone, and at those times when it had no support. The names of *republic*, of *representative government*, of hatred to *hereditary governments*, have operated on every brain. The destruction of privileges, and the necessity of destroying them, were universally felt.

War rages in Europe, but its angry waves are lapping and undermining thrones. The potentates, jealous of retaining their stern domination, and coalescing with each other to keep the human race in chains, conspire against the nation which has given the rapid signal of liberty to the world. They conspire in vain; these kings, astonished to see the sceptre with which they oppressed their subjects, escaping at length from their hands; their conspiracy is madness! the time of privileges is past.

And it is in order to maintain their privileges, to put birth in the place of virtue, titles in the stead of labour, that a few men have separated themselves from their equals, and are anxious to exercise their vengeance. Yes, it is a war for privileges which has devoured Europe. They are in open hostility with human reason, and what is the force by which its voice can be silenced?

Incluse a single barrel of powder in the centre of the globe; the stronger the pressure, the greater the explosion. It is the same with the rights of man;

man ; attempt to annihilate them, and they are instantly established ; that is, in other terms, their triumph is henceforth secure in every time and place.

CHAP. CCLIV.

DECREE.

By a decree of the executive directory of the sixth year, every journal or periodical writing in which the old æra, which exists no longer for French citizens, shall be henceforth joined to the new æra, even with the addition of the words (old stile) as has been indecently practised hitherto, shall be prohibited. This article, at first sight, does not appear of very great importance ; but in the eyes of every reflecting republican it is evident that under the new regime we must tear up the last root of the old.

Since the 14th of Germinal, sixth year, the directors of the theatres are obliged to regulate their representations according to the republican calendar, and represent exactly every decade, and the days of national fêtes, without attending to Sundays and the fêtes of the old calendar, when those

those days do not occur either with an ordinary day of amusement, or with a day of national fête, or with a decade. Every theatre in contravention to this decree of the directory, was to be shut up: nevertheless there will be always some theatres open on Sundays. Go on those days into our churches, and you will see a crowd so much greater, as they go in gratis.

CHAP. CCLV.

MARGARITA.

The priest *Margarita*, vicar of St. Lawrence, has just retracted his oath. Easter was approaching, and the good old devots would no longer confess themselves to this great swearer. The new-born and the dead would not, it is said, have any thing to do with his baptism, or his *de profundis*.

In vain had he turned up his fine fair locks, and put a fine green ribband in his hat. This toilette did not seduce them. He takes another resolution. He mounts his pulpit, and declares to his dear flock, that the oath which he took was only a matter of form, and that he repents and retracts

tracts it. He beseeches them afterwards, with the oily eloquence of an artful hypocrite, to give him back their confidence, which he should never have lost but for this *villanous* revolution. The whole auditory melted into tears; and what was the result? that he had fourteen voices to be elected; and that fifteen only rejected him.

CHAP. CCLVI.

MONOPOLIZER.

THERE are many kinds of them: some are industrious in buying up, cash in hand, such merchandize or wares as are at a low price, in order to sell them at an exorbitant price when they should have become scarce. They have for this purpose a barometer in their warehouses, which they raise or lower at their pleasure.

Their only end is to enrich themselves, without troubling their heads whether the patriot or the aristocrat is in the right. The white cockade, or the national one, are perfectly indifferent to them, provided they *gain so much*. This is the word with which they are best acquainted in the lan-

guage, and which appears to them to have most energy.

There are other monopolizers much more guilty. It is not their own private good which they seek, in monopolizing objects of the first necessity; they set fire to every harvest; they bury their gold twenty feet under ground, without the least regret. It is the general evil which they are anxious for. They are in hopes that the absolute want of things of indispensable necessity will begin by discontenting the people, that the people discontented will finish by revolting, and then (the monsters!) comes the happy moment which they have languished for, in order to make common cause with them, in having the air of compassionating them, and of kindling the torches of civil war, with which they flatter themselves that they shall destroy the republic which they detest, because it forces their pride to bend to the level of equality.

CHAP. CCLVII

EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER.

THE Parisians, under the old regime, went on the 8th of September in pilgrimage to Calvary, to address their prayers to the good Jesus on the cross. They have discontinued this holy exercise, since Jesus is no longer at Calvary, and that it is in possession only of the *bad thief*.—What do you call him?—Oh! It is not I who will tell you his name. I had much rather tell you something quite new, which is, that the representative Tallien is disposed, according to Poultier, to accompany General Buonaparte in the great expedition which is preparing. Such are the pleasantries which the Parisians allow themselves, and those who are the objects of them laugh always the first.

CHAP. CCLVIII.

MEN OF LETTERS.

It is who shall usurp the title of man of letters; you know not how to give or how to contest it; and it is at Paris particularly that we see many writers scarcely known, and whose patriotism is more than doubtful, in haste to get up a little piece, vastly republican. Ha, ha! say they, you reproach men of letters for not showing themselves. Well! here I am with *my* civic drama.

A very painful reflection, which must strike every person, is, that these men of letters, who have contributed most by their writings to make our glorious revolution, have all died before its immortal explosion. Here, since liberty is established, what writings would not the Montesquieus, the Voltaire, the Rousseaus, the Mablys, the Helvetius, the Diderots, have published! those who, under despotism, holding the torch of truth in their hands, dared to shake off from it but a few sparks! I wish a philosophical writer would undertake a work in the form of a dialogue, in which these great men, meeting in the Elysian fields, and consequently divested of passions,

passions, should show each other to what degree each of them in particular co-operated by his genius to the regeneration of France. I should think I had deserved well of my country, if when I died I left this work on my tomb! Alas! I am looking particularly at Paris, for the successes of the illustrious writers whom I have named; but *vox clamantis in deserto*.

I do not reckon among men of letters those who with just contempt are called journeymen, and of whom the public sometimes avenge themselves in a ludicrous manner. A piece lately met with the greatest success at the theatre; a journeyman writer of the *Petites Affiches* took it into his head to abuse in his newspaper the work which had been received with approbation by the public; the public, seated on their tribunal, ordered the newspaper to be brought before them, and condemned it to be torn in pieces on the stage, which sentence was duly executed.

CHAP. CCLIX.

THE NEW WALLS.

WE are indebted to Lavoisier, of the academy of sciences, for these heavy and useless barriers, a new species of oppression exercised by the raising of taxes on their fellow-citizens. But, alas! this great philosopher, Lavoisier, was a farmer-general!

Pour augmenter son numéraire,

Et raccourcir notre horizon,

Le ferme a juge nécessaire

De nous mettre tous en prison.

We remember the complaints which the Parisians made against this insulting enclosure. The secret end in view was to master and restrain the city, many of the edifices at its entrance being real fortresses.

When the Duke of Nivernois' advice was asked in this new enclosure, he answered angrily, *I am of opinion that the author of this project should be hanged.* The unfortunate Lavoisier was not hanged, but guillotined by the decemviral tyranny, which in its profound ignorance confounded a chymist of the first rank with an apothecary.

The

The walls are still standing; the detestable inclosure aids the collection of the road-toll, which is levied notwithstanding the remonstrances against it; but as it is the carriages which pay, and whoever keeps a carriage can very well pay the toll, which is applied to the repair of the roads, these complaints appear unreasonable to every man of sense.

These barriers differ from each other, both in their form, size, and internal construction. Some resemble caverns, others tombs, churches, and some are as magnificent as palaces. The architect has exhausted his fantastic designs. The farmers-general gave the money, and the city consoled itself with sarcasms.

CHAP. CCLX.

LE PRE ST. GÉRAIS.

It is the terrestrial paradise, or, to speak more properly, the Parisians garden of love.

Scarcely has the zephyr in the first fine days of spring fanned the lilach with its odorous breath, than a thousand swarms of airy nymphs assemble in this enchanting spot. You see them tripping
along

along the narrow pathways edged with flowery shrubs, warbling their notes, and quicker-eyed than the Arguses who are set to watch them, they pluck with their little nimble fingers the fragrant branches. These treasures open and are vanished in a day. It is an habitual sort of theft, which every year before the rustic municipal officer love justifies by the intention.

But it is in the middle of June, the time when the cherries redden like rubies on the trees, when the young peasant-girls gather the cooling currants, and carry off the baskets of strawberries on their heads, that you see the multitude winding along the paths, and climbing to the top of Belleville, to regale themselves with these refreshing fruits. The children trip along before their parents, carrying their provisions for dinner, a walk which had been a long time promised them as the reward of their good behaviour. Transported with joy, they are anxious to reach the top. The younger sister sits down by the side of her brother at the foot of the windmill, from which the eye plunges down on Paris and its antique towers. On that spot all the girls are pretty; the gentle exercise has covered their cheeks with roses.

What pencil shall express the astonishment of the sad inhabitant of Rat-street, or Rag-lane, who sees no other garden than the pot of mint at his window, when he beholds the immense prospect
which

which from the heights of Romainville, where he arrives covered with sweat, displays itself at once to his view, particularly in one of those fine days when the azure of the heaven extends its majestic canopy above this magnificent picture.

With what delight does his eye wander over the soft undulations of the distant hills and the yellowing harvests! How he admires those fertile plains, which are cut at intervals by long avenues, clumps of trees, woods, and picturesque hamlets!

Proud of the country which he is exploring, the young husband is anxious to make his young companion, who leans languishingly on his shoulder, perceive all its beauties. You might suppose them two lovely children, looking with tranquil pleasure at the picture of the promised land in the Bible.

While the higher classes of citizens, who have succeeded the high nobility, fly in cabriolets with two courfers towards the new gardens of Armida, to yawn under weeping willows loaded with seven-coloured lamps, or contemplate, spy-glass in hand, a few sheep wandering over mountains six feet high, the labouring classes, disdainful of those fashionable puerilities, continue to go and admire at liberty nature in the fields of St. Gervais.

These

These smiling orchards are not haunted by restaurateurs, who serve up soups *à la Condé*; but here you meet with the refreshments of dairies, or guinguettes, where the violin animates the song of the birds perched on the surrounding branches; there you meet with none but joyous guests, who, sitting under the shade of apple-trees, make a rural repast among butterflies and flowers.

On this delightful spot every thing is natural, every thing is freshness, life, and animating beauty. You have the warbling of birds, and the voices of a thousand lovers, for a concert; for a shade, alleys of cherry-trees; for parterres, beds of perfuming strawberries; for cascades, rivulets which sport with murmuring noise over a bed of pebbles their limpid streams.

And when autumn protrudes its head, loaded with fruits, when the vine lets its purple grapes hang from the tops of elms, which it embraces with its branches, thither they return to enjoy those gifts; some to taste the forbidden apple, others to steal more gentle favours.

Ah, how many charms at the end of a fine day have these enchanted places; and how many tender desires are inspired by the beginning of twilight.

Often at this happy moment a new Daphne, escaping from an arbour, flies another Apollo.

The

The lover, with eye inflamed, pursues on the wing of desire the object of his love. How fortunate he is; he reaches her, and she does not change into laurels in his arms.

It is in these labyrinths of rural pleasure that the citizens of Paris, waiting for the glorious peace which shall secure to the world the liberty of the seas, go and repose from their labours. What philosopher can behold them, without a sentiment of pleasure, descending in long streams on the evening of a fine day the mountain of Belleville, athwart the illuminations of the guinguettes, and the joyful exclamations of the dancers, who dance the *pas de charge*?

CHAP. CCLXI.

ITALIAN PICTURES.

SINCE there are no longer any frocked, surpliced, or cassocked folks, and that we may laugh at the dress of a bishop or a cardinal, we see nothing in the gallery of paintings but monks of all colours, deacons, priests in function; and alongside, as is natural, executioners and punishments. There was a regime of terror of old,
and

and these sacerdotal furies have been immortalized by the pencil of great masters. On whatever side I turn my eyes, I see blood in these celebrated paintings. Have they brought them from so great a distance, and exposed them with so much affectation, in order to justify our own excesses? By the side of so many bloody images, how many impertinent ideas! what a worn-out system! what a ridiculous selection! what poverty in all these conceptions called religious! The Saint Cecilia of Raphael, with all her violins at her feet, and her book of music open, will never sing; the lion of St. Jerom will never let us hear any of his roarings; the executioner's arm, for ever suspended, will happily never descend on the neck of that poor Girondin, I should say, martyr.

Piles, cords, crosses, heads cut off and stuck on pikes, or laid in dishes; these frightful images recall the frightful days of Robespierre, that new Domitian. Is it to accustom our eyes and our hearts to scaffolds and tyrants, that all those paintings have been accumulated? How hideous and disgusting they are! Put them out of the way, unless you offer them as an instance of the excesses of the human mind: but at least do not baptise with the name of masterpieces works which cannot explain themselves, nor shew with what intentions they have been composed.

The

The finest and most energetic heads are always those of the executioners. Poor young man, who have just been copying these hideous features, you will perhaps admire them, and call them energetic; you will soon take murder for greatness, and become as ferocious as your master David, the admirer and painter of Marat and his peers.

We survey with ecstasy all these dangerous paintings, which propagate superstitious ideas; we dwell upon them; we follow the animated gestures of those lifeless figures; we find motion in motionless images; we are waiting for the words that are coming out of their half-opened mouths; their heads seem alive, and yet are always fixed in the same position; we remain, in short, in awful astonishment before each of those designs which never vary; and nevertheless, a simple villager who passes near those pictures, just gives them a glance. I guessed at his good sense, I accost him, I speak to him; the whole of this is nothing to him but lying images.

He stops a longer time before the spectacle of nature; he has not forgotten, that above his head the sun, eternal lamp of the world, shines with incomparable splendor, enlightens the works of God, who hath suspended it in the immense vault of the heavens; he hears with delight the murmur of a rivulet, which, bursting out from its source, flows in limpid streams across
a meadow;

a meadow; he breathes with joy the balm of the flowers which the zephyr wafts on its wings; a field rose on a thorny bush is not for him a piece of canvas; he picks it, and runs to put it in the bosom of his mistress; he is alive to objects of feeling alone; if he sees a dance of shepherds under the elm, he flies there, and chuses the beauty which pleases him; he joins her hand to his; he has no need, in order to know the pleasure of the dance, to consult Watteau or Teniers. He smiles with pity when he hears that a rich man has paid forty thousand livres for a piece of painted cloth of four feet in length. "I should much rather," answers he, "have a farm in bearing, and trees that produce fruit, than a landscape in painting."

The longer you look over a vast extent of country, the more you are persuaded that it is not with terrestrial objects that we ought to represent terrestrial things. What represents nature is an animated file, a description; all other means are weak, powerless, bounded, and place the admirer at the feet of the painter, and the painter with his frame murders nature. It is only in description that consists the imitation of things to a high degree.

Far from me, material images to express material things! Intellectual ideas only can represent them, for the reproduction of objects, and perfect imitation, are in us, and not out of us:

do

do not go elsewhere to find them. Shut your eyes, it is then that you inhabit an intellectual edifice hung round with magnificent pictures, and such as the museum cannot offer. Speech is every thing, and the other arts are nothing in comparifon. Speech! hear the harangue of the savage; read the fine pages of Buffon, and frame the fables of Fontaine!

It is worthy of a man of fenfe not to let himfelf be controuled by a paffion for pictures. Why place the image without us, cold, confined, inanimate, while we can poffefs it within us living, and always in harmony with nature?

It is in the enclosure of cities, of thofe great prifons, that began that falfe tafte, which makes us look at a landfcape on a wall, inftead of going to vifit the neighbouring foreft. I never met in Switzerland but one amateur of pictures; he was old and bedridden. In view of the Alps, copies of nature would be as misplaced as the marine pieces of Vernet in fea ports. Can the pencil ever raife the waters like this line of Virgil?

Luſtantes ventos, tempeſtatesque ſonoras!

The life of thirty Raphaels would not be fufficient to tranſlate the ſecond book of the *Æneid*; and what is Albano, compared with the tears and fighs of the tender Tibullus.

When

When our sight has been familiarised for any length of time with a crowd of moving objects, the frame of which is immense, that is to say, when we have travelled some months, and especially post, it is impossible to regard the sky of a painter otherwise than as a grotesque imitation; nevertheless, these frivolous things throw nations and certain men into incalculable expences.

CHAP. CCLXII.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN 1796.

WE can scarcely take a step without meeting with some impudent advertisement, proposing a loan, on good security, at a reasonable interest; and this reasonable interest is six or eight per cent. per month.

How shall we tame the execrable avarice of usurers, who post up on the walls the confession of their own knavery? What makes the politician and the moralist lament is, that this usury stalks along with head erect; and if we let it go on much longer, will swallow up the remaining spoils of rentiers, clerks, and every honest public functionary. Paris, nevertheless, preserves a
wonderful

wonderful air of tranquillity. The money-jobbers of to-day are no way behind-hand the *ci-devant* men of the court, and rather surpass them in folly. One might suppose that pleasures and riches are created for them alone.

Never were there so many theatres, concerts, dances, dinners, *traiteurs*, *limonadiers*, public gardens, fireworks, lyceums, journals, and wine-merchants. This variety of amusement is a phenomenon in the midst of a most murderous war, at the end of a revolution which ought to excite only melancholy ideas; this ostentation of opulence, displayed by so many individuals, amidst the distress of government; this spirit of indifference, dissipation, and prodigality, which has taken possession of every class; this thirst of gain, and want of œconomy; this piratical avidity, which is put in play to obtain riches; and this sort of extravagance with which they are dissipated, are real phenomena. This day creates fortunes, to-morrow witnesses their destruction. That man, descending from his garret to inhabit a palace, is by and bye constrained to repair to his former haunt.

The noise of a discordant violin invites every evening the mechanic, the soldier, the *grisette*, the water-carrier, to the brandy-shop, converted into a hall for dancing; while the drawing-rooms, which you might suppose created by the wand of

fairies, are filled with those who are grown newly rich.

In the former of these two classes, the tone, the language, as well as the costume of the *sans culotterie*, is preserved in all its purity; in others, on the contrary, whatever recalls the republican form, is put carefully out of the way; every effort is made to ape the old court, and the former *bonne compagnie*; and they imitate them as happily as Jodelet and Mascarille imitated their masters, when they dressed themselves in their stolen coats.

The theatres have been very much frequented this winter; but it is not there as at the ball; each class has not its theatre; all classes mingle at Nicolet's and the opera; for the people who formerly went only to Nicolet's, pique themselves at present on going to the latter. Do not however imagine, that they have gained any thing in the way of instruction, and that the tastes which have an air of greater delicacy are the indication of a change of manners. The dearnefs of handycraft work, fruit of the revolutionary regime, has spread over the lower classes of society an ease hither unknown, which permits the mechanic to satisfy his old inclinations for intemperance, and indulge that kind of instinct which draws him on towards enjoyments, of which formerly he never had an idea.

CHAP.

CHAP. CCLXIII.

MEDICINE.

MEDICINE is the most interesting part of physics; but although the most cultivated, is the least advanced, and the least understood. It is now what, at the beginning of this century, were the other branches of experimental philosophy.

Cast your eyes over the most esteemed treatises on medicine, you will find, instead of a simple and luminous theory, lying hypotheses; the absurd systems of animalists, vitalists, pretended chymists, irritalists, in the place of evident principles; and a blind and dangerous routine instead of simple practice, founded on incontestable principles. Shall we be very wide of the truth, if we say of medicine, of modern medicine especially, what Heraclius said of art, *Its name is life, but its work is death.*

Anatomy has made considerable progress, and it is almost the only part of medicine in which useful discoveries have been made. The most valuable is that of the immortal Harvey; and yet, what has resulted from it? the ridiculous system of the source of all diseases being in the blood; the abuse also of bleeding, abuse a

thousand times more fatal to mankind than the use of gunpowder.

We should consider true physiology as the principal basis of sound practice; but this important part of the art of curing is not known amongst us, since in the numerous volumes which we have on this matter, we see no solid explanation of the animal functions, of the relation between the solid and fluid parts of the human body, &c. &c.

Is the most esteemed nosology any other thing than a fastidious nomenclature, infinitely more fitted to lead medicine astray than enlighten its practice?

One of the coryphees of medicine has pretended to establish sixteen hundred kinds of fever.

All the nosologists, without any exception, give a great number of symptoms as distinct diseases. This mistake inevitably throws the practitioner into errors, oftentimes dangerous, sometimes fatal.

Hitherto we have done nothing but chatter about pathology, which is all error, obscurity, and incertitude. The materia medica is the opprobrium of physicians. There gross ignorance lays itself quite open; no system is so extravagant that has not been built on the operation of drugs: some give them the mechanical powers of the wedge, of the knife, of a point,

&c. &c.; others make them act by a kind of magic on the different parts of the body; hence remedies cephalic, cordial, pectoral, hepatic, &c. &c.

Treatises on pharmacy might furnish us with a thousand new proofs that the *materia medica* is still in its cradle. Let us open one of these hieroglyphical repertories; we shall find that the far-famed theriacal tincture is composed of sixty-five drugs, and of these three are compounded. God alone knows the effect which may be produced by remedies composed of so great a number of drugs, so different from each other, and so little fitted, at least some of them, to enter into the same composition. But the height of folly is the advertising courses of *chymical materia medica*; as if the real *materia medica* could be treated after other principles, and by other proceedings, than those of chemistry. If you wish for a more striking proof of the profound ignorance of physicians on this important part of the art of curing, we shall find it in the *materia medica* of one of the most celebrated physicians of this age, where we see in a prescription, in as many letters, the salt of *duobus* and vitriolated tartar. There is not an apothecary's apprentice who does not know that the salt of *duobus* and the vitriolated tartar is one and the same salt.

Preservative medicine is what has occupied physicians the least. It supposes a degree of knowledge

knowledge which is certainly not acquired in schools, and which we should look for in vain in books; besides, in investigating this important part of medicine, would not those ministers of health be afraid of hurting their personal interest?

The *theopractique* seems to have engaged their whole attention: they hold however very erroneous ideas on that point. But what can we expect from a practice which is not enlightened by a consistent theory, and which has no incontestable principles for its basis. They are not more happy therefore in the cure of acute, than of chronical diseases. It would be easy to prove, with respect to the first, that the practice of the divine Hippocrates, and of his true followers, was more successful than that of our modern physicians; probably because these old masters did not believe that the seat of all these disorders was in the blood, and thought it their duty not to be prodigal of this vital fluid.

Chronical diseases are the stumbling blocks of our physicians; they scarcely ever cure one, and they have sometimes also the mortification of seeing quacks perform what they believed and declared to be impossible. If they triumph over any diseases, it is by mere chance; and so it ought to be, since having entertained wrong ideas about them, their treatment must necessarily be wrong also. To be convinced of this, you have only

only to hear them talk about inflammation, fever, apoplexy, dropfy, malignant fever, on vapours, on all sorts of diseases, and see how they treat them, &c. To form a true judgment of the profound ignorance of physicians, you should observe them with their patients. They would have nothing to say if they had not contrived this convenient subterfuge, that agitations and pains are nervous movements. When a doctor answers, it is *nervous*, he thinks he has given a most luminous solution.

The misfortune of physicians is having looked on medicine as a particular science, and not having considered it as the most important part of physicks—chymistry; these two sciences make at present but one; but from having been too long enchained by the spirit of system; from not stopping to examine what falls under observation; from having drawn false consequences from the discovery of the circulation of the blood; from having been the copyists of each other; from having taken a blind routine instead of the plain road, all which unhappily are the exact features of our mode of practice, what is it but a system of the most dangerous empiricism. Might we not apply to the physicians what Cicero said of the augurs, *That they could not meet each other without laughing!*

Let us not, however, despair of medicine. It is likely that the moment is near, when we shall see
it

it make the most rapid progress. For some years past, the natural sciences, chiefly true physics—chemistry, has made such considerable way, that it is become impossible for medicine to wallow much longer in its sloth, or for those great wigs not to give up their old nonsensical kitchen preparations. The dropical are no longer condemned to be devoured by thirst. This success will very probably be followed by a great number of others.

CHAP. CCLXIV.

BONAPARTE AT THE PUBLIC ASSEMBLY OF
THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, 15TH
NIVOSE, 6TH YEAR.

OH! how interesting was that assemblage of celebrated, distinguished, and scientific men of every description, among whom was seated Bonaparte! The institute shone on that day with all the glory of the hero. In vain did he endeavour to hide himself from the looks of the spectators under the dress of a common individual! It was he alone whom they sought; and the pleasure of possessing him was displayed in the eyes of
of

of the illustrious men who were in his presence.

What a calm reigned over the features of the conqueror of Italy! We were afraid, if I may be allowed the expression, to interrupt his meditation and the repose of his soul. It was no longer the shrill sounds of the trumpet which gave the signal of the fight; a mournful muse, throwing flowers over the tomb of the pacifier of the Vendee, mowed down in the spring time of life, spoke to the French Achilles of his worthy and valiant friend. Such is the fate of warriors, death and glory! and as they offer up the most precious of sacrifices to their country, their fame is great and transcendent!

Fine verses, well recited, make nearly the same impression on the soul as the sound of cannon in battle on that of warriors. Every heart was glowing, and the whole assembly rose up when this line was repeated,

“ L'Angleterre palit au seul nom de l'Italique ! ”

Applauses were also renewed on this other line, where, speaking of our *young heroes grown old in the art of war*; the poet exclaimed, in prophetic accents,

“ Ils franchirent les monts, ils franchirent les mers ! ”

Among the engraved portraits of Bonaparte, that of *Henselin* alone has retained the features of
the

the hero. I am also going to take my graving tool, or rather (for I ought to be modest in speaking of Bonaparte) my pencil.

Bonaparte is of the middle size, a little stooping, thin, of somewhat a delicate frame, and nervous; his hair is of a deep chesnut, falling over a large forehead; his eyes are large, dark, quick, and piercing, aquiline nose, a raised chin, like that of the Apollo Belvidere, pale complexion, hollow cheeks, a voice unrestrained and composed; he listens attentively to those who speak to him, and answers briefly; his air is solemn, but open; he has not the austerity which characterises the head of Brutus: you may judge from his address that he is a temperate, meditative man, but tenacious in the point which he has in view; that his pale complexion reddens in a decisive action; that his body is all nerve, like that of the lion; that he fights in the same way; that he is indefatigable, and flies like lightning towards the enemy, before whom he never knew fear; this fire is centered; he reserves it for great and strong explosions, and it does not imprint on his motions that restlessness natural to men who are only ardent, and who have not the faculty of self-possession.

Serious as Cato, from him the French will learn to be sedate, to respect their magistrates, their representatives; to despise that light airy behaviour for which they have been characterised;

terised; to lay aside their habits of punning, which are fit only for giddy-headed men and the masters of puppet-shows.

Let republicans then take Bonaparte for a model, and since they respect him both as a wise man and a warrior, let them imitate his reserve and demeanour; let them assume his simple and sober dignity. Fewer words will evince more reflection, and less mobility of features more of greatness and reason. The sacrilegious double entendre, which disgraces many of our societies and our theatres, ought no longer to dishonour the style of a great nation; let us learn to converse as we have learnt to conquer, without violent exertions, and without exaggeration; let us be the example of wisdom, after having been that of victory; and let not a bon mot, made or repeated by a pamphleteer, turn into ridicule amongst us the sacred letter of the laws.

CHAP. CCLXV.

MY LAST VERSES.

My dream of life is about to finish; it will soon end. What shall I have to regret? The hatred of the wicked! the clamours of envy! the poison of calumny, of which nothing can stop the course! the vexations which always pursue innocence! the capricious tricks of adverse fortune! the seditious pamphlets of a hero of the academy! such, in two words, is the picture of life.

My days were as a point; but this point, my friends, you may readily believe me, presents to my eyes the great events of history. How many crimes have been committed, how many sublime virtues have astonished France. I have seen the sword of tyrants fall on peaceful innocence; I have seen the people honouring ruffians, and while they satiated their vengeance in the name of that people, decorate their fury with the founding title of courage.

I have seen pretenders to science change their mask, their language, and give their suffrages to those monsters of blood. I have seen the tomb of Marat near that of J. J. Rousseau. What,
Frenchmen,

Frenchmen, dared ye place an abhorred monster near a writer honoured by the whole world! What rending recollections! Ah, horrible days, the recital of which will freeze our posterity with horror! days for ever present to my remembrance! I have witnessed their melancholy history.

It is time for me now to lie down in the night of the grave, there, forgetful of the assassins of my country, I shall find repose. . . . Ah, poor human race, art thou always to drag along thy heavy lengthening chain!

But you, whose insulting acclamations were heard on every side; you, who amuse yourselves to-day in fallies more foolish than wicked, when the executioner lifted up his fatal arm, and shook before your eyes the bloody head, when terror had erected scaffolds on every spot, when the representatives whom you now insult were loaded with chains as the reward of their courage, your savage tyrants appeared without spot, and blameless. While you suffered *Condorcet* to perish in a dungeon, and while these assassins were glutting themselves with vengeance, you, like base and dumb slaves, held your peace! Pillage, murder, conspiracy, every thing then was good in your eyes; and when our courage overthrew the execrable work of the monsters, shamelessly confounding persons, times, and places, your absurd arrogance insulted innocence equally
with

with guilt. If you were unhappy profligate libellists, did we sleep on roses?

As when Lisbon, amidst the uproar of thunder, crumbled down beneath its overthrown walls; when subterraneous fires rose up in array against it, indiscriminately swallowing up men, women, and children, this terrific earthquake spared some of its vilest inhabitants: a block-head, whose shoulder was bit by a flea, exclaims, "Quick, quick, a club; oh! I am bit. I will proclaim it through the world, and what is still better, I will write; all Parnassus shall know it; Pegasus, if it be necessary, shall be the newscarrrier; the muses shall awaken France by their cries: one of the forty O gods, that my old body should be exposed to suffering? I feel my indignation rising: quick, quick, my pen, as the wind." Sudden from his brain starts forth a new work. "Oh! how finely it is turned, how new, how beautiful! we shall see in the end if in my rhetoric, which I may pique myself on knowing, in a discourse which can be understood by me alone, so beautiful is it, gentlemen, that I shall render ye all, myself excepted, as black as Lucifer." Such were the reflections of an old rhymester, who called himself a christian, yet knew nothing of the duty of forbearance; who thinks himself the father or the support of the tragic scene, for having made a few still-born children to the sister of Thalia, which are already forgotten,

forgotten, and who, to mask himself more completely, calls himself an honest man. But let him declaim! let him regret in his vain rage the triple dynasty of kings! why trouble ourselves about this noisy idiot, this empty rhetorician, whose folly leads him to join the silly invective, the seditious cry of impudent royalism, to the bite of calumny? Trust me, that he who is the least disposed to serve his country, who cries the loudest, and who forgets nothing that can disturb or irritate it, is, and ever was, the Academician*.

CHAP. CCLXVI.

BELLS.

THE bells have never made so much noise as since we have taken out their clappers. But what a clatter they will make for the dead, the new-born infant, and, I was going to say, for marriages? but I recollect, the sacrament of marriage was never accompanied by a peal; it was the most sad of all ceremonies; they did not even sing.

* Laharpe.

The defenders of the religion of our fathers pretended that bells were an essential part of divine service. They are mistaken; matins were sung for a long time, and bread and wine changed into God, before that convenient invention of calling the faithful to church was thought of. Bells have also been very often used for profane purposes. In some provincial towns they rang at ten o'clock to summon the tipplers to leave the taverns—At the end of a quarter of an hour, every friend of Bacchus who remained in the cabaret was swept off by the patrol.

The bells have no longer any tongue, which is very commodious for the sick, the convalescent, and women in childbed; no other bell now is heard, than the little tingle, to summon the servant maids to sweep the dirt before their houses. In those days of faction, every bell might have been made a tocsin: there is at present only one, and that is confided to the guard of the council of the elders. The great bells are all melted down, except the drones of Notre Dame, which hang still in air. As to the chimes of the Samaritan, they sometimes enliven us with their jingle, but only on public fêtes; heretofore they played when the king, queen, or dauphin passed: they play now with as good a grace for the anniversary of the 10th of August, and in that resemble certain tongues that are not made of metal.

CHAP. CCLXVII.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

THEY will be for every talking of catholicism as of the religion *par excellence*; they will be for ever inviting every one by printed advertisements stuck on the wall, to come and hear an apology for religion, which they are to pronounce on a fixed day against the innovators. These innovators are the Protestants, who profess the religion of Enoch, Elias, Abraham, and Christ.

Pure and simple homage rendered to the Supreme Being, the rewarder of virtue and the avenger of crimes; songs of gratitude, in which they celebrate an active Providence which watches over the happiness of mankind; a course of practical morality, stript of the dryness of precepts; man continually placed in the presence of a heavenly judge, his own conscience; the duties of the citizen, and the public man, explained with conciseness; instruction mingled with harmonious music, elevating the heart of the worshippers towards heaven, and relieving the mind from the attention which it has given to the teaching of the minister; this is what the catholic priest calls an impious innovation.

To the probability of the rapid propagation of the worship of the Protestants, is joined the necessity of recurring to religious ideas, of putting aside whatever there is mysterious or unintelligible in dogmas, in order to preserve in all their purity those principles, those moral institutions which have no limits, inasmuch as they embrace every thing which can extirpate vice, prevent crimes, and encourage virtue.

CHAP. CCLVIII.

RIBIE, MANAGER.

SUCCESSOR to Nicolet, and who exhibits all those pantomimes in which figure monks, whom we see no longer in France, bloody nuns, black penitents, all the frocks, cordons, and sandals of the ancient monkery; he is the man to act all sorts of religious farces on his theatre; and I have heard say, that he is going soon to represent the mass. Opinions are already divided on this point, and bets opened. It is even said, that a certain fat vicar, who is now asking alms, will act as heretofore the part to perfection, that he will suck the chalice with a deliciousness so as to enchant

chant the audience, and which he will perform with the greater glee, as it was a long time since that he tasted wine. The part of the grand officiator will be contested, on account of the size of the sacred hat, which is very large, and the wafer, which is to be a thick cake. The resemblance, it is said, will be terrible, and so great, that the devotees will think they see Satan rather than the identical priest. By the side of the little mass will be celebrated the great; this last is to have a chalice, which holds two quarts; the other is to be only an egg cup.

The expences of this pantomime will not be very costly, sacerdotal dresses of every description are to be purchased on every stall; people make them into morning-gowns, as well to keep them whole as to amuse the Theophilanthropists, and make the protestants smile.

This manager, endowed with an inventive genius, yielding in vigour to no person breathing, was at first a vender of pumice stones, then a drummer at a puppet show, player, manager of the playhouse at Rouen, and, as this is the age of promotion, director of all the dumb shows, which seem to promise us the resurrection of that kind of amusement so dear to the Romans, and for which they split into factions.

At present you meet the director Ribié (for he has no other title on the Boulevards); you meet him, I say, driving always a pair of most

elegant horses, preceded or followed by a horseman dressed à la Franconi; and the model of an elegant carriage is that which transports the director from one theatre to another, for he is the manager of two; he directs two republics.

Thus have I seen Poultier, a monk, a player of tricks of flight of hand, a Stentor at country play-houses, adept in arts of grimace, author, then representative of the people; and, to crown so much glory, journalist and editor of the *Ami des Lois*. But the director Ribié is more celebrated than he.

CHAP. CCLXIX.

SEVENTH OF OCTOBER, 1795.

To him who looks only at outward appearances, who sees only the surface of things at Paris, every thing is tranquil, every thing appears to go on very orderly. Every one thinks only of his own affairs; as for those of the republic, no one cares about them.

The happiness which is promised us, and the mass of instruction with which we are to be illuminated,

ed, are still and will a long time remain fast shut up in the great philosophic volumes, which the people will never read, and those which the philosopher reads without believing a syllable.

Instead of these, great books open the human heart, penetrate into the bosom of families who have shared neither in the extravagances of the sovereign sections, nor the horrible profits of money-jobbing : see them waiting with the impatience of grief for the physician who is to dress their wounds. They do not dissemble that the victory of the 13th of Vendemiaire, necessary as it was, has become a national calamity.

Look again at that mother, in the midst of five children, seasoning a small measure of beans, which cost her twenty-five livres in assignats, with a quarter of a pound of butter of ten livres, and a quarter of a peck of charcoal, which cost three livres.

This single dish of dried beans, this dish which cost thirty-eight livres, this dish which her children already devour with their eyes, is all her dinner and that of her children. Her husband gains only forty livres a day.

With the forty sous that remain he has to pay for the breakfast of his children ; as for her, she breakfasts no longer ; their supper, for she eats none. He has also to pay the rent of his house, the washing, a crown for his shirt, shoes at

two

two hundred livres, wood at a thousand livres, candles at forty-five livres.

Think you that this woman is happy and tranquil? I know well that the convention is anxious to diminish her misfortunes, which it laments. I know that it is encumbered with affairs, betrayed, or ill served. But the evil is there; it weighs, every day, every minute on the heart of that unfortunate.... Hope! Ah, yes! hope, she has great need of it; it is the repairing balm of every evil, it is the last consolation which beneficent nature reserves to us during the anguish of life. But always hope! Let us go out, let us quit this scene of sorrow, and see what is passing at the public places. What a change both in the decorations and the actors! The cabarets are filled with tipplers, one would suppose the wine cost only six sous, and it is worth fifteen livres.

The coffee-houses are resounding with gay songs, or patriotic dissertations, and the coffee costs ten livres the cup.

The theatres are brilliant, with crowds of well-drest people. The *traiteurs*! ah! I dare not approach these inviting tables, where the least dish is estimated at the value of fifty dinners. And the political news! some take no part in them, but inasmuch as they furnish occasion for raising their commodities; others wait for the event.

CHAP. CCLXX.

SOUP-SPOON.

A WOMAN, whose fortune seemed to announce some education, and a certain degree of information, had been robbed of a silver soup-spoon. Overwhelmed with affliction at this loss, which it required no great philosophy to support, she said with simplicity enough, speaking of the convention, "But what are those deputies doing, see if they will give me back my silver-spoon."

How many others, without making use of the silly frankness of this language, are nevertheless employed only in getting back their *soup-spoon*, who make it the central point of all their ideas, of all their reflections, and of all their conversation! Are they not saying in other terms: Legislators, listen only to my pretensions and my hopes; give me back my blue ribband, my abbey, my coat of arms, my tithes, my shrine, my livery. The revolution has ruined me; it has taken from me my place, cries one; and this place was valet of the wardrobe. The thunder of heaven ought to fall and punish all the revolutionists.

How many personal interests are there which manifest themselves with this kind of indecency,
it

it would be endless to count them. Some of these complaints are exaggerated, others are ludicrous ; but one would suppose, in hearing them talk, that the government was established only to satisfy the private ambition of idle intriguers. It is, who shall envy his neighbour ; those who are in place, and those who are out, are equally discontented, and exhale themselves in regrets ; merit, virtue, and talents, are overlooked ; every one boasts of the sacrifices which he has made, the services which he has rendered, the votes he has obtained, and talks aloud of the ingratitude with which he is treated. The places the most difficult to fill are not dreaded by incapacity ; on the contrary, they are indiscriminately sought after, whilst it were to be wished that the citizen could not be a legislator, or fill up other important functions, till he had acquired at once the age, the knowledge, and the experience suited for the occupation of a serious ministry.

CHAP. CCLXXI.

TURKISH AMBASSADOR.

IN 1788, a very singular moral phenomenon took place in Europe; a great nation, jealous of its liberty, conceived a passion for a nation who was the professed enemy of liberty; a people fond of the arts, for a people who detested them; a tolerant and mild nation for a persecuting and fanatical people; a nation social and gay, for a people grave and mistrustful; in a word, the French were seized with a passion for the Turks, according to M. Volney.

The last Turkish ambassador has just made his entry, which was not very splendid, and was the talk only of seven or eight days. You meet with him every where, and he is every where treated with indifference. Neither his turban, nor his private habits, furnish any longer matter for conversation; the little theatres invite him alternately, as a supplement to their comedies; no one ever reflects that he has not yet received the sacrament of baptism.

He was told that a great event had just taken place at Paris, the 18th of Fructidor, and that the directory had gained the victory. After having listened with the greatest sang froid, he asked how
many

many heads were stuck on the walls of the directorial palace. "Not one: a drop of blood has not been shed." He could not recover his surprise. The following bill, stuck on the walls of Paris the same day, was read to him. "A good reward to whoever will find a fine minister of Louis the XVIIIth, quite covered with steel of the beautiful manufacture of Versailles. No one knows what is become of him since the famous day of the 18th of Fructidor. Whoever discovers any traces of him are invited to give information to the citizen *Thibeau*, who will pay the reward."

He was very much surprised to see that we had not only fine horses, but still finer than his own. I saw one of his attendants mount a most elegant and fleet courser; and though a line of Virgil, which paints the horse striking the earth with equal rebounds, is admirable, it is still finer to see him running at liberty, his mane floating in the wind, and his nostrils breathing flame. Such an image can never be worn out if we are fond of seeing this noble animal in his course.

What is laughable is, that besides a great round fan which he holds in his hand, and which he frequently makes use of when he is at the theatre, one of his attendants fans him with another; it is probably the same officer who drives away the flies from him at dinner.

A report

A report had been spread that he had put to death one of his attendants, convicted of a theft at a jeweller's ; the fact was false, but it was already a subject of examination how the ambassador should be tried, and it was concluded in uniting philosophical and republican ideas together, that he could not escape capital punishment. This mode of reasoning would not have taken place in 1740, for it was then imagined that the inviolability of a Turkish ambassador extended even to the exercise in his hotel of the right of life and death.

CHAP. CCLXXII.

GOOD TO KNOW.

It is well known at present that ***** de ***** was the greatest enemy of his brother and his king, and that he was always contriving to make him fall into snares, hoping to reap for his own account all the fruit which should result from his ruin. This ***** was a bel-esprit, and this is how he came to pass for such twelve times a week, and could speak before a circle of academicians. He could speak, I

say, nearly by the same mode of proceeding as the speaking doll of the Boulevards answers the questions of the credulous and curious Parisians.

One Ferés, his valet-de-chambre and secretary, taught him both the questions and answers of subjects prepared and agreed on. When ***** shall be at his petit leveé, I will start a difficult question. On this subject, his favourites present will torture their brains to get at the explanation; by and bye ***** by a sort of unforeseen and off-hand answer, will relieve them from their embarrassment, and then every one will exclaim, ****** is a mine of knowledge, ***** is the best informed man in the kingdom.*

The Count ***** daily crammed with his secretary's wit, reminds us of the human voice of the organ, which gives out such charming sounds only from the intervention of the organist concealed behind the pipes. At present, contractors for wit are plentier than ever. The reason of it is, that all men in place have more or less need of it, and when they do not or cannot manufacture wit themselves, they buy it ready made.

There are therefore contractors of every kind; contractors for bread, and contractors for meat; contractors for wine, vinegar, brandy; contractors for harnesses, saddles, housings; contractors for candles, pipes, wooden legs, crutches; in fine, contractors for wit, but those are the contractors

tors who gain the least, because they are resorted to only in extreme cases, and then are beaten down in the price.

CHAP. CCLXXIII.

THE TITUSES.

LITTLE personages, with short black hair, who effect the coiffure of the Roman emperor, son of Vespasian, and lover of the beautiful and chaste Berenice. Those little chevaliers of the throne have created a vague kind of allusion, and the name Titus is equivalent in their eyes to that of Louis the XVIth. The borrowed hair which formerly covered only the skulls of physicians, barristers, bailiffs, and fiscal attorneys, now ornaments the heads of these young debauchees. These Tituses are in half-boots, most of them are spindle-shanked and hectic; they wear a button on their shoulder, decorated with the illustrious number (which, readers, you may easily guess at), the number eighteen; it is placed almost on the part where the executioner heretofore engraved the fleur de lys. It is said, that this mal-a-dresse has terrified many of their partizans, and with good reason; it has put a stop to the progress of the noble association of the Tituses.

If you accost them, after heaving a sigh according to custom, they tell you, "I have been to Marli, but I have not discovered Marli." One would suppose that the preservation of all those royal houses interested the peace of the whole world, and that a nail, or a cloaths' press, ought not to have been deranged. The whole band of these Tituses are the official panegyrists of a humane and virtuous prince, who would have consented to the ruin of the capital, and the dismemberment of France, provided he had been left in peace to drink as he liked, to make locks, and hunt stags. Could any one have imagined that fashion, though it be a divinity extremely fanciful and singular, would ever have introduced the Tituses amongst us; who whisper low, that they are the avengers of the throne; or have guessed that this foolish kind of impudence could have lodged itself in the bodies of pygmies, while the republican patroles, who marched to the taking of the Bastile, have advanced as far as Rome, Berne, almost to the gates of Vienna, and by and by to those of *****.

CHAP. CCLXXIV.

TOLERATION.

I do not mean to speak of that virtue recommended by every philosopher, and which is so well suited to the ignorance and weakness of mankind; but of a kind of patent which the police distributes to the keepers of E. O. tables, one and thirty, &c. with which privilege they set at nought all the assaults of justices of the peace. Their gaming-houses are as open and as tranquil as if they sold cakes; their customers go in and out in open day as if it were a coffee-house; it is an invincible talisman, which can neither be seized nor carried before correctional tribunals. If the proprietor should be arrested, he would take a paper out of his pocket with a smile, and cry, Halt! there's my permission.

A man of principle, one of these men, who have always the words, laws, principles, in his mouth, may choke himself with rage, and exclaim, that there is a law existing which forbids gaming, and which, until it be repealed, ought to be literally executed; the police is not less steadfast in farming out all the gaming-houses at 120,000 livres a month.

This

This sum is destined for the discovery of disorderly persons of every description which infest the republic, for the inspection of disorderly houses, and the looking after swindlers and sharpers; it is in this manner that a disorder become inevitable is regulated, and the mass of vice diminished, when it is impossible to extirpate it altogether. It is thus that the pestilence is concentrated, in order to put a stop to the further extension of its ravages. Ofttimes has the honest father of a family, better instructed or protected by the overseers of the police, been warned away from those haunts, and which swallow up many a private fortune.

The great art of governing an immense population is knowing how to compound with men and their propensities, happy also if politically we can prevent guilt and crimes, by tolerating a few abuses, which deter men from these excesses of which they are susceptible. O, moralists in theory, you love your pen, ink, and paper.

CHAP. CCLXXV.

HIDING PLACE.

THIS, in the language of the revolution, is a secret asylum for those who were proscribed under the decemviral tyranny.

Honest men could not find a hiding-place at Paris: a workman discovered the hiding-place of Rabaut St. Etienne, thinking only that he had found out a receptacle for hidden plate.

What! in the time of Robespierre were there then no longer any relatives, brothers, or friends? And was there not in all France a hiding-place to conceal Condorcet, or Vergniaud, or Lavoisier, or Brissot, or Andrew Chenier? Condorcet was hunted from his asylum, and forced to wander in the woods. Who has been able to save a single celebrated man in Paris? O feeble mortals! must we still be labouring for you?

The art of subjugating a nation is the art of terrifying it. Charette maintained himself by terrifying the greatest part of the farmers; the national convention was terrified by Robespierre. How many legislators will have no other excuse to alledge before posterity than these words, "We were terrified!" The Romans built temples to

Fear: the French nation in mass ought to erect an immense altar to this divinity.

When I re-entered that hall from which had been banished the representatives of the people who had been most faithful to their oaths, what a lamentable sight it presented to my eyes! Here in this place, where sat my generous colleague, I saw his headless trunk. I do not conceal it, I abhorred that place, the walls of which had been so long encrusted with incense lavished by mobbish sottishness to infuriated tyranny. I panted after some other spot to sit in.

I recollected, here have been paraded figures of all the proveditors for the scaffold; there I heard the vociferations of the furies of the guillotine; here I have been a witness of the crimes of Prairial; there the feeling eye is affrighted by hideous pictures: and every thing, even to the palette of the painter, had taken the cadaverous tint. I see the tribune where the savage Amar demanded the death of so many virtuous men, and he was not punished on the spot! He is not even yet! No, this tribune is for ever sullied!

But factions of the people can never call themselves the nation; commissaries of the assembly will no longer go to display their proconsular pride and tyranny. Our constitutional edifice is solid and majestic: it will last, because it secures to the government all the unity and intensity of which it has need: it has democratical

tical energy by the division of powers, and the securing to the people the exercise of its sovereignty in the primary assemblies for its basis; and it has given for the summit an executive power, physically less dangerous, and metaphysically more easy to be shaken, than that of a single person. The present government of France is the government of things; and when things are well settled, the power of men is almost nothing.

CHAP. CCLXXVI.

COLOURS IN THE TEMPLES.

ABOVE the evangelical pulpits, the figure of the catholic religion holds at the end of a pole, a three-coloured flag, on which is this inscription: *Liberty of worship.*

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so:

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